NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

GERMANY IN A ROMANIST POINT OF VIEW.

Amidst the conflicting interests with which Germany is beset whilst labouring in the great task of unification, Monseigneur de Ketteler, Roman Catholic Bishop of Mayence, has spoken out on behalf of his co-religionaries. He owed it, he says, to his country, to his countrymen, and to his duty as a Christian, to hold an opinion as equitable as possible in the presence of contemporaneous events.* The result is, that, with certain party reservations and demands for concessions, natural to the representative of a large class of the people, more or less opposed in matters of religion, the worthy bishop believes that to avoid a new and fratricidal war (and he cannot wish for such a war, he says, nor does he view such as a future means of organisation of Germany), the adhesion, under certain reserves, of the southern states to the confederation of the north, appears to be the only possible resolve to take, "if we (that is to say, the people of Rheinhessen) do not wish to perish in a proximate catastrophe, or, what comes to the same thing as far as we are concerned, to become French with the left bank of the Rhine." The opinion here announced does not tally with that of the French publicists, who are continually asserting that the "national feeling" of the left bank of the Rhine is with them. If any sympathy was to be expected, it would have been sought for from among the ranks of their co-religionaries, but we here find the worthy prelate of Mayence placing the fact of becoming French with the left bank of the Rhine upon the same level, or in the same category, as perishing by some proximate catastrophe. It is to Austria, not to France, that the bishop looks as the head of German Roman Catholicism. "The first of these reserves," he says, "is the consent of Austria; it is a fraternal alliance, which shall be satisfactory to Austria between the two parties now existing in Germany. What renders the position of things most painful is the silence of Austria with regard to its disposition, and as to what it will exact in relation to the general questions of Germany. We perfectly recognise to Austria, notwithstanding Nikolsburg and Prague, the right of manifesting its wishes, of raising its pretensions upon anything that is done beyond the frontier of the Maine; but we cannot wait, at the risk possibly of sacrificing our existence, until Austria shall have spoken. If, in consequence of its internal complications, skilfully provoked by the agitation of European revolutions, she considers herself bound to persevere in a prolonged

* L'Allemagne après la Guerre de 1860. Par Monseigneur de Ketteler, Evêque de Mayence. Traduction de l'Abbé P. Bélet. Paris: Gaume Frères et J. Duprey.

silence, we shall be obliged, under the care of Heaven, to organise ourselves as we best can, not ceasing, in so doing, to hold out our arms towards her. If Austria, as we confidently hope, issues forth from her intestine struggles with a redoubled strength, if she succeeds in instituting a healthy and vigorous constitutional life, the day will not fail to come when the remainder of Germany will unite itself more closely with her, and will perhaps ask of her assistance and protection. It is to these pacific developments that all our efforts should be directed. We ought only to have one wish, which is that Germany shall recover what it has lost by truth and justice; nor should we speak of the future except when animated by these pacific sentiments. If we convoke all the German races to give battle to the enemy that is within, to resist those tendencies from above and from below, which shake the foundations of all political order, it is because we cherish an equal love for all, without forgetting that if man proposes, it is God who disposes."

The public never knew, the bishop argues, the reasons which prevented Prussia and Austria coming to an understanding upon the question of the duchies of the Elbe, which brought about the late war. Austria, he says, did not insist upon the question being referred to the diet, nor did she insist upon the rights of the Duke of Augustenberg being recognised. It would appear rather as if Austria had in view to obtain some compensation for the increase of power obtained by Prussia by the cession of the duchies. Right was on the side of Austria; Prussia had recognised the claims of the Duke of Augustenberg, and had assured the British and other governments that his claims should be submitted to the diet, yet two years afterwards it made a request for the fulfilment of this promise a *casus belli*. But still the bishop deplores that such a cause should have been made the ostensible pretence for a disastrous war between Austria and Prussia. It is true that Prussia could no longer abide in 1866 by what it had promised in 1863. It must have succumbed before the party of progress, which, without and within, had made a watchword of a name, for whose rights they cared no more than for his person; but Austria was not at the mercy of a party of progress, and it could have made a concession where no real rights were imperilled, which would have avoided this unfortunate fratricidal war. "Unquestionably, Austria had a right, and owed it to herself and to all Germany, to oppose the efforts of Prussia to expel her from Germany by force of arms, and to resist such an attempt to the utmost of her power. But if that was the true cause of the war for Austria, she ought so much the more to have avoided letting it be thought that the Schleswig-Holstein affair was the cause; it was in her interest to explain openly and clearly, in the face of the whole world, and especially of Germany, the real cause of this horrible fratricidal war, and to have repudiated all complicity in this effusion of blood. She did not do so, and there thus remains, at least on the side of Austria, some appearance of culpability."

The real cause of the war, the bishop propounds, was the constitutional struggle. The possession of the duchies and the victory of Königsgratz, were the only means of obtaining a decree of indemnity. This alone can explain a fact otherwise utterly incomprehensible, that a king, who has been opposed his whole lifetime to revolution, and who in his youth was the intimate friend of the Emperor Nicholas, and a powerful

and intelligent Conservative party, should have contracted an alliance with revolution on the field of battle. Previous to the war, Prussia was in a position that was almost unbearable, and which was becoming even dangerous to the monarchy. A successful war was the only means open to her of extricating herself from the embarrassing position in which she was placed without succumbing to the party of progress. Napoleon, the bishop insists, is in precisely the same position, and whenever policy shall dictate the movement, he will turn the eyes of France from within to without, and dazzle them with that unfailing fascination which ever does dazzle them—the glory of France.

The attempt to identify the idea of a free constitution with modern constitutionalism, is, the bishop argues, a great mistake. The monarchical principle is inevitably placed in opposition to the majority of a chamber, which is by the greatest of all illusions supposed to represent the people. It really represents a party. The struggle, then, in Prussia was not, according to this view of the case, a struggle between authority and the monarchical principle, so much as a struggle between the latter and the domination of a party. The cause of the war was, then, only one manifestation of a disease which is undermining the governmental system of all European states which repose upon false doctrines.

But there is another element which, according to the bishop, plays its part in modern Prussia, and this is its pretended "mission," or "Borussianism," as he terms it. Borussianism is a fixed idea as to the vocation of Prussia, the obscure sentiment of a universal mission imposed upon the country, joined to the conviction that the task is absolutely necessary, and that it will be accomplished without regard to right or to history. Borussianism is, again, "Doctrinarism" carried to excess, an abstract system and an arbitrary creation of the imagination, more especially flourishing in schools and in lodges. Its object is hence defined by each according to his position. With the enthusiastic minister, it is royal absolutism or imperialism; with the soldier, the military supremacy of Prussia; with the bureaucracy, the glorification of Prussian bureaucracy; with the predicator, the diffusion of Protestantism under the ægis of Prussian royalty; and, with the man of progress, the victory of his party by the sword of Prussia.

Droysen, in his "History of Prussian Policy," speaks of this vocation of Prussia to incorporate other states, as at once its justification and its strength. It would cease to exist if it should lose sight of it. But this principle of a state strengthening itself by the incorporation of other states—a principle which would certainly lead to a strange condition of things if adopted and acted upon by all the powers of the world—is not half so odious to the bishop as the principle advocated by Professor Hæusser, of Heidelberg, that "the necessities of Prussia arose from the situation of things. National life was troubled with a want which sought for satisfaction. The empire, in the irremediable anarchy to which it was reduced, demanded that it should not succumb to political transformations based upon the authority of the sovereign and upon Protestantism."

Borussianism made its appearance in 1848, when the mission of Prussia first came into vogue, and the system of incorporation of other states was founded upon the "nature of things." It soon rendered the

position of Austria in Germany impossible, for she was an obstacle to the accomplishment of Prussia's mission. In 1848 it was, however, a revolutionary incorporation, now it is an imperial one. Such a theory, according to the prelate of ancient Magontiacum, exposes the peace of Europe, and especially Prussia, to many dangers. "It is by its very nature an aggression against all that exists, a kind of declaration of war against everything that opposes this necessary mission. And this declaration of war is all the more dangerous as the object of the mission is entirely arbitrary. Others have just the same right as Droysen and Hæusser to invent theories as to the vocation of Prussia, and as to its right to realise their theories by annexations founded upon the nature of things. Where shall we find the limits to such arbitrary ideas? With such principles there is no security for any right for any state. Why should such a theory, based upon the fatality of things, stop at the Maine or the Danube?"

This is not a fair and reasonable statement of the real state of opinion in Germany, nor is it worthy of the successor of Boniface, the apostle of Germany. An article in the *Schwabischer Volks Zeitung*, written with a power and patriotic enthusiasm which reminds one of Morritz Arndt's inspired effusions, after describing the divided state of Germany from 1815 to 1866 as a disgrace for the country and a danger for the peace of Europe, remarks: "It may be said that that state of things gave Germany a few years of peace. But Germany had no national existence. There was Prussia in the north and Austria in the south, and between them a hotchpotch of small states, and European supremacy continued to be vested in the hands of France, who was, for all practical purposes, omnipotent. Our weakness, our impotence, our deplorable military organisation, reduced us to court our powerful neighbour, and to be grateful that she allowed us to remain at peace. But, fortunately, Germany has roused herself from her long lethargy. It is to the honour of Prussia that, by her exploits of 1866, she has extricated us from the opprobrious insignificance in which we were literally wallowing. In reality, if the unification of Germany is not yet formally established, it is at least materially accomplished. No power in Europe can henceforth prevent it, and, by an extraordinary turn of political destiny, it is Germany, one and powerful, which has become to-day the surest guarantee of peace—it is in her that the equilibrium of Europe is personified again. Germany is by no means a conquering state; she does not dream of reconquering Alsace and Lorraine; but she rejects for ever the yoke and tutelage of the foreigner. She is determined to be a nation; and assuredly she has the right—in quite a different sense from that of France—and to place herself at the head of civilisation." Würtemberg, as well as Baden and Swabia, have also, like most other southern states, openly declared their tendencies to a united Germany. They have avowed that the military and customs union are well enough in their way, but that it is indispensable that the southern states should join the North German Confederation without delay. Any threats on the part of France to interfere in case of an attempted coalition between the north and the south, would only hasten that coalition; for, after all, the southern states are more German than Austrian, Roman Catholic, or French, and they feel instinctively that, in case of war, they have no alternative for

safety but in coalition with the north, and that without unification there is neither power nor prosperity to any one state. But Germany does not want to make war; she does not care, except upon provocation, to recover either Alsace or Lorraine; she simply wishes for peace, for time for military and political organisation, and that she may place herself in that position which will render her independent of France on the one side, and of Austria or Russia on the other, and that she shall be what she ought to be, from her population and intelligence, the arbiter of Central Europe, a real power, and a check upon the domineering foreign policy of France—a thing she never can be till she is firmly united.

It is neither fair nor reasonable, then, for the Bishop of Mayence to place the unification of Germany in the light of a cosmopolitan mission of Prussia, with absolute right of annexation, which cannot fail to conduce to her ruin. France will not fail to furnish Droysens and Hæussers too, and they will find, the bishop tells us, the same echo in French vanity. Who knows, also, what vocation Russia or the Northern states of America may one day attribute to themselves? The unification of Germany is, however, quite a different thing. It is precisely what ought to be the case in America, a confederation of distinct and separate states, having the same national feelings, the same language, the same character. If Prussia takes the lead in bringing about a unification, it is on account of her financial and intellectual superiority, and her infinitely superior military organisation. The original programme of a pacific unification has been interrupted and delayed by the open hostility of some of the states, as more especially of Saxony and Hanover; but the peaceful extension of the principle will not the less go on, from the necessitous position in which the other, and more especially the southern states, find themselves. This is not a policy of annexation from without, which is unquestionably deserving of all blame on the part of a minister of religion, and of all well-disposed minds having a proper sense of justice and right; it is a policy of national unification, without which Germany cannot be what it ought to be—a prosperous and powerful whole.

Monseigneur de Ketteler further views with extreme disapprobation the use made by Prussia of its allies in an unjust war, a proceeding which he argues can only be justified by the abominable doctrine, that the end justifies the means. It was, he says, by taking advantage of the embarrassments created by Napoleon to the Austrians in Italy, and of the Italian and Hungarian revolutions, that Prussia achieved its wondrous successes. The old prelate positively groans to think how Austria was treated by its would-be ally—France—before it succumbed to "a people like the Prussian people, an army like the Prussian army, allied to Victor Emmanuel, to Garibaldi, to Klapka, in a struggle against Austria! Germans, our national history presents many deplorable events; but we are not aware that there is one that is comparable to that!" These evils the bishop traces to the supplanting of the Divine Law by a human, interested, and egotistical policy. The world attributes to the Jesuits the maxim that the end sanctifies the means; but if so, it is kings and their ministers who put it into practice. There does not exist for the relations of people any wisdom superior to that which the most simple Christian observes in his private life. They have thought to raise "la haute politique" by separating it from its real basis, the moral law; but they

have only debased it. Diplomacy has become the art of dissimulating the cupidity and jealousy of nations, and of laying traps to ensure the triumph of national egotism. The fiction which would lead us to believe that the means and aims of high politics are placed above those of common justice and morality, is an immense danger for the peace of the world. One of the inevitable consequences of this nefarious theory is the glorification of success, which hence knows no bounds. A poor man who steals a loaf is, indeed, much less guilty in the eyes of the Bishop of Mayence than the rich and the powerful who oppress the weak. There is still some sense of morality, it would seem, in the city of Gutenberg and Boniface. The bishop contemplates his ancient cathedral charred by fire, and dilapidated by combats, and he exclaims, "For how many victories since the unjust wars of Louis XIV. to those of Napoleon, have not Te Deums been sung, which in no way went to the glory of God, but which God cursed from on high!" High policy is policy founded upon interest, and by no means upon truth and justice, and religion has been made an accomplice when it has bended on the knee to consecrate the triumphs of violence and injustice.

The first result of the war of 1866 has, according to the same authority, been the rupture of the holy alliance, which was, he says, in its origin a sublime bond sprung from the spirit of the wars of enfranchisement from Napoleon and the Napoleonic ideas. But the holy alliance, which had its origin in the wars of deliverance—the struggle of the German and Austrian genius against a tyrannical and impious Gallomania—was greater than the princes who formulated it, and none held by its provisions. It is now cast away, and this is one of the dangers entailed to the future by the late war. Another sad result of the war has been the destruction of the salutary confidence hitherto entertained, that a civil war was impossible in Germany. The fratricidal wars fought of yore on German soil constituted the most deplorable pages in her history; and the conviction that such could never occur again, was one of the greatest national advantages. So long as such wars remain possible, incalculable evils may any day overwhelm the country.

But this is not all. Except in the time of the disastrous Rhenish Confederation under Napoleon, Germany has always been a united country. It is now divided into six portions: the ambassadors of foreign powers have the same footing at the courts of Carlsruhe, Darmstadt, Stuttgard, Munich, Berlin, and Vienna, as the German ambassadors—a thing so offensive to the national sentiment that it is barely supportable—and, as a consequence, the intervention of foreign powers in the internal affairs of the German people, the cause for centuries of so many misfortunes, has attained its culminating point. But the bishop consoles himself over the dangers likely to arise from this state of things, by admitting that the people of Germany have not yet lost the conscience that they are members of a great nation, thus establishing a powerful tie which diminishes the danger.

A fourth evil of the war has been the repudiation of the true principles upon which the well-being of states reposes. Interest, abetted by violence, has taken the place of right, and success is adopted as establishing legitimacy. Historical rights are trampled under foot. Germany, with all its ancient and venerable traditions, will soon be no better than

those other nations who have no historical past. "A nation which turns its back upon its history, weary of relations founded upon historical rights, prepares for itself terrible tempests."

Another evil is the attendant weakening of the monarchical principle. The German princes themselves set the example of monarchical decadence by conceiving that it was in their power to effect changes, enter into alliances, and barter territories without regard to their subjects or to past history. The historical ties which united a people to their prince have, indeed, been too often disregarded in Germany before the late war. "The tie," says the bishop, "which attached many of the dispossessed sovereigns to their countries were, in many instances, of much greater antiquity than that which binds the kings of Prussia to theirs. If it has been permitted to break this tie in the interest of a supposed mission, of a theory of convenience or utility, it is much to be feared that a time will come when, on the same soil, it will be assumed that the tie which binds the Prussian monarchy to its people must give way before the same theory."

A further and final disastrous result of the late war is the weakening of the sense of conscience and of the importance of an oath. Hitherto, although the most advanced opinions have found a home in Germany, nothing was to be apprehended, because the Germans were a profoundly conscientious people. The religious convictions and feelings of the masses have constituted a far stronger barrier to revolutions than the military constitution. These feelings have been deeply tainted by the events which have lately taken place. "An oath of allegiance imposed by violence is the grave of the conscience, and a kind of forced perjury." The Conservative party in Prussia experienced as notable and as disastrous a defeat at Königsgratz as the Austrians did. "By sacrificing its principles, and glorifying accomplished facts, the Conservative party placed a murderous weapon in the hands of the revolution, which the latter will not fail to use for its own purposes under other circumstances."

Confidence in the mercy as well as the justice of God can alone avert all these perils. The worthy bishop scouts the idea of a Prussian mission, but he believes in "the mission which God has given to the German people." Jarke depicted all that was bad in Prussia in black, and what was good in white; and he asserted that in the struggle that would ensue the white would triumph. But still every possible attempt must be made to avoid the perils and dangers which beset the country. The state of things previous to the war presented many grave inconveniences, whilst the actual state of things presents much that may be turned to the safety of Germany. Austria has lost most, yet these very losses may be made a point of departure for a renewal of strength in the interior. It is the very clemency of Austria which has begat her troubles. If Austria had had a Louis XIV., a Frederick the Great, or a Napoleon for an emperor, no remains of that old Hungarian constitution which so embarrasses the sovereign would have existed, and the whole country would long ago have been divided into departments, each ruled by its own prefect. Austria was in a similar manner identified with the diet, which was no longer suited to the wants of the German people, from her greater regard to the federal pact, than to constitutional reforms. She

is now disenfranchised from these responsibilities, and can regulate her internal affairs all the better. The true way of re-conquering her ancient position is to work at her internal regeneration. With regard to Germany itself, nothing but one common constitution can save it. The bishop views as illegitimate that sovereignty of princes which gave birth to the alliance of the Rhine and the federal constitution. The system of little states, such as prevails in Germany, is also denounced as replete with tyranny, oppression, and the most abominable egotism and corruption. The "Holy Roman Empire, ten times secular," although twice deposed—by Napoleon in 1806, by Prussia in 1866—cannot be excluded from Germany. There are only two things possible: one is a peaceful organisation of Germany in concert with Austria, or an organisation which Austria will consider as an injustice, and which she will overthrow whenever she has the power.

To organise Germany in concert with Austria is, then, the only means of safety. The political reorganisation must at the same time satisfy the legitimate aspiration of the German people. If Austria cannot forget her imperial history, no more can the German people forget that Germany was once the first nation in Europe, and it was they who upheld that imperial crown which represented the highest human authority on earth. No constitution will be acceptable, then, which does not give to Germany a rank among nations proportioned to the power of the German people. One solution would have been an imperial power that should have embraced all the German people leaving the states under their princely governments. Such a constitution would have embraced Prussia and Austria. But it failed, owing to family interests and historical ambitions. Another solution proposed has been to divide Germany into two portions, with the Maine for a frontier: a northern confederation under Prussia; a southern confederation under Austria. But now that Austria has withdrawn from Germany, the bishop views this arrangement, which was opposed by Prussia but supported by France, as impossible, and certainly not acceptable to the people, who would see in it the loss of that power which is necessary to ensure them against foreign interference. A third solution would be to divide Germany into three parts: a northern confederation, a southern confederation, and Austria with its German provinces. The Germans, as a people, would look upon a confederation of the south as nothing more than that secession of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse Darmstadt, Nassau, and other minor states in 1806, which constituted the Rhenish Confederation under the protection of Napoleon; and, in the present temper of the people, such a confederation would entail a civil war, if not a general war. Such a confederation would be simply to the prejudice of German integrity, an opening for foreign intrigues and interference, and a focus for all kinds of religious and political embarrassments. But, again, to leave the minor states abandoned to themselves is an impossibility. "If not allied to Austria, they will infallibly be absorbed in Prussian unity, or they will unite themselves with the northern states, to constitute under Prussia an empire which will embrace all Germany save Austria."

"We ought all the more to insist upon this solution," concludes the worthy bishop, "because, if some new catastrophe arose, the force of circumstances and the most irresistible impulses would lead us to such a

result, and those very persons who have the greatest desire to see the whole of Germany reunited, and who are grieved that the ancient house of Austria should be separated from us, could not suggest any other remedy. What impels the south to unite itself to the confederation of the north is, before all things, the perilous aspect of Europe; it is such that it demands a prompt solution of the German question. If the first great European catastrophe, which may burst over us at any moment, finds us in this state of weakness and disunion, what will become of Germany? One must be blind not to see that we run the chance of falling into the utter prostration of the French era, without the certainty of extricating ourselves by a second war of deliverance. We require that the German question should be forthwith resolved; and, at the present moment, this solution appears to be only possible by union with the confederation of the north, and by a close alliance with Austria. Any other plan, in the present conjuncture, seems not to be capable of realisation, and to be exposed to a thousand different accidents. Add to this, that a union which should embrace all Germany, even putting Austria aside, would be much more satisfactory to the national feeling than the miserable division of the country into three, or rather into six parts. Germany would find in such a union greater power and a greater consideration without, than she possessed in the time of the confederation, supposing that Germany united under Prussia deemed an intimate and indissoluble alliance with Austria as its first and most important duty." It is only by such a union, it is finally argued, that Prussia could conciliate all those persons in Germany who have been so deeply wounded in their convictions and in their sense of justice by its alliance with the revolutionary party, and by its struggle against Austria with such allies.

A last argument in favour of this adhesion is, that it would facilitate the healing of internal discords in the central states, at present deprived of all support. Delay in consolidating the internal relations of the German people is, indeed, as dangerous as existing divisions in presence of the foreigner. It will be requisite, at the same time, that Prussia should renounce the policy of absolute unity, which can only lead to revolution, and that the legitimate autonomy of the German states should be duly guaranteed, in order that the reunion of the south and north, and an alliance with Austria, shall have any chances of success, and shall satisfy the national feeling of the Germans. This is the point to which, under certain reserves, matters appear to be tending, and that with the assent and co-operation of Prussia, which seems at length to feel that the best chances of carrying out her policy is by a wise moderation.

THE DEEPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

By M. Sullivan.

PART THE ELEVENTH.

I.

THE MISTAKE.

Grace soon found that she was greatly tired, for her long rest at the cottage had only made her feel more stiff and weary when she began to walk again; she had not been accustomed to take much exercise for a long time past; she had had a wakeful night, varied by terror and excitement, and she began to feel that without some longer interval of complete rest she would be unable to walk the two miles that still intervened between the spot she had now reached and Basnet. She was just passing a field, dotted over with several groups of trees, and she looked about for a gate, went into the field and sat down on the grass under some elm-trees, that sheltered her from the observation of any one who might chance to be passing along the lane. She was sorry, and almost angry with herself, because this additional rest was needful to enable her to go on upon her way, for she felt as if she ought not to allow herself to be hindered until her task was accomplished. Still, a feeling of drowsiness would steal over her, the consequence of her wakeful night, her walk, and the excitement that she had gone through; she leaned her head against a kind of resting-place that she had found for it, taking off the felt hat that belonged to the Queen of the East; and even while she half-imagined herself to be getting up, and going on her way, she had fallen fast asleep. Some considerable time must have elapsed, judging from the position of the sun when she awoke, and after taking a cautious survey of the lane, between the trunks of the trees, she got up quickly and hastened on; nothing now must be allowed to hinder her until she reached the police-station at Basnet. It was not very far off; another mile, or perhaps less, but certainly not more, when she suddenly became aware that some one was following her, walking quickly behind her in the direction of Basnet, and determining to overtake her, with hostile intent. Her ears informed her that the footsteps were rapidly approaching; but what nameless sense or faculty was it that gave warning of danger in the sound? She did not stop to reason; she hurried on, hoping that every wind and curve in the lane would show her the welcome figure of some inhabitant of Basnet, now that she was so near the village; she even began to run, but as she was not strong, and not accustomed to the exercise, she was quickly out of breath; she gave one hurried glance behind her at the person who was certainly gaining upon her, and saw in a moment that it was Robert.

He had assisted in very carefully searching the court-yard and the stabling, but had felt tolerably sure that Grace could not be in any of

the places that the policeman had then proposed to look through, so he had preferred to leave the others to their search, to inquire again in the village, with real earnestness this time, and had heard that a builder's man, going to his work early in the morning, had seen two ladies, one of them something like Mrs. Robert, walking quickly in the direction of Wallingford End. He had at once hastened there, and had again made eager inquiries, but without hearing anything of the fugitive. He was returning from his fruitless quest, wondering whether it was still safe for him to venture back to Basnet, where possibly Grace had been already found, suffering the combined torments of rage, disappointment, and suspense, when a turn in the lane suddenly revealed to him a slender and delicate figure, making rapid progress in the same direction, towards Basnet. The dress was unfamiliar to him, but he could not be mistaken in the lines of the figure—it was Grace, who had escaped and sought to betray him—Grace, who would rob him alike of fortune and of liberty, and send him across the seas a convicted felon—Grace, who, if luck would favour him in this, his last and worst strait, should never leave this lonely lane alive. He cursed the misty autumn sunlight that quivered through yellowing leaves above his head. If it were only night, how easy his task would be! how soon he could crush out life and breath from the fragile form before him! He would do it now, in the daylight, for there was no one about, and he was desperate. This was his only chance, and it might retrieve everything. Let her be found in one of the fields that skirted this lane, dead, and with some signs of an attempt at robbery, and it could only be supposed that the poor demented creature had wandered about and had fallen into evil hands, as one in her supposed state would be very likely to do.

All these thoughts flickered through his mind as he pursued her, gained upon her, and almost overtook her. A gate was open, close to her, and she hurried through it into a field, with some idea that there might be help for her in an open place, rather than in the closed and bounded lane; but the field was wide and bare. Through an opening in a hedge, quick, into another field—ah, what was that? A building of some kind, more like a shed than a human habitation; but there might be people in or about it—there *must* be, surely. On, on, to the back of the shed—for it was nothing more—round to the front of it, in at the door—a battered and decaying door, that would not close, though she tried desperately to shut it after her. It was a cowshed, with compartments for four cows, all of them empty, with places something like rough and rudimentary mangers, and great heaps of hay. As she could not secure the door, the next thought suggested by the terror that possessed her was to hide herself, and the hay might help her to do that. Quick as thought she fixed on the compartment that held the largest heap; there was no time to make it larger by bringing more from the other stalls; she crouched down under the feeding-place, behind the heap of hay. Some of the hay was hanging over from the manger to the heap upon the ground, and altogether she was screened from the observation of any one who might merely look in at the door. If only he did not search farther, if only her gasping breath could be controlled, so that it might not betray her! She could hear his footsteps at the back of the shed; she could hear them coming round to the front; she

knew, though she could not see him, that he was standing on the threshold of the door.

He gave one glance round the shed, paused irresolutely, and then stepped forward and pushed away the large heap of hay. Grace rose to her feet, for concealment was at an end; and in a moment, without one spoken word, two strong cruel hands were on her throat, ready to close with a remorseless grasp.

Grace had tried to escape from him with blind, unreasoning fear; but now that the worst had come, she found herself suddenly able to think and reason. She was naturally quick and intelligent, and a thought that might yet avail to save her flashed all at once upon her mind.

"Stop!" she cried, speaking with difficulty because of the tightening grasp upon her throat, "there are three alternatives for you—death, transportation, and escape. Why will you choose the worst?"

He growled an answer; she did not know what it was.

"Why will you add murder to the charges that stand against you? There is no charge against you for murder, only one for fraud—as yet."

His grasp relaxed; he did not know that she had not already informed against him, or her life would not have been worth one minute's purchase.

"You have told them—you have been telling a lot of infernal lies!" he said, glaring at her like a wild beast that longs to spring.

"I have said nothing against you that I could help saying, nothing of the attempt that you made last night, and I will be silent about it for ever. I only want justice to be done, and Grace Meadows' fortune to go to her rightful heir. But if I were to be found here, murdered, would not suspicion at once revert to you? Would not the charge of murder be added to the charge of fraud? See, I have found friends already—look here."

She showed him her shawl, her dress, her hat—all unknown to him; all proving, as he thought, that her history had been communicated to persons who had helped her and sympathised with her. It could not avail, then, to lay a guilty hand upon her life; that would only make the charge against himself the heavier.

"I do not wish you to fall into the hands of the law," Grace resumed. "You are my brother, after all, and I shall be glad for you to escape. Stay here"—she pointed to the hiding-place from which she had emerged—"I will cover you up securely with the hay, and when it begins to grow dusk you can make your way towards Wallingford End. Don't take the omnibus at the starting-place, they may be watching for you there; but get in somewhere on the road, make your way to London, and hide there, with some of your friends that you can trust. You have money about you, I suppose?"

"A few pounds," he answered quietly, cowed by the nearness of the danger that her words indicated—"not more than four or five."

"That will be quite enough; and now get in here."

He got into the very hiding-place into which she had crept a few minutes before, to conceal herself from him, and she carefully heaped up the hay, so that no ordinary observer could discover him. Then she hastened back into the lane. "If he only knew," she thought, "that

my tale has yet to be told, I should be lying dead in that desolate place at this moment. It is hard to think that he is my brother, but I knew how bad he is before to-day. He has no conscience, no sense of right or wrong, nothing but the one absorbing desire for money, and that has led him on through the mazes of deceit and crime. I do not wish him to be taken up for the fraud; I would much rather that he should escape, and learn, if possible, to repent and amend."

Thinking thus, she crossed the other field, and emerging into the lane, she set her face Basnet-wards. But Grace's troubles were not over yet. Two workmen, who were studying a piece of writing-paper, looked up as she was about to pass them, glanced at each other, and then stepped forward and placed themselves directly in her way.

"Stop a minute, marm," one of them requested, speaking with the peculiar twang that belongs to the natives of the next county, Lincolnshire; "we're studying this here paper that was given out with a lot more from the 'sylum. There hasn't been no time to get the printed bills out yet, but it strikes me that this here description is you, all out. 'Scaped from the 'sylum on the side of the moors, on the afternoon of the 17th instant, a lady, who had been under the care of the proprietor for many years, ah—and so on. Light hair, that's you—fair skinned, that's you again—grey eyes, all right—slight figure—couldn't be exacter."

"Go on about her togs," the other man suggested.

"Took with her two suits of wearing apparel," the reader continued, "under-clothing fine and good, a dark brown merino dress, and a striped lindsey, grey and violet, trimmed with velvet of the same colour—why, there it is on you at this moment, trimmings and all, darned if it ain't; a black cloth cloak, and a grey shawl—there's the shawl, anyhow; a black velvet bonnet, with white and red flowers in front, and a black felt hat with a green feather—that's yours. Hat marked on the inside with the makers' names, Jones and Parsons, Oxford-street, London. Just let us look at your hat, only for a minute, we don't want to hurt you or put you out, but here's fifty pounds reward offered for you; we're poor men, and we don't want to miss the chance of making a bit of money in an honest way."

But Grace would not show them her hat.

"You are quite mistaken," she answered, firmly; "the lady described in that paper is altogether a different person from me—double my age, or more."

"Then you dun know summat of her," the other man concluded, sharply; "come you with us, we think you's she."

Grace saw the mistake she had made.

"I will go with you willingly to the police-station," she said, after a moment's thought, "and will there give my name, and all particulars about myself. I am now on my way to Basnet for that very purpose."

"So you was going to give yourself up to them? No, you mustn't do that, not if we knows it; we don't want no bobbies to go shares in the reward. We've found you, and we'll take you back to the 'sylum werselves; we don't mean you no harm, nothing but what's for your good —and ours."

Grace began to feel herself in a ridiculous position. In spite of all

that she had just gone through, her sense of humour was touched, and she felt inclined to laugh hysterically. She checked herself, and reflected for a moment; these men were acting through ignorance; they meant her no harm; she had no means of resisting them, and the best thing she could do would be to go with them, as they proposed. If she should meet a policeman on the way, she would appeal to him, and request to be taken to the station, that she might lodge a formal complaint against the conspirators in the late plot; if she reached the asylum without falling in with any such chance, it would at once be manifest that she was not the person who had escaped, and so she would be allowed to go away.

"You'd better go on afore us, marm," one of the men advised; "we'll keep behind you, and won't come up with you as long as you keeps the right road. Over there to the left, through the fields, and on towards the moors; you knows the way to the 'sylum well enough, I'll go bail."

Grace walked on in the direction indicated, through more sheep-walks, and more narrow lanes, without meeting any one to whom she could appeal for help in this new difficulty. She reached at last the gate of the asylum, and rang the bell. A tidy maid-servant answered it, and requested her to walk in; the men now came up with her.

"Is this the lady as you was inquiring for?" one of them asked.

The servant glanced at Grace.

"No, we haven't seen her here before; but walk in, please. I'm not allowed to send any one away who brings any sort of news."

Grace began to explain that she did not bring news of any kind, and had only been brought there herself in mistake, when an elderly gentleman left the door of the asylum, and walked hastily to the gate. He had a kindly expression of face, very white hair, and keen, penetrating eyes. He listened for a moment to the explanations of the two men, and to Grace's assurances that they were quite mistaken, and then requested her to go with him into the house. Grace was becoming very tired again, and she was not sorry for the opportunity of resting, so she entered the asylum with less unwillingness than she would otherwise have felt at this new cause for delay. She was shown into a comfortable and well-furnished sitting-room, and the gentleman, having brought forward a chair for her, sat down himself, and looked at her, she thought, a little intently.

"I may not have to detain you many minutes," he began; "you were brought here in consequence of an omission in the written papers which we circulated, and which should have contained the age of our missing patient. The printed bills will contain that, and every needful particular; but as they will not be ready till to-morrow, a written description was hastily drawn up, and copied for immediate distribution. Now it happens, rather oddly, that you are a little like the lady who is missing, and, more oddly still, that your dress exactly resembles one that she was in the habit of wearing. I may say the same of the other articles of your attire, and I want to know whether you will give me your word that this is a mere coincidence, and that these things are your own, and were never worn by her. I do not know you, but I do know something of physiognomy, and I shall be willing to take your word if you give it me freely, and without reserve."

But Grace could not do this, and he saw in a moment that she could not.

"Do you bring me any news of her?" he asked next.

"No," Grace answered. "None."

"Then I must ask you to allow a female attendant to examine those articles of your dress which you have tacitly admitted to be hers."

Grace saw that this could only result in the complete discovery of the fact, so to save time she acknowledged it.

"You will surely tell me in what way you have become possessed of them?" he asked now.

"I cannot do so," Grace answered; "please not to press me further."

"But I shall be obliged to detain you, and you will be examined before a magistrate. It is only about twenty-four hours since my patient made her escape, and you are brought to me wearing her garments, and refusing to account for the possession of them. I should be greatly wanting in my duty to the unfortunate lady and her friends if I were to allow such a clue to pass, unquestioned, from my hands, and if you are really determined to give me no further information, I must at once communicate with the police."

"Do so, if you please," Grace answered; "I, too, am very anxious to communicate with them, for I have but just escaped from a conspiracy that made me assist, unwillingly, in carrying out a great fraud. You are thinking that I speak as if I ought to be one of your patients," she added, with a smile; "but I am, unfortunately, only too much in earnest. Will you allow me the use of writing materials, that I may be able to send for a friend, who will be of great use to me, and will confirm my statement?"

To this request he assented after a moment's thought; an inkstand and some writing-paper were placed before her, and she quietly took off her hat and shawl, and wrote a short note to Mr. Renshaw, at Deepdale, where she supposed him to be. She stated briefly that she had been the victim of a great injustice, that had commenced at Deepdale, under his roof, and she begged him to add still further to the debt of gratitude which she felt that she owed him, by coming to her at once, and giving her his advice and protection. The signature of course was her own, Grace Ashton. It would puzzle him altogether, she thought; for the handwriting which he had always accepted as Grace Meadows' had been quite different to this, and the place from which she dated was a lunatic asylum. Still, she had faith in his kindness of heart, and she believed that he would come to her without delay.

The master of the house watched her with a perplexed and anxious face; her thoughtful and refined expression, and even the way in which she managed her pen, made him aware that she was educated, and a gentlewoman, for he was accustomed to observe small signs and indications, and to draw his conclusions from them. When she took off her shawl, it was at once evident that the dress she wore had not been made for her, as it did not fit her in the neck and shoulders. What puzzled him more than all, was the slight likeness that he remarked between this girl and the missing patient whose garments she was wearing; it was not merely in her face, but in various little gestures, that his practised eye observed directly.

Grace had scarcely finished her note, when an inspector of the police and one of his staff came to the asylum, with news of the utter failure of a supposed clue to the discovery of the patient. A lady, whose appearance corresponded in some respects with the description that had been issued, had been detained for some little time at a village about two miles from Basnet, but had been able to give a complete account of herself, and to prove that she was not the person in question. They were now told of the undoubted clue that had been discovered, and they listened with considerable astonishment to the news. A young lady had been brought to the asylum, dressed in some at least of the garments that the missing patient had taken away with her only the evening before, and declining to account in any way for the possession of them. The inspector, a shrewd, intelligent man, expressed a wish to see and speak with her himself, and they were both taken at once into the room in which she was sitting, directing her note to J. Renshaw, Esq., Deepdale, Derbyshire.

The policeman, a dull, heavy-looking Yorkshireman, made an awkward bow to Grace, and remained standing near the door, while the inspector, who had asked to see her, advanced towards the table at which she was writing. He spoke with the peculiarly guarded phraseology and accent of a self-educated man, asking her if she had any statement to make to him, as, from something that had been said to him a moment before, he thought that this would most likely be the case.

"Yes," Grace answered, "I am very glad to meet you; I have many things to tell you, and there are some matters, connected, too, with the history of the last few hours, that I must endeavour to conceal, not for my own sake, but for that of others."

She spoke more to herself than to him, but he caught a glimmering of the truth, and answered her at once.

"You will endeavour to forward the ends of justice, no doubt, ma'am; you have a charge to make against some one, have you not?"

"Yes, against Mrs. Ashton and Mr. Robert Ashton, her grandson, who both live at present at Tyne Hall, in Basnet."

The man looked at her earnestly, suspecting at once that this must be the lady who had disappeared from Tyne Hall the night before.

"You are Mrs. Robert Ashton?" he said at length.

"That is not really my name, but it is the name by which the Basnet people know me. Mr. Robert Ashton is my brother, and I am not married; my name is Grace Ashton, and I have been made to personate a cousin who is dead, in order that my brother might gain possession of her property."

The news that Mrs. Robert Ashton was not in her right mind, and had attempted self-destruction, had quickly circulated in Basnet, and many of its inhabitants would have looked upon this statement as the rambling talk of a demented person, but the listener was too observant to make such a mistake as this, and he produced a note-book, and carefully took down her exact words.

"This amounts to a charge of fraud," he said then. "Was it committed against yourself?"

Grace did not at the moment understand him.

"Are you the rightful heir to the property of this cousin?"

"Oh no; the rightful heir is a Mr. Meadows; but he believes her to be alive—believes that I am she."

"I understand that," the officer answered, "and your statement will have to be taken by a magistrate; but it will save time if you will now give me the address of Mr. Meadows."

"I cannot do so, for I do not know where he lives. Here is a letter to a friend of mine, who will find him out for me, and will procure evidence that must confirm everything I have said." And she handed him her note to Mr. Renshaw.

"J. Renshaw, Esquire, of Deepdale, Derbyshire? Why, he is now in Basnet, searching for you!"

"Is that possible? How did he know that I was missing—for it is a cross post from here to Deepdale?"

"I cannot tell you that. Perhaps he came over this morning just to see how you were, and found that you had suddenly disappeared last night. At any rate, I must tell him where you are."

"Do so, and beg him to come to me at once. Take the note with you."

"And before I go," he added, "I should like to make one or two remarks. It is quite plain to me that they tried some kind of ill-usage on you last night, most likely because you were not willing to help them in the fraud."

"They did so," Grace answered.

"And you ran away from them, and got clear off, and now you don't want to accuse them of any injury towards yourself; you only want to see justice done to Mr. Meadows, and so you keep back the particulars of your escape, which would be criminating to them."

"That is all exactly true."

"But in some way you fell in with the lady who escaped from this asylum yesterday afternoon. Now, this is what seems strange to me, for it would be an act of kindness to put her back where she is taken every care of, not being able to take proper care of herself, and I think you could do that act, if you would. Now, will you think of this again, and tell me where she is likely to be found?"

"No," Grace answered, "I cannot do that."

"Then the next thing for us to do is to take your note to Mr. Renshaw; we know where to find him without going so far as to Deepdale. Come, my man," he called to his colleague, "we must say good evening to *Miss Ashton*, and be going on."

Before they left the asylum the inspector spoke a few words with Dr. Litchfield, the proprietor, advising him for the present not to ask the young lady any further questions. Tea was presently brought to Grace, and when night drew on a servant closed the shutters, drew the curtains, and lighted the lamp; but no one intruded on her, or pressed her now for the information that she had resolved to withhold.

Mrs. Ashton was crouching over the fire in an attitude of utter hopelessness and dejection when the inspector arrived at Tyne Hall with Grace's note to Mr. Renshaw, and with the information that the writer was safe, and was waiting to see him and to give him fuller explanations. A search had been kept up all through the day in the grounds and the

immediate neighbourhood, and a watch had been set upon the house, so that no one concealed there could leave it without being observed by the police. When the light began to fail, so that there was less chance of finding her without, it was proposed that the house should be thoroughly searched; and this was very carefully done, while Mrs. Ashton, too weary now to keep up the pretence of helping the searchers, sat shivering and sick at heart by the side of a fire that had been hastily lighted in the gloomy old dining-room. In the midst of the hurry and anxiety of the search, Mr. Renshaw had found time to observe and compassionate her evident distress of mind and the failure of her bodily powers, and it was he who had looked for Hannah, and discovered her in a state of utter bewilderment and mental torpor staring at the searchers with a dim perception that something was wrong, and that some unusual event had occurred to disturb the quiet of the household. Mr. Renshaw had roused her with a few kind words, and had set her to work to attend to her mistress and to light a fire in the dining-room, and exert whatever wits she possessed in making the great dreary room more bright and comfortable. And the search was being zealously proceeded with, when it was stopped by the visit of the inspector, and by the news that he brought with him. Mrs. Ashton was crouching beside the fire, deaf to Hannah's entreaties that she would take a cup of hot tea, which the gentleman had ordered her to prepare for her mistress. She did not know whether Grace might or might not be really concealed in the house; she listened to the strange unwonted noises of tramping feet overhead, of conversation in deep voices, and of the removal of various heavy articles of furniture, dragged out to see if any hiding-place concealed by them might thus be brought to light; she heard, but all the time her mind was far away, wandering back to those days in which she was happy without knowing how happy she was, free from this load of guilt, and from this dread of its speedy detection.

She scarcely wondered what had become of Robert, and whether he had obtained any clue that might lead to the discovery of Grace, though she knew he had left her with some idea that it might be possible for him to discover the fugitive in the adjacent fields or lanes; she scarcely expected him to return at all, not that she conjectured the failure of his search, and the probability that he would fly from the dangerous neighbourhood of Basnet while he was still unwatched and unsuspected. She was not capable now of following out even this short and obvious train of reasoning; she only knew that retribution was coming for the crime she had committed; that every moment was bringing it nearer and nearer in some terrible shape—she did not know what that shape might be. A few hours had made an awful change in her face and aspect; any one who saw her now, and had seen her in the morning, would scarcely have recognised her for the same woman. Then, she had gone out to make inquiries for her victim with pretended anxiety, while all the time she was flushed with hope and excitement, feeling that she was free from the great danger which had menaced for months every moment of her life; believing, in a kind of way, that circumstances had, in some measure, compelled her to do what she had done, that Grace had really committed suicide by compelling her gaolers to silence her in self-defence,

and that a merciful view would be taken of the transaction by the Powers above, whom she always respected, and desired to propitiate. There was plenty of time before her to be very sorry for whatever sins she might have committed—have been, in this case, obliged to commit—for she felt, in that moment of excitement and anticipated triumph, that her youth would be renewed, like the Psalmist's eagle, and that many years of life were yet before her—enjoyable years in which she would have plenty of money to spend, and all the advantages of wealth and position, and in which she would carefully cultivate her religious impressions, pray every day with all her heart for the forgiveness of her past errors, and make the most that possibly could be made out of earth and heaven. Now, whole years of misery seemed to have fallen on her with the one great shock of the morning, and the tortures of suspense that followed; now she looked more than her age, and from time to time she muttered incoherent words and broken sentences, for the ceaseless fears of the past months had told greatly on her mental faculties, and this blow, coming in the very moment of her victory, was more than her enfeebled mind could bear.

When Mr. Renshaw came into the room with Grace's open note in his hand, and a thoroughly perplexed and uncomprehending face, she stared at him with a fixed and fascinated gaze, like some dumb animal which sees its fate approaching, but is too stupified to make any effort to save itself. For the first time that day Mr. Renshaw failed to observe and to pity her look of helpless terror, for all his faculties were engrossed by the extraordinary revelation that the inspector had tried to make him understand.

"Perhaps you can tell what this means," he said to Mrs. Ashton, "for I really can't. I make out that Grace Meadows is safe; but this is not her handwriting, and somehow it seems that she is not herself. Just look at the note, and see if you can give me any idea at all of what it means;" and he handed it to her.

She looked at the writing with glazing eyes, over which the stiffened lids refused to close; then a sudden spasm distorted her features, and in another moment she had fallen forward from her chair to the ground. Mr. Renshaw was not quick enough to prevent her from falling, but he raised her from the ground, and laid her very gently on a sofa that stood close by. It was apparent, then, that one side of her face was altered, as if by some unnatural tension of the skin. Mr. Renshaw imagined that she had fainted, but the inspector, more observant or more experienced, declared at once that this must be "a stroke."

"And what, in Heaven's name, are we to do now?" Mr. Renshaw helplessly demanded.

"Nothing that I know of, sir, except to send for a doctor. I think I'll go myself, while my man takes you back to the lunatic asylum."

"The—lunatic asylum?"

"Yes, sir; that's where the young lady is at present—look at the heading of the note. And you" (to Hannah) "must watch your mistress to see if there is any change in her, and don't leave her for a moment. I won't be long."

But Hannah protested against being left "a that 'n" to watch Mrs.

Ashton, who appeared then to be neither living nor dead, and a policeman was called into the room, the search being now at an end, and desired to remain beside the inanimate figure that frightened Hannah, or, as she expressed it, "skeered her, along of not being fairly dead."

Before many hours had elapsed, Mrs. Ashton was quite restored to reason and consciousness, but it was found that the shock had produced partial paralysis; and although she could speak so as to be understood, it was scarcely possible that she would ever be able to leave the bed to which she had been taken. Hannah's inveterate stupidity quickly convinced the doctor who had been called in that she would be of very little use as a nurse, and he was able to recommend, in her place, a skilled and experienced attendant on the sick.

II.

A DISCOVERY.

An unusually energetic pull at the door-bell of the lunatic asylum; the officials were immediately deluded by a false hope that news of their lost sheep must be at hand, while Grace was startled with a truer presentiment. Mr. Renshaw came into the room with a bewildered face, speechless, but with both hands extended.

"My dear girl," he said, at last, as she took them gratefully in hers "I don't know how far you may have been to blame, I don't understand it at all, but I know, I see, that you have suffered."

There was a pause, and Grace's eyes filled with tears; she had not had much time to think about her own sufferings for the last few hours, or to be conscious of their effect upon her mind.

Presently she told him everything, without reserve or exaggeration, only excepting the particulars of her escape, into which she begged him not to inquire. The principal fact, that of her identity, could be established with ease and certainty in any court of law, because any of the Clifton-street people—neighbours, servants, and acquaintances—would be ready to swear to it. "No doubt I am changed with all this trouble," she added, with a smile; "but still any one among the numbers of people who knew both me and Grace Meadows, will know me for myself."

"I never heard anything so extraordinary in my life!" Mr. Renshaw declared; "my head seems to be going round and round like a windmill, and sometimes your story comes uppermost, and sometimes Robert's. Let me see, now; you say it was *not* you that died at Deepdale, you are quite certain of that? But of course if it was you would not be sitting there. Then it was Grace Meadows, who wrote me so many letters afterwards; she was dead all the time, you say, don't you?"

"Yes, it was Susan Marsh who wrote those letters; she wrote very well, and quite like a lady, and you had no means of knowing that it was not Grace Meadows' handwriting."

"No, certainly not. And so Robert persuaded you to say that you were Grace Meadows, and that Grace Meadows and he were to be married; but I wonder it did not strike you that you could not marry your brother; it would have struck me, I am sure, just as a difficulty,

you know, to be got over, perhaps, but still a difficulty. And yet I never was clever, never had a head for making plots and plans, and never shall have."

"Oh dear!" Grace remonstrated, "you don't see yet how it was; I was very weak and ill, breathing with difficulty after that horrible fire—you were in the smoke yourself, you must remember what it was, do you not?"

"Indeed, my dear, I am not likely to forget it."

"And besides, I was utterly prostrated in mind by the news of my cousin's dreadful death; we had been together since we were children, and I had said good night to her, and left her, tired indeed, but in good health and spirits. And to be told in the morning that she had died that awful death, and that there was nothing left—nothing to look at or weep over, that there could be no funeral even—oh, it was a sorrow that must be *felt* to be realised at all!"

"I am sure of that, and I did realise it, did feel it, for you and with you."

"And that was the time," Grace resumed, "when Robert came to me, begging me—oh, so hard!—not to say or do anything, but just to remain silent, and to allow Mrs. Renshaw still to think, as he declared she did think, that I was Grace Meadows, and that she whom we had lost was Grace Ashton. My silence for only a few days, perhaps a week or two, was to save him from the pressure of pecuniary difficulties that he said were tempting him to self-destruction. I ought not to have consented to keep silence—oh, how well I know that now!—but I was so weak and ill; and, besides, Robert had over me that strange influence that the stronger twin sometimes has over the weaker. It was Susan Marsh, as I told you, who married him, under the name of Grace Meadows Ashton."

"Yes, I begin to see my way a little. But, bless my soul! when that policeman came to say that you were here, not Mrs. Robert, but Miss Grace Ashton, I began to think that some of us were very far gone indeed—I didn't rightly know whether it was the man or myself—though I have had nothing at all except the smell of the brandy that I gave to that poor dear sufferer—that old devil, I mean—why, she must have been in it as thick as anybody."

"Certainly she was, and there is even less excuse for her than for Robert; she had some sense of right and wrong, and she was not insensible to religious impressions; Robert has not naturally clear moral perceptions, and, perhaps," Grace added, doubtfully, "we shall not be made accountable for what we have never possessed."

"There is not a shadow of excuse for one or other of them, my dear, you may make up your mind about that. The police are now in possession of Tyne Hall, and they have their eye on the old lady, who is ill, but they have not yet found Robert. And now tell me, please, where this Susan Marsh is to be found."

"I do not know. She went away from Basnet a few days ago, to go into lodgings until after her confinement—she is really Robert's wife, you know, only she was married to him under a false name."

"Yes, I am not sure whether that would invalidate the marriage, but

this is a point of very little consequence; she is undoubtedly one of the conspirators, and must be brought to justice if she can be found. And now, my dear, will you tell me how you managed to get here, into a lunatic asylum, of all places?"

"You have heard that one of the patients escaped yesterday?"

"Yes; but what has that to do with you?"

"Everything. I should not be——" She was going to say alive, but she checked herself; "I should not be here now if that poor creature had not wandered in the direction of Tyne Hall, and helped me to escape; she gave me help when it was needed most; I owe more to her than I could possibly tell you, for I wish to screen such sins as were only committed against myself, to say just as much as justice to Mr. Meadows requires me to say, and no more. She supplied me with the clothes I am now wearing; but immediate inquiries were made for her; everything that she took away with her was described; these garments were recognised, and I was brought to the asylum in mistake, and then detained here because I would not account for the possession of these things."

"Ah, I see now. We must give an account to the asylum people of what you know about their patient, and of when and where you saw her last, and we must send for some of your own wearing apparel, and give them back what is not yours, and then they will let you go."

"But I cannot do this, for if I told them all the truth, as far as it is connected with the lady, they would know where to find her, and she would be brought back, through my agency, to the asylum. Now, she does not complain of having been in any way ill treated here, but yet she has the greatest horror of the asylum, which has been a prison to her, though not probably an uncomfortable one, and I feel that I really *could* not use the liberty which I owe to her, in shutting her up again in the place she dreads and detests. You think me very foolish, I am sure."

"I don't, my dear; I respect your scruples, and understand them very well. But the point is, that if this unfortunate lady be really insane, which you don't appear to doubt, she could not be set at liberty with safety to herself and to society. If you know where she is to be found, you can do nothing better for her than to restore her to the asylum."

"Yes, I can. I can live with her myself in some quiet place, and watch over her, and take care of her; she is quite sane except on one point, which I can easily avoid. I owe her more than you can imagine, and I should be glad, so very glad, to give her all my care and all my time. It would be a new interest in life—something really to live for."

"My dear child, I see every imaginable difficulty in the way of your plan; believe me, it is not a practicable one. And if it were, think for a moment of yourself, your hopes, your prospects! Why, how old are you?"

"Not very old," she answered, with rather a sad smile. "Grace Meadows would have been of age in the spring, if she had lived, and I am two years older, but I have really no hopes, no prospects. I was to have been married, as you perhaps heard, but Mr. Brooks believed me to be dead, never thought of doubting it, I suppose, and it is some time now since he entered into a new engagement."

We are most of us particularly ready to believe in the truth of anything that we would especially wish not to be true, and it had never occurred to Grace to think that Susan had invented this story about William Brooks, to make her more willing to assist her in carrying out her plans. There was some mixture of superstition, too, in her belief in the loss of her earthly happiness through the error into which she had allowed herself to fall; while Mr. Renshaw, for his part, took it for granted that the fact of William Brooks' new engagement was known to Grace, as she spoke of it so positively, and he thought of Robert's crime, and of its consequences, with additional anger and resentment. He tried to think of something kind and cheering to say to Grace.

"You see, my dear, he fully believed that you were dead, and we are so constituted that we cannot continue to give all our thoughts and all our time to the memory of those who have been taken from us, however dearly we love them, nor would it, perhaps, be desirable if we could do so. I am sure, from what I saw myself, and from what I have heard of Mr. Brooks, that he felt your supposed death very bitterly indeed, and—look here—he's not married you say, only engaged? That's well; now cheer up; you'll be all right yet, according to the law of Prior Claims."

Grace looked at him without the least idea of his meaning.

"You don't understand? Well, then, I'll make it plain. We'll suppose that you have a piece of land to sell, and have found a purchaser, when all at once it is discovered that your title to the land is invalid, and that you had therefore no right to sell. The law is, that your bargain with the intending purchaser falls to the ground, because you had, in fact, no right to make it. You can understand that, I'm sure. Well, Mr. Brooks thought that he had a right to dispose of his hand, by reason of your decease, but it turns out that he could not do so, because you are in existence, with your prior claim; the intending purchaser—I mean the lady, you know—will have to give him up to you, seeing that he was not really justified in making the contract with her at all, but only thought that he was so justified. There now, what do you say to that?"

But Grace said nothing; she only covered up her face with her hands, and felt as if she would like to die, there and then, sooner than be placed, even in imagination, in the position which was thus assigned to her. When she did speak, she said, very quietly:

"You mean to be kind, I know; but you do not understand how a woman feels when such a matter is discussed in such a way. I am more resolved than ever now to continue dead to him; the facts of the case will reach him through the newspapers, but I must go away as quickly as possible to some place where I shall be as entirely lost to him as ever. There is nothing whatever to blame him for, as you truly say; but still the new engagement was contracted very quickly after my supposed death (such a dreadful death, too!), and the idea of overshadowing his present happiness is more painful to me than anything I have suffered yet. I must go away, as I said, and if any arrangement could be made with the friends of this unfortunate lady, by which I could have the care of her for the future—subject, of course, to their supervision—it would be new life for me to have some one to love and to care for. Do you think that such a thing could be possible?"

On this point Mr. Renshaw could give no opinion till he had consulted Dr. Litchfield, who was waiting with much uneasiness for the end of this long conference, and for possible explanations that might result from it. He anxiously asked Mr. Renshaw, as soon as his interview with Grace was over, whether the young lady had given him any clue that might lead to the discovery of his patient; and in reply, Mr. Renshaw expressed his conviction that she could do so if she pleased, and that she would do so as soon as she saw clearly that it would be a matter of duty to speak plainly.

Dr. Litchfield appeared to be a little surprised that any doubt on this subject could be entertained by a sane person; and Mr. Renshaw told him briefly the leading particulars of Grace's strange history, that would now be so soon made public. He told him that he did not know the circumstances under which she had made her escape the night before, but that he guessed at them, and felt tolerably sure that Dr. Litchfield's missing patient had interposed in some way to avert from her some great and dreadful danger. He dwelt upon the gratitude that she naturally felt, and her reluctance to use her newly acquired liberty in returning her preserver to the place that she disliked and feared, "as these poor creatures do, I suppose," he added, apologetically. So far, he had spoken without let or hindrance; but he felt uneasy at having to propose to Dr. Litchfield Grace's extraordinary plan of constituting herself the keeper of the patient, and of living with her, and devoting herself to her, if her friends could be induced to consent to such an arrangement. Mr. Renshaw felt as if a proposal to deprive Dr. Litchfield of a patient could not be at all acceptable to him, and he was greatly relieved when that gentleman replied at once:

"She is quite fit to leave the asylum, if a proper home, and continual care and watchfulness, could be ensured for her; she has long ceased to be subject to fits of violence, and her case is now one of simple monomania, on which a complete change in her mode of life might act beneficially, but she will require unremitting attention, and watchful, self-denying care."

"And she will have it," Mr. Renshaw answered, warmly; "I will answer for that. But will not her friends make difficulties, Miss Ashton being a complete stranger to them?"

"I have been thinking over all that you have told me," Dr. Litchfield answered, "and I believe that Miss Ashton herself is her nearest friend, and has the most right to decide this question."

Mr. Renshaw could not understand him in the least.

"You must really excuse me," he said, deprecatingly, "but my head has got into a muddle, somehow; it seems as if every one I meet had something strange and contradictory to say to me. If this is any new complication, please tell it to me plainly."

"I will tell you plainly who my patient is; she is Mrs. Arthur Ashton, a lady who fell into ill health, and subsequently became insane, through a bad habit that she had acquired—the habit of opium-eating. She has, or had, two living children, twins, a son and a daughter; but she has no other relatives that I know of, certainly none that take an interest in her. The annual sum secured to her, under the will of her late husband, is paid to me regularly by trustees, who have only undertaken the duty of making these payments and of taking receipts for them."

"Then you don' treally mean to say——" Mr. Renshaw protested.

"That she is Miss Ashton's mother? I believe, from what you have told me, that this must be the case; the young lady, however, has never inquired after her, or called to see her, or shown any interest in her, that I know of."

Mr. Renshaw did not say another word, but walked back to the room in which he had left Grace.

"Do I look like any one that's wide awake, my dear?" he asked. "You haven't got a pin about you that you could conveniently stick into me, have you? Never mind, don't trouble yourself to get one. I'll tell you the last muddle that's going, as soon as I can think of it myself. Dr. Litchfield says that the patient who escaped yesterday is Mrs. Arthur Ashton, your mamma!"

"There must be some mistake," Grace answered, after a pause of mute surprise at the idea, "because my mamma is dead."

"I don't know that her being dead makes it much more odd than it was before; upon my soul I don't! There, talk to Dr. Litchfield about it yourself, and make it out if you can."

Dr. Litchfield's account of his patient at once established the fact that she was the mother of Grace and Robert Ashton, on whom her one vice, long and secretly indulged, had acted so fatally; producing in Grace a too sensitive nervous organisation, and a corresponding delicacy of constitution, and destroying in great measure the moral and intellectual perceptions of her son. Grace's evidence of her mother's death was worth nothing at all, amounting simply to this, that her grandmother had told her how, long ago, her mamma had been attacked by brain disease, and had died at a distance from her home. The lie might have been prompted by a wish to conceal the fact that so near a relative was confined in a lunatic asylum, and it is probable that even Mr. Ashton had silently acquiesced in it, fearing to excite the sensitive imagination of Grace, by allowing her to know the sad and revolting truth.

It was certain now that no one would possess any legal right to interfere between Grace and her mother, and it was with some new strange flutterings at her heart that she named the place at which she had left her—the thatcher's cottage at Wallingford End.

ABOUT GIVING SORROW WORDS.

A CUE FROM SHAKSPEARE.

By Francis Jacox.

Give sorrow words,

is Malcolm's bidding to Macduff, when the paralysing news is broken to that valiant thane of the slaughter of his household—wife, children, servants, all that could be found—all his "pretty chickens, and their dam, at one fell swoop." Killed in his absence: his castle surprised, and all its inmates ("all my pretty ones? *did* you say *all?*") savagely slaughtered. Presently he will, at Malcolm's further bidding, dispute it as a man; but Macduff must also feel it as a man. And for the moment at least he is stricken dumb by the ghastly intelligence, and hides his face from the light and from his friends. It is on seeing him thus shattered, thus speechless, that the prince seeks to make despair outspoken rather than dumb:

> What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
> Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
> Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.*

Such a grief Queen Margaret cherishes, an exile in France, when, to King Lewis's inquiry, "whence springs this deep despair?" she replies,

> From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
> And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.†

Her grief is fated to find deeper scope and larger utterance, later in the play, where, before her eyes, her gallant boy, Prince Edward of Lancaster, is stabbed to the heart by the brothers of York, Gloster and Clarence: Are they men,—thus to spend their fury on a child?

> What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
> No, no; my heart will burst an if I speak:—
> And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.‡

A day comes when the haggard Margaret has her glut of revenge in watching the anguish of her successor, Elizabeth,—in *her* turn rendered childless by Richard of Gloster. The two queens rail at each other in maddened hate. And when the old Duchess of York exclaims, "Why should calamity be full of words?" the answer Elizabeth makes is with a flux of them:

> Windy attorneys to their client woes,
> Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
> Poor breathing orators of miseries!
> Let them have scope: tho' what they do impart
> Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.§

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* Macbeth, Act IV. Sc. 3.
† Third Part of King Henry VI., Act III. Sc. 3.
‡ Act V. Sc. 5. § King Richard III., Act IV. Sc. 4.

Pandarus of Troy cites, over the sorrows of Troilus and Cressida, a fragmentary verse, than which, protests the old gentleman, there never was a truer rhyme,

> O heart, O heart, O heavy heart,
> Why sigh'st thou without breaking?—
> Because thou canst not ease thy smart
> By friendship, nor by speaking.*

Lear's frenzied outbreak against his daughters, those "unnatural hags," becomes incoherent and inarticulate in his convulsion of anguished wrath; they think he'll weep—but he will not let women's weapons, water-drops, stain his man's cheeks: no, he'll not weep:—he has full cause of weeping; but that heart of his shall break into a hundred thousand flaws, or ere he'll weep. But then, "O fool, I shall go mad!"† is the natural issue of not giving sorrow way—whether by words or tears. Hamlet, for his part, cannot give sorrow words. He has thoughts that lie too deep for them, or for tears. No "windy suspiration of forced breath, no, nor the fruitful river in the eye," can denote him truly, who has that within which passeth show,‡ and is itself past tears, and past expression.

One of the most admired, by past generations at least, of Shakspearian critics, declines, in one of her letters, to reserve all her compassion for the griefs that stalk in buskins. When people's griefs, she remarks, are of that dignity and public character, they can lay them in state, sing solemn dirges over them, inter them with funeral pomp, and set up a superb monument of them. "They taste the '*luxury* of woe;' but the griefs that must be privately buried in the breast are the most bitter."§ The laureate says, in his matchless Memorial poem:

> I sometimes hold it half a sin
> To put in words the grief I feel;
> For words, like Nature, half reveal
> And half conceal the soul within.
>
> But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
> A use in measured language lies;
> The sad mechanic exercise,
> Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.
>
> In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
> Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
> But that large grief which these enfold
> Is given in outline, and no more.‖

The man of Uz, in the depth of his affliction, declares in one place, "For now, if I hold my tongue, I shall give up the ghost;" thoug in another he avows, "Though I speak, my grief is not assuaged; an though I forbear, what am I eased?"¶ It was when the Psalmist heart was hot within him, and, while he mused, the fire burned, that the

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* Troilus and Cressida, Act IV. Sc. 4.
† King Lear, Act II. Sc. 4.
‡ Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 2.
§ Mrs. Montague's Letters.
‖ In Memoriam, § v.
¶ Job xiii. 19; xvi. 6.

he spake with his tongue. To apply the lines of a classical poet, on those utterances and "deliverances" by which pain is mitigated,

> Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
> Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem.*

We are told of the celebrated French surgeon, Dupuytren, as regards the hospital patients upon whom he operated, that so long as they suffered quietly, he acted as if he were their guardian angel; but that as soon as they complained, especially when they "roared out for trifles," they might as well have had "the devil himself for their surgeon as Dupuytren." This, observes a home authority, probably arose from a defect of temper in the eminent operator; for a patient is relieved by crying aloud under a severe operation. "When acute pain is felt, the nervous system receives a shock, the evil effects of which are increased by the efforts used not to give way to nature and cry."† Poor Vanessa pathetically declares, in one of her appealing letters to Swift: "For there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world I must give way to it."‡ Sir Walter Scott has this characteristic entry in his Diary: "At twelve o'clock I went again to poor Lady —— to talk over old stories. I am not clear that it is a right or healthful indulgence to be ripping up old sores, but it seems to give her deep-rooted sorrow words, and that is a mental blood-letting."§ To an endeared friend and his wife who had lost a son, Frederick Perthes writes: "Cling to one another in your griefs; let neither conceal it from the other; do not try to calm one another down, but rather let your sorrow flow out into a common stream."‖ The heart, says Shakspeare, hath treble wrong when it is barred the aidance of the tongue:

> An oven that is stopped, or river stayed,
> Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
> So of concealèd sorrow may be said;
> Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
> But when the heart's attorney¶ once is mute
> The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.**

Vincent Scattergood, in his trouble, being conventionally recommended by Mr. Fogg, from time to time, to overcome his sorrow, their author reflects on this common advice to those who suffer, as seldom really consolatory or alleviating. For, as he puts it, however we may dam up the tide of misery by the force of our own reasoning and determination, it still keeps accumulating, and at last will have its way, breaking down our barrier of false resolutions, and rushing onward with tenfold impetuosity. "The majority of mankind in this case resemble rockets. The more their inward tumult is choked, the higher they rise for the time: but, that time past, the worn-out case falls down again with in-

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* Horat. Epist. † Life of Dr. Andrew Combe, ch. v.
‡ Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift, 1714.
§ Diary of Sir Walter Scott, Nov. 10, 1827.
‖ Life and Times of Frederick Perthes, ch. xxxii.
¶ The tongue; as in a passage already cited from *King Richard III.*, Act IV. Sc. 4.
** Venus and Adonis.

creased momentum, from the forced elevation it had attained."*—Oswald and Corinne, says Madame de Staël, of their sojourn in Rome, "were worse than unhappy; for actual misery often causes such emotions as relieve the laden breast; and from the storm may burst a flash pointing the onward way; but mutual restraint . . . . made them even discontented with one another. . . . . True, a word, a look, suffices to efface our displeasure; but that look, that word, may not come when most needful."† So grows and grows the grief that,

> Of life impatient, into madness swells,
> Or in *dead silence* wastes the weeping hours.‡

It is of Corinne, again, that Madame de Staël says in another place,§ describing her desolate dejection, that the sorrow of which no one speaks to us cuts deeper than reiterated blows. Her amiable friend, the Prince of Castel Forte, follows the usual maxim, which bids us do our utmost towards teaching a mourner to forget; but there is no oblivion for the imaginative, Madame remarks; and she pronounces it better to keep alive their memories, weary them of their tears, exhaust their signs, and force them back upon themselves, that they may reconcentrate their own powers.

Rousseau‖ teaches that, in violent passions of feeling, instinct prompts to the utterance of cries, to movement, gesticulation, and whatever may in like manner give free course to the agitated spirits, and create a diversion for passion: "tant qu'on s'agite, on n'est qu'emporté; le morne repos est plus à craindre, il est voisin du désespoir." The difference between the two states is exemplified in Mrs. Gaskell's description of the Hale family, at the death of Mrs. Hale, when Margaret rose from her trembling and despondency, and became as a strong angel of comfort to her father and brother—to the latter in his vehemence of emotion, to the former in his *morne repos*. The brother, we read, broke down altogether, and cried so violently when shut up in his little room at night, that Margaret and Dixon came down in affright to warn him to be quiet—he being there secretly, and in hiding—for the house partitions were but thin, and the next-door neighbours might easily hear his youthful passionate sobs, so different from the slower trembling agony of after life, when we become inured to grief, and dare not be rebellious against the inexorable doom, knowing who it is that decrees. "Margaret sat with her father in the room with the dead. If he had cried, she would have been thankful. But he sat by the bed quite quietly; only, from time to time, he uncovered the face, and stroked it gently, making a kind of soft inarticulate noise, like that of some mother-animal caressing her young. He took no notice of Margaret's presence. Once or twice she came up to kiss him; and he submitted to it, giving her a little push away when she had done, as if her affection disturbed him from his absorption in the dead."¶ She has the more reason to be troubled by a

> ——silence
> Qui de ses maux encore aigrit la violence.**

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* The Scattergood Family, vol. ii. ch. xvi.
† Corinne, book xv. ch. iii.
‡ Thomson, The Seasons: Spring.
§ Book xviii. ch. vi.
‖ Emile et Sophie, lettre i.
¶ North and South, vol. ii. ch. v.
** Racine: Phèdre, Acte I. Sc. 3.

Madame d'Arblay, in her diary at Court, expatiates on the silent and solitary sufferings of her royal mistress on the eve of the King's illness in 1788. "The Queen is almost overpowered with some secret terror. I am affected almost beyond expression in her presence, to see what struggles she makes to support serenity. To-day she gave up the conflict when I was alone with her, and burst into a violent fit of tears. It was very, very, terrible to see. . . . . To unburthen her loaded mind would be to relieve it from all but inevitable affliction. O, may Heaven in its mercy never, never, drive me to that solitary anguish more!—I have tried what it would do; I speak from bitter recollection of past melancholy experience."*—How writes Richardson's Lady G. to the Hon. Miss Byron? "Could I make you speak out, could I make you complain, I should have some hope of you: but so sorrowful when alone, as we plainly see, yet aiming to be so cheerful in company—O my dear! you must be gluttonous of grief in your solitary hours."† So the same author's Clarissa writes to her one confidante: "To whom can I unbosom myself but to you? . . . . . These griefs, do what I can, will sometimes burst into tears; and these, mingling with my ink, will blot my paper. And I know you will not grudge me the temporary relief."‡ When Biddy, in Garrick's piece, sighs heavily, and Tag, her woman, asks what that sigh is for, and Biddy denies that she had sighed at all, the other shrewdly rejoins: "Nay, never gulp them down, they are the worst things you can swallow. There's something in that little heart of yours that swells it and puffs it, and will burst it at last, if you don't give it vent."§ In Miss Ferrier's story of "Destiny," Mrs. Malcolm, keeping watch by the couch of Edith, fears little for the passionate overflow of Sir Reginald's grief, excessive as it is, which can thus vent itself in outward manifestations: it is the silence of poor Edith's overcharged heart which alarms her.‖ Subsequently, when at an appeal of Mrs. Malcolm's, "Edith's heart heaved high, and for a few moments she struggled violently with her feelings; at last nature prevailed—she burst into a passionate flood of tears, and throwing her arms round her friend's neck, wept long in silent anguish,"—the good woman, we read, made no attempt to check the genial current of feeling; for she knew that the grief which can feel even despair, is never so dangerous as that which benumbs the spirit, and bereaves it of the very sense of feeling; and fragile as is the mould of the human heart, it is one which may be bruised, but is rarely broken by the first rude shock it sustains. But "Oh the world of woe which may lie in the small compass of one solitary heart! Who can declare 'all which may be borne and never told'?"¶ And in time Edith's becomes

> A grief without a pang, void, dark, and dreary,
> A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
> Which finds no natural outlet or relief
> In word, or sigh, or tear.

It is commonly remarked, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has said, that the

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* Diary of Madame d'Arblay, vol. iv., part vi. Nov. 3, 1788.
† History of Sir Charles Grandison, vol. v. letter xvi.
‡ Clarissa Harlowe, vol. iv. letter viii.
§ Miss in her Teens, Act I. Sc. 2.
‖ Destiny, ch. xxii. ¶ Ibid., ch. xxiii.

suppression of external signs of feeling makes feeling more intense. The deepest grief is that which makes no violent display, because, as he physiologically explains it, the nervous excitement, not discharged in muscular action, discharges itself in other nervous excitements—arouses more numerous and more remote associations of melancholy ideas, and so increases the mass of feelings.* Montaigne deprecates the formal suppression of natural signs of emotion, and bids us, "in God's name," allow what he calls "this vocal frailty, if it be neither cordial nor stomachical, to the disease; and permit the ordinary way of expressing grief by sighs, sobs, palpitations," &c. What matter that we wring our hands, if we do not wring our thoughts? he exclaims. "In so extreme ills, 'tis cruelty to require so exact a composedness."† Concealed sorrows are compared by Feltham to those vapours which, being shut up, occasion earthquakes. That man he rightly pronounces to be truly miserable who cannot get rid of his miseries, and yet will not unfold them. "As in the body, whatsoever is taken inwardly which is distasteful, and continues there unvoided, does daily suppurate and gather, till at last it kills or at least endangers life; so it is in the mind; sorrows entertained and smothered, do so collect, that the sweet dispositions of our nature give way to a harsh morosity and spleen. Why should we hug a poisoned arrow so closely in our wounded bosoms? Neither griefs nor joys were ever ordained for secresy."‡ The tongue, which, says Edward Irving (that eloquent master of it), is to other animals but an instrument of tasting their food or roaring for their prey, was in man gifted with language, to be the great bond of human fellowship, by communicating with more than electric speed between heart and heart the ten thousand emotions which arise therein.§ Ovid tells how griefs that are untold do choke and inwardly consume the heart; and how their burning forces do but multiply when restrained:

> Strangulat inclusus dolor, atque cor æstuat intus;
> Cogitur et vires multiplicare suas.‖

Mrs. Jameson says, of Hazlitt's stormful *Liber Amoris*, that it betokens a passion so terribly real, the subject of which sued with such a vehemence, suffered with such resistance, that the "powerful intellect reeled, tempest-tost, and might have foundered but for the gift of expression." He might have said like Tasso—like Goethe rather—

> Gab mir ein Gott zu sagen was ich leide!

And this faculty of utterance, eloquent utterance, was perhaps the only thing which saved life, or reason, or both.¶ Something of the same thought occurs in Currer Bell's remarks on Cowper's poem of the Cast-

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* Herbert Spencer: The Physiology of Laughter.
† Montaigne's Essays, book ii. ess. xxxvii.
‡ Feltham's Resolves: Of Discontent.
§ Collected Works of Edward Irving, vol. iii. p. 22.
‖ Ov. Trist. v. 1.
¶ "In such moods of passion, the poor uneducated man, dumb in the midst of the strife and the storm, unable to comprehend his intolerable pain, or make it comprehended, throws himself in a blind fury on the cause of his torture, or hangs himself in his neckcloth."—A Commonplace-Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, by Mrs. Jameson, p. 264.

away—wherein the despairing poet, in an hour of tearless anguish, traced a semblance to his own God-abandoned misery in the fate of the man-forsaken sailor: "He was nearly broken-hearted when he wrote that poem, and it almost breaks one's heart to read it. But he found relief in writing it—I know he did; and that gift of poetry—the most divine bestowed on man—was, I believe, granted to allay emotions when their strength threatens harm." "Depend upon it," we read further on, "no tear blistered the manuscript of 'The Castaway;' I hear in it no sob of sorrow, only the cry of despair; but that cry uttered, I believe the deadly spasm passed from his heart; that he wept abundantly, and was comforted."*

The anonymous author of a clever essay on Talking of Self, rules that by all means this else objectionable kind of talk must be allowed to invalids and persons of weak nerves and spirits, whom pain, weariness, and seclusion throw upon their inner consciousness. And he holds it needless to add that persons under some immediate shock, unhinging to the whole being, must be not only allowed but encouraged to talk of themselves; for a personal grief put into words is infinitely lighter and more bearable than trouble pressing on the heart. "There is something in every effort at expression which brings relief; and when sorrow can be brought to describe itself, the worst is over."† Sancho Panza had rather renounce the service of an endeared master, and the contingency of an island to govern, than be restrained from free and full complaint, whenever there was cause for it—which in Don Quixote's service was often enough, and oftener. "For it is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in quest of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket, and bangs with stones, and, with all this, to have his mouth sewed up, not daring to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb."‡ The model chaplain in Mr. Reade's matter-of-fact romance of prison-life, invites Susan Merton's confidence by a word for word quotation of Shakspeare's text on giving sorrow words; and no sooner has he repeated it than the simple girl exclaims, sobbing: "Oh! that is a true word, that is very true. Why, a little of the lead seems to have dropped off my heart now I have spoken to you, sir."§ One might apply some lines of Mr. Chauncy Hare Townshend's—

> And why not then have told thee this before?
> I know not. Silence binds the hopeless debtor.
> Hours are there when in speechless pain we wring;
> And there are hours when the heart bursts its fetter,
> Like mountain ice before the breath of spring.‖

In Mr. Dickens's description of the home-life of now brotherless Florence Dombey, in the presence and under the ungenial supervision of relatives in name, strangers as to sympathy, there is a passage which relates how, on one occasion, she broke out involuntarily into the irrepressible lament, "Oh my brother! oh my brother!"—a natural emotion, not to be repressed, which "would make way, even between the fingers of the hands with which she covered her face. The overcharged and heavy-laden

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* Shirley, ch. xii.
† Essays on Social Subjects: First Series, p. 280.
‡ Don Quixote, ch. xxv. § It is Never too Late to Mend, ch. vii.
‖ The Three Gates: The Law of Love.

breast must sometimes have that vent, or the poor wounded solitary heart within it would have fluttered like a bird with broken wings, and sunk down in the dust."* The impulse is all one *au fond* with that which prompts the outburst of Virginius in the play:

——Man, I must speak, or else go mad!
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me
From speaking? Were't not better, brother, think you,
To speak and not go mad, than to go mad
And then to speak?†

Beware, the most distinguished of America's literary physicians bids us,—beware of the woman who cannot find free utterance for all her stormy inner life either in word or song! So long as a woman can talk, there is nothing, he asserts, she cannot bear. But if she cannot have a companion to listen to her woes, and has no musical utterance, vocal or instrumental—then, says the doctor, "if she is of the real woman sort, and has a few heartfuls of wild blood in her, and you have done her a wrong—double-bolt the door by which she may enter on noiseless slipper at midnight; look twice before you taste of any cup whose draught the shadow of her hand may have darkened.

"But let her talk, and, above all, cry; or, if she is one of the coarser-grained tribe, give her the run of all the red-hot expletives in the language, and let her blister her lips with them until she is tired, she will sleep like a lamb after it, and you may take a cup of coffee from her without stirring it up to look for its sediment."‡

Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn of Paris, once her playmate on the hills—the roses gone from her cheek, and her hair floating round her neck—thus opens out her sense of grief to "mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida," and Earth, and Hills, and Caves that house the cold crowned snake:

Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.§

Fruitless might be her plaint—hopeless the restoration of her peace: still she must speak out of the bitterness and fulness of her heart. Like latter-day poet in his valedictory stanzas:

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.‖

Where the heart is full, it seeks, for a thousand reasons, says Mr. Carlyle, and in a thousand ways, to impart itself. "How sweet, indispensable, in such cases, is fellowship; soul mystically strengthening soul!"¶ Charlotte

* Dombey and Son, ch. xviii.
† Virginius, Act IV. Sc. 2.
‡ Elsie Venner, ch. xxiii.
§ Tennyson: Œnone.
‖ Byron: "Fare-thee-well."
¶ Carlyle, History of the French Revolution, part ii. book i. ch. v.

Bronte, in the depression of bereavement and lonely despondency, writes to her dearest friend how she is haunted by day and night with a sense of sickening distress; and adds: "I tell you these things, because it is absolutely necessary for me to have some relief. You will forgive me, and not trouble yourself, or imagine that I am one whit worse than I say. It is quite a mental ailment, and I believe and hope is better now. I think so, because I can speak about it, which I never can when grief is at its worst."* As sage as kindly is Rose Flammock, the Flemish handmaiden in Scott's so-called tale of the Crusades, when she implores her mistress, the Lady Eveline, to confide her griefs: "Only disburden your mind with one word"†—and in another place: "methinks, the bearing in your solitary bosom such a fearful secret will only render the weight more intolerable."‡

Mr. Hawthorne depicts in Miriam one who passionately yearns for a confidant to whom she may freely breathe her secret trouble. "Oh, my friend," she one day cries, to Kenyon the sculptor, "will you be my friend indeed? I am lonely, lonely, lonely. There is a secret in my heart that burns me—that tortures me! Sometimes I fear to go mad of it,—sometimes I hope to die of it; but neither of the two happens. Ah, if I could but whisper it to only one human soul!" There is a certain reserve and alarm perceptible to Miriam in Kenyon's frank and kind expression of readiness to listen; for in his heart he doubts whether it were well for her to give, or for him to receive, this confidence. What he says to himself is, that if there were any active duty of friendship to be performed, then, indeed, he would have joyfully come forward to do his best. But if it were only a pent-up heart that sought an outlet? in that case it was by no means so certain that a confession would do good. For, "unless he could give her all the sympathy, and just the kind of sympathy that the occasions required, Miriam would hate him by-and-by, and herself still more if he let her speak.—And she, recovering herself, and mastering her own agitation, bids him keep his sympathy for sorrows that admit of such solace, and "forget this foolish scene." Yet when they have parted, she regrets having lost what she had asked for, and was not refused.§ In an after chapter, Donatello is the unobserved witness of a frenzy fit of Miriam, under the dusky arches of the Coliseum, where, believing herself alone, she throws off her self-control, and acts like a mad woman, concentrating the elements of a long insanity in that instant. She gesticulates extravagantly, gnashing her teeth, flinging her arms wildly abroad, stamping with her foot. "It was as if she had stepped aside for an instant, solely to snatch the relief of a brief fit of madness. Persons in acute trouble, or labouring under strong excitement, with a necessity for concealing it, are prone to relieve their nerves in this wild way; although, when practicable, they find a more effectual solace in shrieking aloud."‖ In the next chapter she takes a more legitimate mode of venting her pent-up emotion, by bursting out into song, that moonlight night when, from the Forum and the Via Sacra, from beneath the arches of the Temple of Peace on one side, and the acclivity of the Palace of the Cæsars on the other, the air was full of melodies from

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* Life of Charlotte Bronte, vol. ii. ch. viii. † The Betrothed, ch. xiv.
‡ Ibid., ch. xv. § Transformation, ch. xiv. ‖ Ibid., ch. xvii.

the voices of strollers about the Eternal City. "Suddenly, she threw out such a swell and gush of sound, that it seemed to pervade the whole choir of other voices, and then to rise above them all, and become audible in what would else have been the silence of an upper region. That volume of melodious voice was one of the tokens of a great trouble. There had long been an impulse upon her—amounting, at last, to a necessity—to shriek aloud; but she had struggled against it, till the thunderous anthem gave her an opportunity to relieve her heart by a great cry."* Her innocent friend, Hilda, who involuntarily becomes the witness of a dark deed in which Miriam is concerned, is for a long while tortured by the possession of this secret, which she dare not divulge. But one day, earnest Protestant though she be, the sight of the confessional, and a few words from a poor simple devout woman who comes away from it radiant with a sense of relief, impel Hilda to fling herself down in the penitent's place, and tremulously, passionately, with sobs, tears, and the turbulent overflow of emotion too long repressed, to pour out the dark story which had infused its poison into her till then healthy and tranquil life. "She revealed the whole of her terrible secret! The whole, except that no name escaped her lips. And, ah, what a relief! When the hysteric gasp, the strife between words and sobs, had subsided, what a torture had passed away from her soul!" It need not be said that Mr. Hawthorne noway intends all this to have a theological bearing. Indeed, when the father-confessor adverts to absolution as the sequel of confession, Hilda at once starts and shrinks back. She had never dreamed of that, and repudiates it with fervour. She has simply opened out her heart under the seal of confession, because the terrible crime she has just revealed seemed to thrust itself between her and her Maker—so that she found Him not in the darkness; found nothing but a dreadful solitude, and this crime in the midst of it. "I could not bear it. It seemed as if I made the awful guilt my own, by keeping it hidden in my heart. I grew a fearful thing to myself. I was going mad!" The confessor, hopeful of an ingenuous proselyte, expresses his trust that the relief will prove greater than she yet knows of. And she, missing his meaning, and looking up gratefully in his face, declares it to be already immense: "I have told the hideous secret; told it under the sacred seal of the confessional; and now it will burden my poor heart no more."† What ensues during that strange confidence is not here to the purpose. What has been quoted avails to illustrate vividly enough the relief poor human nature feels in confiding, and so disburthening itself of, a secret oppression of heavy trouble.

Sir Walter Scott's poems furnish plural instances of this sense of relief, under various conditions. There is Don Roderick, for example, to whose "sad confession" Toledo's Prelate lends an ear of fearful wonder:

> For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
> Such as are lothly utter'd to the air,
> When Fear, Remorse, and Shame the bosom wring,
> And Guilt his secret burthen cannot bear,
> And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from Despair.‡

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* Transformation, ch. xviii. † Ch. xxxix.

‡ The Vision of Don Roderick.

Marmion, again, becomes, *malgré lui*, the avower of a troubled secret to Lindesay:

> He staid,
> And seem'd to wish his words unsaid;
> But, by that strong emotion press'd,
> Which prompts us to unload our breast,
> Ev'n when discovery's pain,* &c.

Something of a parallel passage occurs in Bertram's similar confidence to Wilfrid, when

> The power within the guilty breast,
> Oft vanquish'd, never quite suppress'd,
> That unsubdued and lurking lies
> To take the felon by surprise,
> And force him, as by magic spell,
> In his despite his guilt to tell,—
> That power in Bertram's breast awoke.†

THE CRY OF THE UNRESIGNED.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

COME back! come back! my lost, my loved, my own!
Too soon hath cruel death
Stopp'd my young darling's breath,
Too soon her heavenly soul to heaven hath flown:
The flowers so prized by thee,
The softly-chiming sea,
The brook whose voice was dear,
The birds you loved to hear,
Singing in noon's white rays, to me now black—
Join with my soul, and cry, "Come back! come back!"

It may be impious, may be cruel, too,
But from the bowers above,
Where thou, like some white dove,
Dost sit in purity amidst the blue,
To earth I'd bring thee down,
Nor heed thine amaranth crown;
Anything in my madness,
Anything in my sadness,
So I could have thee near,
Fold thee, and kiss thee, dear:
O angels, hear me! bear her down yon track
Of luminous stars—lost child, come back! come back!

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* Marmion, canto iv.

† Rokeby, canto ii.

Whether I sit alone at morn or night,
Praying to be resigned,
Strengthening with hope my mind,
Striving to chase thee from my inner sight;
In vain; still thought will fly
To blissful days gone by;
Religion brings no calm,
The father's heart no balm;
I rail at fate, my spirit on a rack,
And still I cry, "Sweet saint! come back! come back!"

To my fond soul thou wert a vernal sun;
I warmed in thee, loved child,
Thy beams so softly mild;
My thoughts from thee, poor flowers, their fragrance won:
Now all is night, blind night,
Set my dear orb of light,
No wife, true friend, to cheer me,
And thou no longer near me;
In darkness thick I grope,
Without my sun, my hope,
Still calling on thee, though in joy, and black
This lower world to thine—come back! come back!

I loved thee stronger with each year that flew,
Engrossingly and madly;
All virtues seemed to clad thee;
Thy mother's voice, her eyes of clearest blue:
And thou didst also love me,
Though beautiful above me,
As rainbow o'er a hill;
Thy soul I worship still,
But, oh, I crave more, more—
To have thee on life's shore,
To hear thee, fold thee, kiss thee—down the track
Of yonder blue, descend! come back! come back!

THE ARLINGTONS:

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

PART THE FIFTH.

I.

SILVESTER ARLINGTON AT CAMBRIDGE.

MRS. ARLINGTON communicated to her husband the information she had received from Richard relative to the proceedings of Silvester at Cambridge, and urged him to inquire into the matter without loss of time. She said she felt very uneasy about Silvester, and very much afraid lest he should be drawn into some low connexion.

Mr. Arlington received the intelligence more coolly than she could have expected—he did not seem at all alarmed.

"My dear Nelly," he said, "I fear you let your vivid imagination run away with you. Silvester, I dare say, is no saint; there is not much morality, probably, to be found among the young men at the universities; but we don't often hear of their making low marriages."

"Not often, certainly; but such marriages *do* occur," replied his wife, rather sharply.

"There is gossip at Oxford and Cambridge, as well as at Cheltenham, and Bath, and Scarborough, and even London itself," said Mr. Arlington; "and the young man who mentioned Silvester, perhaps wanted something to fill up his letter."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlington.

"But he has not hinted a syllable about any love affair or entanglement to you, or to any of his sisters, or to Richard, even," said the simple-minded Mr. Arlington.

"Good gracious, Arlington! you can't be such a fool as to fancy that Silvester, if he is doing wrong, will accuse himself, or voluntarily confess his folly, if not his guilt?"

"I don't think he should be condemned on slight evidence," said the good man.

Mrs. Arlington cast up her eyes with an impatient gesture:

"Mr. Arlington, when the honour of your family is at stake, you really should cast off your habitual apathy, or, I should perhaps rather say, indolence. Will you go down to Cambridge and inquire into this matter, or will you not? It is clear that something must be done."

"I am very sorry, but I cannot go just now, my dear Nelly. I am obliged to remain in town at present on account of parliamentary business. You see there is so much to be got through at the end of the season; everything is staved off till then, and it is all hurry-scurry at last—no end of committees; and as I am engaged in two or three at the very least, I must be at my post. But I will write to one of the professors with whom I am pretty well acquainted, and ask him to tell

me if Silvester has got into any scrape. That is the only thing I can do, my dear."

"If you had the slightest grain of energy in you," thought the lady, though she did not say it, "you would manage to go to Cambridge and see after your son, and attend to your stupid committees to boot; but 'one can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear,' says the old proverb, and you cannot put spirit into a sluggish soul."

Mr. Arlington certainly was "sluggish" in all respects, but especially in matters concerning his own family; he did not like to have his equanimity troubled, and he did not see any cause for uneasiness about his second son. He had felt rather anxious on account of the marked encouragement given to Mr. Duff Watson—a total stranger, having a very slight introduction to the family, and of whose parentage and previous life he had not been able to hear a word; he was somewhat afraid that he might not be a proper match for Letitia, but his better-half was satisfied, therefore he left the matter in her hands. He did not much like to trouble the professor at Cambridge; but he knew, poor man, that he would have no peace until he performed his promise; he took care, however, to write from his club, so that he might not be obliged to submit his epistle to the criticism of Mrs. Arlington. The letter, in consequence, was very vaguely worded, and in asking information about his son's conduct, he did not express the least doubt of its correctness, nor make any allusion to the probability of his having got into a scrape.

"Give a dog a bad name, and hang him," said the worthy gentleman to himself, "and there is no need to bring down upon the boy any suspicion, or too close supervision. If the lad had been going to the devil, we should undoubtedly have heard it—bad news flies fast."

Silvester was a favourite of his father's, and though he drew pretty freely upon his purse, he was not so extravagant as Richard.

"Well, well, even if Silvester *is* a little wild, young men will be young men," Mr. Arlington remarked to himself; and with this concluding thought he dismissed the subject of his son's supposed delinquencies from his mind, addressed and sealed his letter of inquiry, and returned to the study of his beloved newspapers.

In due time the answer came. It was a pompous epistle, and dwelt more on the writer's own high attainments and high position at the university than on Silvester Arlington's deeds, good or bad. He merely said that, as far as the young man came under his notice, he was well conducted. He had never heard of his being engaged in ungentlemanly riots, or doing anything to deserve censure; he might be more attentive to his studies, but every one was not equally gifted with talents, or the power of intense application; and though there was not the slightest chance of his ever being senior wrangler, or probably taking honours, he might get through a fair examination, which, most likely, was all his ambition aimed at.

This was very negative praise, but then—there was no positive blame; and both Mr. and Mrs. Arlington were fain to be satisfied with it; at least Mr. Arlington was, though his wife declared that the letter of the great university man was exceedingly stupid, and not at all to the point.

"I don't think I can let things rest here, Fanny," she said; "I will

write to Silvy himself, and tell him that some hints of imprudent conduct on his part have reached me, but that I am unwilling to believe them, and hope he will be able to contradict them. I shall remind him that he has his way to make in the world, and that his future success will much depend upon the character he bears at college, and brings with him from thence; that I trust he will never forget what he owes to himself and to his family; and that, above all things, he will not plunge into any low amour, or let himself be taken in by artful people in an inferior rank of life than his own. I think this will do, Fanny; at any rate, it will put him on his guard."

"Yes," said Fanny, "I think your letter will do extremely well, and have a very good effect."

Fanny invariably acquiesced in the propriety of everything her mother did, said, and wrote, except what was not congenial to her own wishes—then she did not scruple to find fault; but Mrs. Arlington did not always heed her remonstrances, and generally took her own way.

Silvester's reply was not a very satisfactory one. He demanded to know in distinct terms of what he was accused, and who was his accuser; blamed his mother for listening to any chance information which might have no foundation in fact; said he considered himself ill-used in the first place by his father's very unnecessary letter of inquiry about him to one of his professors, of which he had heard; and, in the next place, by Mrs. Arlington's reproving epistle, condemning him for faults which she did not specify, and predicting to him a failure in his future career. His letter wound up with an urgent request to be informed who had been writing against him, that he might give the sneaking fellow a good thrashing. Mrs. Arlington felt rather alarmed at the effect produced by her missive. She was determined not to betray the name of Richard's informant, lest Silvester might be hot-headed enough to get up a row about the matter. She wrote back that her letter had merely been intended to caution him; that she had no fault to find with him; and that she trusted his own good sense would prevent his doing anything which might be prejudicial to himself or obnoxious to his family.

So Mrs. Arlington's energy had not been of much use, and, though she did not know it, probably it had produced a bad effect.

II.

MR. DUFF WATSON A GUEST AT ARLINGTON ABBEY.

THERE was nothing to detain the Arlington family in London; everybody was gone or going, and of the few, in the fashionable parts of the town, who were not departing, some had closed the shutters in the front of their houses, not having the strength of mind to admit that they were still fixtures. These worthies had the Parks to themselves as far as people of their own class went, but they seemed to fly each other, as if apprehending contagious diseases, when their only fear was that their vanity should be hurt by being still seen in town when all the world had left it, and that they were discovered not to have joined the migrating flocks.

The Arlingtons had repaired to Arlington Abbey, in Dorsetshire.

Mrs. Arlington had proposed to Richard to take two of his sisters abroad for six weeks or so, in the hope that some gentleman at one of the German baths, or at Vichy, or even at Dieppe, might take a fancy to one of the young ladies, but Richard declined going, and betook himself for a few days, or perhaps weeks, to Craig Court, on a visit to Mr., *i.e.* Mrs., Larpent.

He was annoyed to find that lady's French maid still with her, for he had strongly advised her to part with the demoiselle, whose eyes and ears had been tolerably active during the week he had spent with Mrs. Larpent at the hotel at Brighton. He had urged the dismissal of the French woman so much, that he never expected to see her tripping step, jaunty air, and saucy look when he made his appearance at Craig Court. She wished him "Le bien-venu" with a mixture of empressement and irony, exclaiming,

"Que monsieur sera charmé de vous voir, mon capitaine; et madame! mon Dieu! elle n'aura plus des chagrins, ni de mauvaise humeur, à present que vous êtes ici."

Richard grinned and showed his white teeth, and complimented the damsel on her good looks, while he inwardly ejaculated,

"The devil take the impudent jade! What on earth makes Sophy keep that spy about her?"

The same question he asked Mrs. Larpent herself, who replied,

"Oh, she is very useful, and, you know, the French are not so strait-laced as the English are! Laurette has got a love-affair of her own on her hands. She and the butler are very good friends, though he is a married man. She would break her heart if I were to turn her away, and no doubt she would revenge herself by saying ill-natured things of you and me. She has an excellent place, and she must know, that if she takes to tittle-tattling, I will get rid of her. I think we are pretty safe with her. For her own sake, she will be discreet."

"It is a pity to be in the power of a servant," said Richard. "One never knows how long bribery may ensure their silence, or how soon they may betray one."

Mrs. Larpent shrugged her shoulders, and laughed at his timidity.

"And you a gallant soldier!" she exclaimed. "My dear Richard, don't frighten yourself with chimeras! After all, if Laurette were to be such a fool as to risk her place for the indulgence of a little silly gossip, who would believe her?"

"Scandal is sure to find believers in this ill-natured world," replied Richard, gravely, "and I am afraid our amitié is suspected already."

"If I am not horrified and distressed, *you* need not be so, I think," said Mrs. Larpent. "As long as my precious husband is so conveniently blind, it is no matter what other people think or say."

Richard was silent, but not convinced, and he looked with an evil eye on the pert French maid, and was distant and ceremonious in his manners to Mrs. Larpent at table, and whenever the butler happened to be present.

Meanwhile, in his parental abode at Arlington Abbey, which would one day be his own, reality and delusions were in full vigour.

As Richard was not at home to do it, Eleanor begged Fanny to ask

Mrs. Arlington to invite Captain Colville to the abbey. The invitation was sent, and grateful thanks were returned for it, but it was declined on the plea that he could not then obtain leave of absence. The Reverend Septimus Severin had written to Cornelia (the letter following her from London), telling her that he had got the curacy which he had mentioned to her, and thought he would be very comfortable. He filled his epistle with a string of quotations from the Bible, and wound up by promising to remember her in his prayers, and begging her not to forget him in hers.

"There!" cried Cornelia, "what can be more explicit than that? You see he remembers me even in his very prayers!"

"Deeds, not mere vague words for me," said Letitia, dryly.

"Well, I don't know," replied Cornelia, "what *deeds* your Mr. Duff Watson has performed, except making you a few presents; he does not seem even to favour you with many words, probably acting on Shakspeare's advice, to 'Give thy thoughts no tongue.'"

"Cornelia quoting a profane writer like Shakspeare!" exclaimed Letitia, derisively. "What would the Roman emperor say to that?"

"I hope you will give up that impertinent nickname when Mr. Severin becomes your brother-in-law," said Cornelia, angrily.

"*When* he becomes connected with our family I shall pay all due honour to his reddish hair—for I can't yet say grey hairs," Letitia answered, with a sneering laugh.

Mr. Duff Watson was certainly not very lavish of his words; he would sit ever so long without uttering a syllable, immersed in what is called a brown study, but it was apparently a black study, from the expression of his face when he fell into these silent fits.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Letitia once to him when he was in one of these absent moods; but the look that he gave her frightened her, it was so dark and wild, and she never again ventured to make any remark to him about himself. He was fond of taking solitary walks, and more especially of rambling on the sea-shore, where he would stand gazing on the ebb and flow of the tide until the waves, paying him as little respect as they did Canute of old, came surging in, and rolling over his feet.

"I do believe," exclaimed Master Lionel Arlington one day, "that that strange man, Mr. Duff Watson, is premeditating suicide. I saw him this morning standing on a rock like a pelican, when the tide was rushing in pretty fast. He was throwing his arms about as if he were haranguing the sea, or the seaweed and the pebbles it cast ashore. I looked down upon him for some time from the hill just above that part of the beach, until, finding that the waves were gaining on the rock, I ran down and shouted to him. But he appeared to have fallen into a trance, for he never budged, or he was bent upon committing *felo de se*. 'It won't be pleasant to have his corpse fished out of the water and brought to the abbey,' I said to myself; so, finding he turned a deaf ear to my shouting, I picked up some pebbles and pelted him with them, until he turned round, with quite a theatrical start, and gave me an awfully fierce look."

"You are romancing, or at least exaggerating, Master Lionel, I rather think," said Letitia.

"No, Letty, upon the honour of a gentleman, I am not," he replied. "He had to plunge into the water, and came splashing up to me like a water-dog emerging from the spray. In a very few minutes more the rock was entirely covered by the foaming waves, and you, poor Letty, would have had to wear the willow."

Lionel had arrived at the abbey on a farewell visit to his family before entering on his naval career. He had passed a very good examination, not only in the usual branches of a young boy's education—viz. English grammar and spelling, geography, arithmetic, writing, Latin, and French, but also in the various departments of science, mathematics, trigonometry, algebra, astronomy, &c. &c., which the wisdom of the Admiralty imposes on the little lads who are candidates for the navy. Query, are the magnates of the Admiralty adepts in such sciences themselves? More than one admiral has been heard to declare that if they were to be put through the examination inflicted on these children of twelve or thirteen years of age, they would assuredly fail. Happily, Lionel Arlington did not fail, and very proud his mother was of his success.

He was a smart, lively lad, cleverer than either of his brothers, but a mischievous boy, fond of playing pranks and practical jokes, as are not a few naval cadets, and cadets to be. But he was not cruel in his pranks; he never tied up poor cats by their tails, leaving their heads to hang down, with all the blood rushing into them until they were nearly mad; nor did he fasten lighted matches, or pieces of wax-tapers lighted, to the tails of dogs, tormenting them, and making the poor animals run the risk of being severely burned; nor did he catch flies or butterflies to impale them; but he teased his sisters in various ways—for instance, by very quietly attaching a piece of paper to the back of their dresses, on which was written, in a large round hand, "Fanny Arlington, aged forty-eight;" or, "Cornelia, in search of a pious husband." He was most anxious, however, to play off his wit upon "the intended suicide," as he called Mr. Duff Watson, and the mode he took to effect this had worse consequences than he, in his thoughtlessness, dreamed of.

The party in the drawing-room were talking of ghosts one evening, and a clergyman and another gentleman who resided in the neighbourhood, who had dined with the Arlingtons that day, were telling some ghost stories, though the clergyman declared his disbelief in them. Two or three rather appalling stories were told, and the young ladies, and even their stout-hearted, worldly-minded mother looked suspiciously towards the rather dusky corners in the adjacent music-room, where only two wax-lights were burning on the pianoforte, and two lustres lighted on the chimney-piece, making "darkness visible." One of the stories related how, by means of a ghost's visit to earth, a murder was found out. Mr. Duff Watson looked exceedingly pale and not a little perturbed, but he vehemently declared that there was not, and could not, be such a thing as a ghost, and that such fancied apparitions were only the product of a morbid imagination, acting upon a superstitious and ignorant mind.

"Well," said one of the gentlemen present, "ghost or no ghost, murder will out, it is said."

"Murder!" groaned Mr. Duff Watson; "what is called murder is not always the offspring of premeditated crime."

"Oh no!" said Mr. Arlington, who was a county magistrate. "The jury often brings it in—Manslaughter."

"But about supernatural appearances and sounds," said one of the visitors, "I grant that appearances may be deceptive; they may be traced to some distortion of vision, the falling of some shadow, the creation even of an excited imagination; but extraordinary or supernatural sounds are more difficult to be accounted for."

"Ghosts are said to revisit this earth at midnight," remarked Mr. Duff Watson, "and in the deep stillness of night, in the country, for instance, sounds which would scarcely be heard amidst the busy hum of day, may fall upon the ear, and assume importance. The clanking of chains, the groans which are introduced into 'ghostology,' to coin a word, may very probably be only a rat behind the wainscoting, or the sudden creaking of some piece of furniture."

"Very true," replied the gentleman. "But what would you say to a sound, or a succession of sounds, which aroused a whole family, and which were heard by men, women, and children?"

"I should simply say, I don't believe in such sounds."

"*I* cannot disbelieve a story which I heard from one of the most truthful of men, though neither he nor I could account for the noises he mentioned."

"Oh, do tell it to us!" exclaimed Eleanor and Maria at the same moment.

"Well, my friend was a physician in good practice, and a very sensible, worthy man. He had two brothers in the East Indies, both in the army. One evening he had been detained out very late, attending a patient who was dangerously ill. When he got home, he found his assistant, who was a relative of his own, waiting up for him, as he wished to hear of the case, in which he was interested. They talked it over for a little while; then, after taking a biscuit and glass of wine-and-water each in the dining-room, they proceeded up-stairs, the assistant to his bed-chamber, the doctor to his dressing-room, his wife having retired some time before. They had scarcely closed their doors, when they were both startled by a sound like cannonading—like the firing of artillery.

"'What can that be?' exclaimed the doctor, hurrying from his room to the assistant, who had just emerged from his chamber.

"'It is not like thunder,' replied the startled assistant, 'and there is no lightning.'

"'The sounds seem to come from below,' remarked the doctor; 'but housebreakers would never make such a noise; and there cannot be a review in the middle of the night.'

"'Hark! That is not an explosion; it is the firing of cannon.'

"The doctor's wife at that moment came pale and trembling from her room, merely wrapped in a dressing-gown, and with her feet in slippers. She ran to her husband, crying:

"'Oh, John, John! these are no earthly sounds! The end of the world must be approaching! Let us pray!' And the frightened lady threw herself on her knees and began to pray aloud. Presently the servants rushed down from the attics, and the children and their nurses from their nursery; all were in consternation.

"'This must be some jugglery!' cried the doctor. 'Let us search the house!'

"Accordingly, accompanied by the assistant and the footman, he de-

scended the stairs, and searched the whole house, exploring every corner in the basement-story and upwards, but there was nothing visible to occasion the noise. Everything was in its right place, and not a creature below. Soon after, the cannonading seemed to slacken, and by degrees the noise faded away, until profound silence succeeded the mysterious uproar.

"It was ascertained next day that no noise had been heard in any of the adjacent houses, and that there had been no explosion of any kind in the neighbourhood. The matter remained in total obscurity until a considerable time after the occurrence, when letters were received from India giving intelligence of the storming of a citadel there, in which the doctor's eldest brother, a colonel in the army, had been killed, and he had fallen at the very time and very hour when the mysterious and unaccountable sounds had been heard in the doctor's house!"

"A very striking story," observed the clergyman, "especially as you say your friend the physician heard the strange noises himself."

"It is a very good story," said Mr. Duff Watson; "but I suppose the doctor must have had a vivid imagination, and persuaded himself that what he fancied he heard, or what he dreamed, was true."

"You are a staunch unbeliever, at any rate," said Mrs. Arlington, laughing. "But, do you know, some people declare that this house is haunted, though I cannot say I have ever seen anything out of the common way."

"Nobody knows what a night may bring forth," said Lionel, in a very grave tone of voice, but with a merry twinkle in his eye.

III.

LIONEL'S DOINGS AT THE ABBEY.

THE ghost stories and tales of supernatural noises were not again alluded to. A day or two after the conversation respecting these far-fetched matters had taken place, a party from Arlington Abbey, consisting of Mrs. Arlington and some of her daughters, escorted by Mr. Duff Watson and Mr. Arlington, who was pressed into the service, went to see a boat-race at Weymouth, and returned to a late dinner. They were very tired, and perhaps the gentlemen had partaken rather freely of the excellent contents of the cellars at the abbey, which were quite as well furnished as the cellars used to be in the days when abbeys were the homes of Roman Catholic priests, who, certes, did not despise the good things of this world, in the eating and drinking way at least.

It was near the witching hour, and the family were retiring to their apartments. The ladies had already withdrawn, and the gentlemen followed, after taking a bumper at parting.

There was a long corridor, with a window at each end to give it light, which was afforded by a bronze chandelier that hung in the centre of the corridor when daylight had departed. The lamps in the chandelier were generally extinguished at half-past eleven or twelve o'clock, for the Arlington family kept very regular hours in the country. There were bedrooms on each side of this corridor, and bedrooms also opened into a passage which ran crossways, at one end terminating in a private stair-

case, principally used by the servants, the grand staircase, with its carved oak balustrades and steps, inlaid with pretty woods, leading to the corridor.

Mr. Duff Watson's apartment was near the end of the lobby farthest from the staircase; the room opposite to it was not occupied just then, and there was a niche in the wall, or rather a recess near it, in which stood a small table.

Twelve o'clock had struck, and a sleepy man-servant had just put out the lights in the bronze chandelier; after having performed this, his last task for the night, he had hurried away to his own quarters. The corridor was deserted, all the doors were closed, and everything was perfectly quiet, when Mr. Duff Watson sought his dormitory. He walked up the corridor with a lagging step, and his usual dreamy look—but, what was that which met his startled view? A figure, with a death's head enveloped in a white shroud, a napkin round its discoloured brow, and what remained of features wearing the appearance of an old woman! The eyes, sunk in deep, fleshless sockets, were gazing fixedly on him!

He started, staggered, and, with a cry something between a groan and a shriek, fell heavily to the ground, dropping the silver bedroom candlestick he had in his hand.

He who had so ridiculed the idea of spectres had seen one, as he thought, and had been entirely overcome by the sight.

The noise of his fall resounded through the corridor in the silence of night, and Mr. Arlington came hurrying from his dressing-room, and Eleanor, who had only begun to undress, from the apartment she shared with Maria. Great was their amazement at beholding poor Mr. Duff Watson stretched on the floor in a dead swoon!

Presently, a ghost-like figure darted forward from the recess and picked up the candle, which had just begun to burn a hole in the carpet. Mr. Arlington, who had been stooping over the prostrate man, raised his head, and springing towards the figure in the winding-sheet, seized it by the throat, shaking it violently, and giving it an awful punch in the chest.

"Oh, papa!" cried a boyish voice, while the ghost tried to make his escape from the powerful hands which were grasping it, but in vain.

"You young scamp!" cried the exasperated father in a loud voice and angry tone, "how dare you play such a trick on a guest in our house?"

"Dear papa! I thought he did not believe in ghosts, he spoke so vehemently against them; and I never expected he would take on so," said the young hopeful, by way of apology.

Mr. Arlington's excited voice, and the noise in the unusually quiet corridor, attracted the attention of Mrs. Arlington and of Letitia, who was always a little anxious about Mr. Duff Watson, especially in the evening, when he did not seem quite so calm as during the day.

Both mother and daughter joined the group, and Mrs. Arlington came in time to intercept a second box on the ear which her angry spouse was about to inflict on her favourite Lionel.

"Help me to get this poor man into his room," said Mr. Arlington to his daughters. And Letitia and Eleanor assisted him in raising the still inanimate body, and carrying it into the bedroom, where they placed him on a sofa.

"Ring for Digby," was the next thing said by the worthy master of the house, "and let him attend this poor sufferer from Lionel's wicked folly. We had better have up a little brandy or wine to give him when he begins to recover."

"No," said Letitia, "don't ring either for the butler or any of the other servants. Let us keep this foolish fracas, occasioned by Lionel's love of mischief, quite to ourselves. It would no doubt annoy Mr. Duff Watson very much to think that the occurrences of this evening were known throughout the whole household."

Mr. Arlington saw the force of her sensible advice, and gave his key of the cellaret to Eleanor, who went down to get the wine and brandy that might be required, while Letitia chafed the poor man's forehead and hands with eau-de-Cologne.

Mrs. Arlington looked into the room, but Letitia motioned her out, and she was not sorry to escape, in order to comfort her darling Lionel in his disgrace.

"However did you manage this travestie?" she asked, half laughing.

"Oh, I got Pritchard, the housekeeper's niece, and the head housemaid, to lend me the sheet, and do it up like a shroud; I made the mask myself, and Pritchard pinned the napkin round my head. We arranged it very nicely, and placed a night-lamp on the table in the recess, which just gave a ghostly glimmer."

"Oh, you sad boy!" cried his mother, with a suppressed laugh. "It was too bad of you to frighten that poor man so! The best thing you can do now is not to talk about it. Your papa seems very angry, and Letitia will be down upon you. If you are not sorry for the mischief you have done, Lionel dear, you must pretend to be so."

Such were the artificial lessons that Mrs. Arlington was always giving her children.

After a time Mr. Duff Watson gave signs of returning animation; he did not open his eyes, but he murmured some words in loose, broken accents, and of these were audible:

"You cannot say . . . not swear . . . I did it. You did not see . . . no, no . . . I tell you no!"

He half started up, and then fell back again, shuddering.

Letitia bent over him, and asked him softly how he felt. "Better, I hope," she said, in a voice full of sympathy and anxiety.

He opened his eyes languidly, and recognising Letitia, he asked, "Where am I? What has——"

She interrupted him with—"Dear Mr. Watson, you must not exert yourself yet; you are here, at Arlington Abbey. You slipped your foot or something, and fell as you were going to your room."

Mr. Duff Watson seemed considerably relieved; he raised himself from his reclining position, he drank a glass of wine which was pressed on him by Mr. Arlington, and then, declaring himself quite well, he apologised for the trouble he had involuntarily given.

Mr. Arlington, who was somewhat opaque, did not follow Letitia's lead, and leave his guest to fancy no one knew of the fright he had received, but apologised, in his turn, for the annoyance caused Mr. Duff Watson by the foolish prank of a mischievous boy.

"What prank? What boy?" inquired Mr. Duff Watson, glancing anxiously round.

"Why, personifying a ghost, as that silly child took it into his head to do," replied Mr. Arlington.

"He wanted to frighten Maria and me," struck in Eleanor, who quickly comprehended that Letitia did not wish Mr. Duff Watson to to think the trick was played off upon him. "He was rather too late for us," she added. "But perhaps you did not see the pretended spectre?"

"I certainly did come upon some appearance rather suddenly, that startled me," said Mr. Duff Watson. "Probably I should not have noticed it, but my nerves have been rather unstrung since a severe illness I had lately, and the smallest trifles have more effect upon me at present than serious dangers would have had formerly."

"Ah! that disagreeable state of weakness of the nerves often follows a severe illness," said Mr. Arlington. "I remember one time, when I had just recovered from a bad attack of fever, the very street-cries used to put me into a state of nervous agitation. But, good night, we will not keep you up longer."

The next morning Lionel, who was not a bad-hearted boy, expressed great regret to Mr. Duff Watson for having startled him the night before by his foolish piece of fun, and all unpleasant feelings seemed to have passed off; but a day or two afterwards that gentleman announced his determination to make a little tour among the Channel Islands.

Being so close to Weymouth, he said, he was tempted to cross in one of the steamers from thence to Guernsey, and he must therefore bid Mr. and Mrs. Arlington adieu, with many thanks for their kind hospitality.

This was a sad blow to Letitia, and even to Mrs. Arlington, who was not willing to lose the prospect which had presented itself of a rich match for one of her eight daughters. But go the expected suitor did, declining, moreover, to make any positive promise of returning to the abbey.

IV.

AN ARRIVAL AT ARLINGTON ABBEY, AS UNEXPECTED AS UNWELCOME.

THE family party at Arlington Abbey were by no means in good spirits. Mrs. Arlington had just parted from her darling Lionel; Letitia was mourning the absence, if not the loss, of her admirer, Mr. Duff Watson.

Cornelia was disheartened at having had no further communication from her pious friend, the Reverend Septimus Severin; Eleanor was anxious about her beloved Captain Colville, and wondering if "the good time" he had predicted would ever arrive. Aurelia's mind dwelt rather too much on her younger sister's lover, Mr. Egerton; and Maria was tired of singing to the old walls and the rooks. There was nothing going on at Weymouth, except bathing and promenading; and for one gentleman there were at least seven lady visitors to that sea-side resort, not to speak of the host of children. To be sure, the monotony was somewhat relieved by the presence on shore occasionally of the naval officers stationed at Portland, but they seldom came to the abbey unless

carriages or horses were sent for them; and though they were extremely pleasant in society, there were but few marrying men among them, and the mistress of the mansion cared for none else. There was no hope of Richard's coming down and bringing any gentlemen with him for the shooting; Silvester maintained an offended silence, and the only people at the abbey were Lady Danby and her husband, who had offered a visit.

The dinner was half over—at the dinner-table sat the eight ladies and two gentlemen—when the sound of wheels were heard, and it became evident that a carriage was rolling up the avenue.

"Who can be coming to you without any previous intimation!" exclaimed Lady Danby.

"It is Mr. Duff Watson returning," thought Letitia.

"Captain Colville's grandfather is dead!" thought Eleanor; "he has had some money left him, and he is coming to settle everything for the future!"

"Septimus has got a house, and all that is necessary for a wife, and is coming for her," thought Cornelia.

What a deal of self-deception there is in this world! and consequently unreasonable expectations are often disappointed; but reasonable ones too frequently share the same fate.

The carriage stopped; there was a little bustle in the hall, and then Digby, the butler, who had been desired by his master to go out and see who or what it was, returned, throwing the door open, and announcing Mr. and Mrs. Silvester Arlington!

There was a dead silence for a moment as Silvester, putting on a brazen look, stalked into the dining-room, with a young woman holding his arm!

Fanny, who was sitting by her father opposite to the door, gave a little shriek, and half started up. Lady Danby, who had her back turned to the door, faced round, and stared at the new comers as if she had never seen either of them before. Mrs. Arlington looked at first petrified, as if she had been turned into—not a pillar—but a statue of salt or stone; and then recovering her dignity, she drew herself up, and glared like an enraged tigress upon them. All the young ladies looked more or less searchingly and angrily at them, except Eleanor, who smiled kindly at her brother.

Mr. Arlington was the only one who spoke.

"Silvester, my boy! how d'ye do? We did not expect to see you, or—or we would have waited dinner. We have had no letter."

"I expected to have been here two hours ago, sir," said Silvester, in a low voice, "but there was some accident, which detained us."

"Nothing serious, I hope?" asked Mr. Arlington, feeling excessively uncomfortable, and not knowing what to say.

In the mean time, Silvester was standing between the door and the table, with a young woman, in a travelling-dress, clinging to his arm; and, as she looked round at the antagonistic faces, shrinking back towards the dining-room door.

"Have you dined?" asked Mr. Arlington.

"No, father, we have eaten nothing since breakfast-time. I thought we should have got here earlier."

Mr. Arlington looked helplessly towards Mrs. Arlington, who sat rigid and immovable. The admiral whispered to her, "They must be hungry," but she made no sign.

However, Eleanor rose, and, going round to Silvester and the girl with him, she shook hands with her brother, and then asked them to come upstairs and put themselves to rights before getting some dinner.

She hurried them out of the room; and, telling Silvester he would find all he would require in Richard's apartment, which had been prepared for him in case of his arrival, she took the young woman to her own chamber, and helped her to take off her bonnet, travelling-cloak, &c.

"Where have you come from to-day?" she asked the girl.

"From London this morning."

"Are you married to my brother?"

"Yes."

"When were you married?"

"A week ago."

"And what is, or rather was, your name?"

"Hetty—Hester Evans."

"I am sure you must be starved," said Eleanor, compassionately. "We will go down-stairs, and see about dinner for you."

"Thank'ee," said the girl. "I am awful hungry."

In passing Richard's room, Eleanor knocked at the door, and told Silvester to join them in the breakfast-parlour; she thought they would dine more comfortably there by themselves than in the dining-room.

Going to the dining-room door, she beckoned Fanny out, and asked her, as she was deputy mistress of the house, to order the cloth to be laid in the breakfast-parlour, and dinner served there for the new comers. Fanny, who always liked to show her authority, did as her sister had requested, and Silvester and his half-famished wife were soon regaled with soup, entrées, and, what suited *her* taste better, roast mutton.

In the mean time, a gloomy silence was preserved among the family party assembled in the dining-room. Nobody attempted to speak except Sir Thomas Danby, who tried in vain to set a little conversation going. When the dessert had been placed on the table, and the servants had left the room, Lady Danby, who was full of curiosity, asked,

"Do any of you know who that young person is? Were you aware that Silvester was married, or going to be so?"

Mr. Arlington was the first to speak.

"If he wrote, his letters must have miscarried. I had no idea that he had any matrimonial project in view."

"No, you refused to notice the timely hints that were given you; no trouble would you take in the matter, but quieted yourself with the belief that it was all right. You see now that it was all wrong, and that wretched boy, left so unwisely to himself, has brought . . . disgrace upon us all!"

Mrs. Arlington delivered this speech in an angry and excited tone, which rather nettled her worthy husband, who was not accustomed to be found fault with in public. In private he would have borne any amount of blame with perfect calmness.

"Well, Nelly," he replied, "if *my* inactivity did harm, I am afraid *your* activity did no good. Silvester has never written home since the

time that he sent you an angry answer, and seemed so offended by your letter finding fault with him."

"Then there *has* been something going on!" exclaimed Lady Danby. "I scarcely saw the young person; I was so bewildered by their sudden arrival. Eleanor, what sort of a looking girl is she?"

Eleanor, who had resumed her place at table as soon as she had provided for her brother and his companion's creature-comforts, replied,

"She is a pretty-looking girl, aunt. I did not speak much to her, as I perceived she was very tired."

"Did you not find out who she was, and what was her own name?"

"Her name, she told me, was, before her marriage, Evans—Hester Evans."

"Some Welsh adventurer, no doubt!" cried Mrs. Arlington, looking as if she had swallowed a gallon of vinegar.

"What is her father?"

"I don't know," said Eleanor.

"Perhaps *she* does not know either," said Lady Danby, half laughing. "He may never have acknowledged her."

Mrs. Arlington looked daggers at her sister, but she did not utter a syllable.

"Well, then, it is no use to speculate upon what the young woman is or is not. No doubt it is a bad business, but you must all make the best of it now, and not be unkind to the girl," said the good-natured admiral.

"She has very bold black eyes!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlington. "Silvester has ruined himself!"

"But we can't find fault with the black eyes, can we, Cornelia? I always thought yours very pretty," remarked Sir Thomas Danby, jocosely.

"We must see Silvester alone in the library," said Mrs. Arlington, in an authoritative tone to his father.

"Certainly we must, Nelly, and hear what he has to say for himself."

"It will be hard on him, poor boy, to have the same persons for prosecutors, judge, and jury!" remarked Sir Thomas. "But he has brought it upon himself."

Silvester had just finished a good repast, and was taking a second or third glass of his father's well-known excellent claret, feeling himself very comfortable, when a message was brought to him by the stately butler, to request that he would join Mr. and Mrs. Arlington in the library, and come *alone*.

"Now for it!" thought the culprit, as his spirits sank considerably. How much he wished for a glass of cognac to support him through the coming séance; but, placed as he was, he dared not ask for it, and, casting almost an angry glance at his underbred helpmate, he proceeded, with a beating heart, to the unpleasant interview.

OUR POLITICAL PROGRESSION.

Lord Derby has settled the reform question for some time to come, except, perhaps, in a few trivial adjustments which may be found needful, or, to compare great things with small, just as in the fitting of a garment to the body, some little alteration here or there in the well-cut investiture may be necessary. It is impossible to deny that if the constituencies act honestly, a great and good object will have been achieved. Here we pause upon the reflection that more was not done in regard to security against the acts of the corrupters as well as the corrupted at future elections. The indigent voter ought not to be tempted with impunity. We cannot, it is true, expect Roman virtue in nations that would subject reason to the rule of three, and look upon patriotism as a joint-stock company, out of which it becomes every man to make as much per cent. as he can—just, in fact, as he would do with any tangible commodity over the counter. Such must be the prevalent feeling where social history is ruled by pecuniary profit, and the real greatness of a nation is estimated rather by the amount of its pecuniary indebtedness than anything besides. The pretence that it is a matter of no consequence to a nation whether it be in debt or not, provided it can pay the interest of a principal that would, were it in hand, render pauperism unknown, except from vice, is a thing we must pronounce one of those fallacies with which we cheat ourselves. What if a man be poor, who spends nearly his whole income in paying interest for borrowed money, is it so different a thing with a national income, that the more a government expends, it is the better for the nation, because it is thereby spurred into activity for accumulating the means to meet the public demand? But enough of the fallacy in this kind of argument; the opposite must be clear to every one who retains the faculty of reflection.

There is not, there cannot be, a worthy reason why elections should be attended with such enormous expenses. The Reform Bill just passed will not, we hope, have the effect of rendering elections more costly. The attendance of an honest elector from a street or two, and no more distant from his own home, is not so laborious a task. The past corrupt custom of treating has left an impression on the vulgar mind that an election consists, on the part of the voter, in laying the candidate under an obligation, and such being the fact, he expects something in exchange for the favour he has conferred by his vote. Everything else in the country goes by money value; and as the vote of the man possessing the franchise has a certain direct value in the market, the voter has no idea of being repaid by service in the senate—we mean by service to his country, virtual rewards in England seldom leading men into temptation. Nor is this very unnatural, since men have gone into parliament to secure places for themselves, which they have been no more capable of filling properly than of preventing a north-east wind. The prodigal expense of elections to candidates has besides the advantage, if it be one in reality, that it keeps out clever and conscientious men, and lets in characters who may figure well at Epsom and at grouse shooting, but are rather nuisances than benefits in the senate of a nation, and are ex-

ceedingly troublesome to a minister of state, whom they can only support by a solitary vote, adepts as they may be in their pleasures, and useful from the benefit of their example in those "virtuous," high-minded pursuits, for following which street vagabonds are subjected to a penalty, as when the latter convert into Tattersall's a court or tavern-room to settle their betting-books. The large flies break through the web of the law as they did of old. Justice is still a one-sided cripple in this respect. Still, it is not fair to lay all the weight of the electoral sin upon the corrupter, as he does not affect to have a conscience, and is so far honest, but the venal voter who cants about his moral purity is, when not under temptation, a downright hypocrite. Surely those who have been so long calling for a reform will keep their hands pure in future! We do not relish seeing the hustings, where an important public duty is to be performed, changed into what an old writer calls a "stage intinerant." A reform in parliament is of no advantage to the country unless it lead to an increase of political integrity. We want men to be honest without the fear of the law. It is too much to be apprehended that there are not a few in the world who mistake sound and clamour for reason and patriotism, who are attracted to the object of a purer representation from the consideration of the infinite benefit a pure system of representation will confer upon the nation, yet are utterly ignorant in what way it is to act upon the executive power. They go by what is told them, *pro* or *con.*, and we fear will not do any other at the hustings, because they will not learn how to reason; being of those whom Swift said were men that, to hold them to a principle, must be kept fast, as asses are secured, by "a very good hold of their ears;"—a reflection which made the dean imagine it would be useful to have an essay upon ears, and the best mode of gaining and keeping them securely, designed for such as are wholly ruled by them to save thought.

In our degenerate days matters are different. The capacity of the human ear may be the same, but it is no longer the channel for captivating electors. That part of the human frame on which the Bohemian sisters, of whom Borrow wrote so edifying a description in his "Spanish Tour," the "palm," discoursing in our day so fully and effectually, has been substituted for the aural organ since Swift wrote so pertinently about it. We could, if we might, bring proofs of this strong as Holy Writ. But there is some fragment of a statute that would render our doing it so disagreeable in the consequences, that we cannot produce *viva voce* evidence, when we know the fact to be correct to the letter. Law sometimes shelters the guilty as well as convicts the innocent when it happens to be out of its right humour.

If the government of Lord Derby have honestly advanced no small way in improving the representative system of the country, the people are bound to do their part in seconding it. We cannot help observing, as we have done before, that we dread the result of a common venality upon the interests of the country. We fear that the electors will still consider the franchise not an honourable trust for the country, but only a profitable one for themselves, in the broad sense of the term. It is well known that there are important questions to come before parliament when it meets, and the state of Europe, with the mode in which it may affect England, cannot be regarded just now without apprehension. We

shall soon see what cause there will be for this observation. It is important that this great country should feel that, however the boundaries of the other European nations may be shifted and turned about, it cannot matter to us, except that if a more extended degree of popular freedom prevail, it must be advantageous to England and to the interests of peace. The stronger the fagot is bound together, the safer. There is something in many different points of view at present in the state of the Continent, which must excite the wonder and pity of enlarged minds at the same time, and lead them to the inevitable reflection that the course of human events is tortuous, unaccountable in the present state of intellectual progress, and by no means that which mediocrity in mind, or those not above the common calibre, would lead us to the expectation of beholding in those who guide the helm in most European nations. Science moves onward, and makes new discoveries, continually overturning past theories by facts obvious to the senses. The arts extend themselves, but the business of governing nations makes no advance; and, like the priest, still adopts the old and obscure as arguments against what is novel, lucid, and provable—in fact, what is mathematically correct by experiment—showing, as the Orientals have the adage, that "doubt is the parent of truth, not servile custom."

The cycle of Rome is completed—that cycle of craft and ecclesiastical corruption. The grasp of the temporal power is loosened, that for so many ages in the face of the explicit declaration of the founder of the Christian faith, that his kingdom was not of this world. It would be deemed an incredible thing were it not self-evident. For more than fifteen hundred years, by every possible hold of the mental feebleness and ignorance of mankind in the dark ages, was the power of Rome complete, and the triumph of that intellectual obscurity by which it governed, prevalent to the full extent of its assumptions. Its triumphs are over, its lustre faded, its power become a shadow, the perversion of its creed to temporal objects suppressed for ever. The assumption of the name and title of St. Peter by the Roman Church has shown its falsity in its downfal. The rock of St. Peter is engulfed. The veil before the truth is lifted; the papal sceptre is broken, the triple crown fallen, and Rome follows its pagan doom. Time has treated both with the same impartiality; but the one wears a crown of historic glory, the other a triple diadem of imposture. The one was great by its sentiments and actions, the other notorious by its impositions and practices upon the credulity of nations, in direct opposition to the pretensions upon which it grounded its power over the bodies and souls of men. "How are the mighty fallen in their high places!"

The recent visits of European kings to each other's dominions, and the marvellous friendship which the gleaners at newspaper intelligence show they have exhibited towards each other—so cordial in their intercourse, so brotherly, so exceedingly bland in manner—rival in hypocrisy, if such a thing can be, even travelling to each other's capitals, their swords just sheathed from sanguinary scenes of combat, in which they sacrificed thousands of their subjects—these narrations to the philosophic mind show sad and painful pictures of hypocrisy. The descriptions of the fraternal regard of royalty recal the victims sacrificed by those monarchs in pre-

vious animosity just before. Crowned heads are shears that do not cut themselves, but "what's between!" Well might Cowper write:

——War is a game
That, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at!

Perhaps the octogenarian that is to be, born to-morrow, will before he quits life see this system of the blood-letting of subjects upon the whim of monarchs somewhat changed. Wars of defence will alone become admissible in time, or we are mistaken; at all events, they will not be tolerated at the abetting of the Bismarcks and other accidents of the passing hour. Constitutional monarchies will prevail, like our own, and the reign of peace, except when impossible to be otherwise in a war of defence from aggression, will alone be sanctioned. Man has got wiser than his fathers in many things—why not here? This is a question, so we hope, of time alone. Wisdom under this head may arrest at last the brutality of statesmen, the reckless ambition of crowns, and all that in our time estimate the murders of war, and the miseries accumulated to support it, as the greater crimes of a common mortality. To effect this end, the popular conviction must be asserted, and show that wars are not to be made at the caprice of a prince or a minister. This effect can only be put in force in England by the continued return of good men and wise to the House of Commons. The proceedings in all such cases, therefore, come back to the electors, and to the choice of representatives. Hence the great importance of the act. It is impossible to look into the history of the representation here in the time of George III., and not to see that the American war, and the sanguinary scenes from alliances to restore the King of France out of sympathy with the despotic rulers of Europe, arose, and were persevered in, through the corrupt state of the House of Commons, and the complete perversion of the true objects of the representative system. That system is now amended, and it rests with the people to use it as a healthier constitution directs.

The great domestic question relates to Ireland. There is one clear path to be followed in regard to that country—to act justly. Place the religions there upon an equal footing. In that country the followers of the Church of England are Dissenters, and Dissenters should be treated there as they are in England, where the sole rational and rightful claim of the Church of England is alone grounded upon the fact, that it is the more numerous body, equal, perhaps, to all the other sects united. Upon this ground the Church rests here securely. In Ireland, it is a public wrong. The basis of the present system is really one which rests upon the profit of the loaves and fishes, under the "pretence" of religion, and is the more difficult on that point to arrange. Men of real Christian feeling would say, "Let us have no disputes after the manner of the world; we have the place we ought not to occupy." Whether the Earl of Derby will venture the experiment, it is difficult to say. The advocates of the Church use differences on points of doctrine as weapons when Plutus really interferes, and is the latent ground of disputation. The question is not to be tested by sound reasoning, as men of the world would be content to arrange disputes on matters clear as the letters of the alphabet. We cannot deny that it is just for those who rate Mammon

so highly, under a religious cloak, to quit a profession, the leading doctrine of which eschews the love of lucre and the principles that govern the unregenerate.

But the Protestants have made a vast number of Irish converts, and, on their account, the full complement of pulpits must be filled, with or without hearers. This is not correct, for the Church has made no such progress. It is not a sixth part of the population, and on no possible ground has it a claim to the property and position it holds there. We begin to think, when we hear the flimsy arguments used in support of a system which is the nurse of inquietude—the nominal pretence for which is religion, but the real object of which is to hold fast the pecuniary advantage it ought not to possess—we begin to think that the different governments have given into the unfounded and absurd principle of the Irish Attorney-General, that the property in Ireland, applied to Church purposes by the government, is as much the property of that Church as the fee-simple of an estate is the property of its owner! We know not what notions of right and wrong belong to attorneys-general, their opinions are so pliantly adapted to their objects and to the opinions and labours of the time present, but we do know that in many cases they have sacrificed reason, better knowledge, and good example, to be reputed faithful servants to masters of dubious character. That official who was in office in the time of Henry VIII., must have winked at the misappropriation of the property of the Holy-Mother Church to some of that monarch's courtiers, and have mourned at the stinted gift of a portion, quite sufficient for all purposes, to those who belonged to the new order of things in the matter of faith. All this was robbery, according to the present Irish Attorney-General; while to this hour many pluralists grumble that Henry did not devote the whole of the monstrous amount to Church purposes under the change of creed; in other words, that robbing Rome, he did not give the new creed all the plunder of the parent Church. Now Henry had a right either to do as he did, or he had not. In the latter case, the Church property of England is still Catholic property. If Henry, as a sovereign, had a right to take it as being the property of the existing government, he had the power to bestow it as appeared best to himself. He was the government. Church property is public property, devoted by the country to religious purposes, and the State has, and will again deal with it in the mode that it may deem best for the public advantage. Not only is this true constitutional law—namely, that Church property is the property of the State devoted by the State to purposes ofr eligion in this country—but the same principle was maintained, and remained uncontradicted in France, years before the Revolution. It is reasonable it should be so, although it may wound the pride of that priestliness which would fain—in place of a conduct guided by the humility of its Master—have one foot on the necks of kings and the other on the necks of the people.

But enough; and although the Attorney-General is so desirous, it would appear, of recommending his soul to the care of the Church through an opinion, he will find he is mistaken in the practice of dealing with similar questions in wiser times than when bad men bequeathed property to the Church to save their souls, or built edifices for the same purpose. We regret to differ with any officer of the crown we know,

and confess the abilities of the present Attorney-General for Ireland. We should feel the nihilty of our own opinion when opposed to his, but that we have upon our side the late Sir James Mackintosh, and the still more celebrated Turgot in France, whose principle was acknowledged and acted upon years after his decease. Indeed, it is consistent with common sense that it should not be otherwise. No government in modern times will permit a body of clericals—never very amiable when thwarted in any of their objects of profit—to occupy, ostensibly, important functions among the population of a great nation, and place millions sterling at their uncontrolled disposal, as capable of being applied to evil as to good purposes. The ambition of Churchmen has long been proverbial; our laws do not pass it over. Europe in the south is beginning to find the ecclesiastical encroachments no longer admissible, and when a people begins to find it has a just and a politic claim to what intimately concerns its own welfare and free action, it only practises a justifiable self-defence in taking its temporal affairs into its own hands, having before it for ages the continued abuse of that with which it had not interfered in the management until the bad could not be worse. The history of the crimes of the Church, from the reign of the Emperor Constantine to the Reformation, would match in atrocity that of any temporal power of which the history remains to us, although the head of the Church was all along considered a true son of St. Peter, who, we are certain, would not, if on earth, venture to own his assumptive offspring, if the character of the real apostle be made the test of the comparison.

It appeared that some years since the resident clergy of Ireland were returned at 4101, of all denominations. Of these, the Church of England had 1782 clergymen resident, the Church of Rome 2009, and other communions 390, or, in all, 4101; but that was before the great and rapid increase of the population.

In 1833, to about 700,000 professing members of the Church of England, there were 4 archbishops, 18 bishops, 2348 parishes, 1385 benefices, and 860 resident Protestant clergymen. Still the Protestant Church population was not quite as above. The diocesan lands were reckoned to be 670,000 acres. Ten of the eighteen bishoprics were abolished some time ago, and the income applied still to Protestant Church purposes, including which the income of the Irish Protestant Church previously could not have been less than a million and a half sterling to read sermons to less than 700,000 of the population, when attending.

The number of clergymen of the religion of the country consisted of 4 archbishops, 25 bishops, 1100 parish priests, 800 curates, to 5,000,000 of Catholics, besides 630,000 Presbyterians, and 22,000 other Dissenters, as little noticed by the State as the Catholics.

Such, in substance, is the present state of religion in Ireland. It may not be accurate to a figure, but it is proportionally just. It may be added, that many of the Protestant livings have as good as no congregations—not perhaps a dozen followers of the Church of England, who, in fact, are Dissenters there, for such truth establishes them in reality. They are a sect there, and nothing else. To be a national church it must be the predominant church in numbers, and five and more out of six millions against seven hundred thousand, is, to our arithmetic, though not in that of the Irish Protestant Church, something like a majority.

Let our government do right, and not regard consequences. Let the opposition of bigotry be treated with the contempt it merits. Treat that of both professions alike. In France the government pays the Protestant clergy, a less numerous body in proportion than the established faith by twenty to one. France, too, is a Catholic country. Mark the injustice!

Under such a system which has been so long permitted to reign, a system of so much injustice, and so opposed to the advanced spirit of the time, we can easily imagine that it will prove an embarrassing subject for the present ministers, rendered still more so by their old connexions. But is it the duty of statesmen of worth, who are ambitious to conquer difficulties, and leave an honest reputation behind them—is it their duty to stay their hands, and not avoid to perform a public good, because a few old friends with antiquated ideas and narrow capacities may stand in the way? The Reform Bill was a bold stroke, which nothing but a conviction of its necessity could have brought about. If the pacification of Ireland be a harder task, so much the more honour awaits its accomplishment. Pacification and education are the two main points desirable there, but neither can be effected until the religion of the country is placed on a fair and equable footing.

It was not formerly the custom in English cabinets to consider what was right, but only what was politic or convenient. This exchange of policy for justice in action was the ruin of Pitt, as the opposite course had been the glory of his father. It can matter little to lovers of their country, if a manifest good be effected, who brings it about. Should the present ministry attempt it, and succeed, the people of England are not a more ungrateful race than their neighbours.

It must be remembered in regard to Ireland, that as the *odium theologicum* is the most inveterate of sublunary animosities, the government will require the support in such an undertaking of every independent spirit. By this we mean that of every man who is above prejudices, and is not likely to be affected by the dread of doing right, under that uncompromising opposition of ignorance and bigotry which alarms feeble minds. The college of Oxford must not, as before, be preferred to that of Bethlehem in spirit. Pluralist and prelate must be answered in their objections as men of the world are answered, when they urge those which are worldly, unchristian, and selfish.

As to men in profitable offices in the Church itself, the embarrassment of the ruling power by their means should be marked by the public. Let no one imagine that the most powerful influence exerted against a just principle should be regarded as of moment where the injustice of the existing state of things is apparent. It is an object of ministerial glory to subdue such an injustice.

As to the mode in which the ministers of the crown are to effect this great good, it must rest with themselves, and should be guided by the justice rather than the policy of the measure, because its true policy is its justice. Ireland should have no real cause of complaint, and then she may be treated very differently from the mode in which she must now be handled. As to the wretched attempts of the people called "Fenians," formed upon the plan of "The Knights of the Golden Circle," that

treasonably plotted in the Northern States of America in favour of the South—of these Fenianism is only a miserable imitation, with its foolish Centres and Roundabouts. Men who use arms should be treated as a band of assassins, for they have proved themselves to be such. It is only the remaining restrictions and injustice shown to Ireland upon the Church and agrarian questions that supply an excuse for the continuance of those crimes which a few reckless and ignorant individuals are pursuing, who cannot see their own folly. They are too blind by nature to the consequences of running their heads full tilt against a post, if it stand in their way. When examples are made of these assassins, we are still with those who wish the plea they urge for it had had no trace of an existence to magnify it into an excuse for the atrocities so ferociously committed, even upon the unoffending. But such is the blindness of Fenian ignorance, the thoughtless habits of the people, and their indiscriminating ferocity.

But a commission has been wisely issued to inquire into the state of the Irish Church, so we hear, after having written thus far upon the subject of the Irish differences generally. This commission will now fix the general attention upon the subject, and it will be wise for the public to await the result. We shall not, therefore, pursue the topic further at present. We are well aware what a gigantic task the ministry will have before them, not in moral opposition, but in that of bigotry, and the usual cry of the "Church in danger," which, still in practice as formerly, may render powerful efforts and references necessary to convince those who go only by what is told them, and whom it will be well for Lord Derby to manage, and keep to some honest principle, by getting a very good hold of their ears, and securing them by the same means as the animal is secured, to whom we have just said Swift alluded. Let us hope that at last we shall see the pacification of Ireland—a step much more likely to secure the favour of all "real" Christians, than by showing that spirit which has been heretofore exhibited by a large body of selfish zealots professedly in relation to a great religious question, when the real object has been to pocket the ecclesiastical revenues of the island.

CYRUS REDDING.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XXX.

Having seated herself at one of the windows of her saloon, Christine continued for a long time contemplating musingly the desolate-looking garden below, which, though uncultivated and in disorder, still scented the air that fanned her brow and cheek with a light and delicious perfume, proceeding from its neglected violets and flowering vines. At length, raising her eyes from the dark alleys and untrained plants, she sought to ascertain what was beyond the boundary of her future promenade. At the top it was closed in by an inferior wing of the palace, which formed the part of the court from whence opened the great stair leading to Mrs. Trevor's apartments towards the street, and on the opposite side appeared a more modern habitation, evidently built on the ground belonging to the palace, and gaily lit up at the moment, as if the family who occupied it were receiving. The garden of this house came close to the wall of division.

Facing the window where Christine sat, and much farther off, from the garden extending considerably in that direction, was a large enclosure with trees, somewhat like an English pleasure-ground, sloping down towards the sea, which lay glittering in the last rays of sunset with an almost magical effect. In the uncertain light by which she viewed it, there was something irresistibly attractive in the beautiful scene which now riveted her attention. Towards the middle of the pleasure-ground rose a magnificent palace of a castellated description, surrounded by trees, arbours, and trellis-covered walks. Christine strained her eyes to try and make out the more minute features of the place, but the moon, which was beginning to rise, only served to give a kind of mazy enchantment to the general and more distant view, the high wall that divided the gardens preventing the nearer and lower objects from being visible. Her attention was at last attracted to a window in the middle of the building, where a number of lights had suddenly appeared, and either her dazzled sight deceived her, or else there was much splendour within, where she could distinguish one or two figures moving about. At last she perceived a form in white, which in the distance appeared slender and youthful looking, pass into a balcony filled with plants, and lean over as if regarding the sea; then another and more dusky female figure took a place beside her, and Christine felt certain that they were talking of the beauties of nature.

"What happiness!" she murmured to herself; "the communion of souls, the interchange of sentiments, mutual sympathy, in short!"

And with a sigh she looked round her elegant but lonely chamber, for she had no one, poor desolate girl! to whom to impart a single thought or feeling. Again she regarded the admired abode, and could perceive the two figures raise themselves from their reclining position.

Suddenly a gentleman appeared at the glass door that opened on the balcony, and in a moment the form in white was in his arms. Christine buried her face in her hands; her tears flowed in sympathy with the happiness of those two envied people; she felt sure that the lady embraced a husband, a brother, or a father.

"A father! Oh! if a father!" she exclaimed, sobbing, "he is one who probably loves her simply because she is his child, and who, without calculation or unworthy motive to make him feign affection, presses her to a heart full of true tenderness and sympathy."

Poor Christine felt overpowered by her feelings, and for a minute could not look again; and when at length she summoned sufficient moral energy so to do, the glass door was shut, and the drawn curtains betokened that all were congregated within. The air blowing in upon her began to turn chill, yet still she continued to sit with her eyes fixed on that attractive scene, until aroused from her reverie by her father's voice expressing surprise at her not having retired to rest. She looked up at him, with the tears still glittering on her cheek, and encountered his dark countenance gazing down on her with a look of displeasure.

"I must have none of this nonsense, Christine San Isidora," he said, in a peculiarly harsh tone of voice; "you must save your health and spirits until you are called upon to exert them. I am just come from the Trevors," he continued, "and on Thursday madame is to have a great reception, at which I am to reunite all the most distinguished people in Palermo. It is on this occasion that I intend to present you to your relations, and, of course, I am naturally anxious that you should appear to the utmost advantage, so you must take care of yourself, and not disgrace me by exhibiting a pale face and lack-lustre eyes. I shall henceforth always return home about eleven at night, in order to ascertain if you have retired to rest, for it appears that you are not to be more trusted than are some other young ladies; and as it is not improbable that, when your singing is heard, it may attract attention, this window-sitting habit must not be indulged. There are such things as scaling walls, and having false keys, to obtain admission to gardens, when sensitive songstresses show themselves willing and ready to receive."

San Isidora suddenly stopped in his tirade, for there arose an expression on Christine's face, the more startling to him from his never having seen it before. Her polished brow became crisped to an appearance of singular sternness, while her clear eyes grew luminous with indignation, their exceeding brightness being rendered yet more dazzling by the hectic of anger that glowed on her downy cheek.

"Father," she said, in an animated and firm tone, taking, as she spoke, the lamp from Nina's hand—"father! if you knew the thoughts with which my mind was filled when sitting at that window, your words might have been less taunting and sarcastic. When you find your daughter in clandestine correspondence with any one, say what you please, you will *then* have the right; but so long as she pursues a course which renders reproach unmerited, she will permit no liberties of the kind, even from a parent; on this point she is determined, for the best of all reasons, because she feels that, by the mere expression

of such suspicions, she would be degraded. Buona notte," she continued, walking towards the door of her sleeping apartment, "I trust that you will take counsel of the night, my father, and consider, and treat your daughter with the respect she merits in the morning."

So saying, she entered her room, and, shutting the door, pushed the bolt on the inside. San Isidora had raised an arm, of which Christine —had she been beside him—might possibly have felt the weight, but, with her disappearance, his wrath in some degree subsided, and motioning Nina into the chamber appropriated to her beside her young charge, he returned back through the ante-chamber to go out by the main door. The street into which the court gate of the palace opened, led straight to his favourite casino, whereas, in making his exit by the one in the garden, he would have had to go through a comparatively uninhabited part of the town, which, consequently, was much too solitary to be safe at night.

"Rebellious creature!" he murmured aloud, in descending the stairs—for, like many Italians, he often, when alone, spoke to himself —"rebellious creature! already she dares my anger, and will soon dispute my authority; but I shall break in her stiff Scotch spirit yet, if I should die for it!"

When he spoke so carelessly of death, San Isidora forgot how very near it might possibly be to him; and, truly, as the light from the porter's torch flashed on his face when he opened the gate to let him pass out, its haggard and desperate expression might have led even a comparatively unobservant person to the conclusion that his time on earth could not be long; that the fever of the spirit had nearly exhausted the physical energy; and that one wild whirlwind of passion might extinguish for ever the lamp of life. A few minutes after behold him at the gaming-table, his hand shaking with excitement as he seizes the dice-box, and his forehead bedewed by a cold moisture as he watches the chances of the throw. If successful, mark the wild light of demoniac triumph which glows in his fierce black eyes; but if unfortunate, note the glare of hatred and despair as he bites his nails while nursing some dark idea. There is insanity in that excitable and changeful physiognomy—the insanity of the selfish spirit, which, pushing everything to extremes for its own gratification, supplies the aliment which consumes the individual possessed by it. This is, indeed, madness—the strongest, the most prevalent in the world; the most productive of evil to others—the fatal frenzy that, sooner or later, brings down destruction on oneself.

Christine, meanwhile, entered her apartment with that feeling of excitement which made her feel as if she trod on air. Her brow still continued contracted by the frown called up there by her father's insulting taunts; her cheek yet burned with the vermilion of indignation; and her lip retained the curve denoting contempt and disgust. The woman had taken the empire over the girl, and San Isidora, in awakening, by his sneers and suspicions, the spirit of feminine dignity, had likewise touched the spring on which hinged his daughter's bolder traits of character—the fine perceptions inspired by her strength and truth of feeling, and the firmness that would enable her to follow out the path, however rugged, which her quickness and depth of observa-

tion convinced her was the one to be pursued for preserving her self-respect, and setting at defiance the evil interpretation of others. Placing her lamp on the table, she walked for a few minutes backwards and forwards in her room; then, suddenly stopping, she articulated in a low and energetic voice:

"To do no ill, to fear nothing that is said, to meet the painful trials that so thickly beset me in a patient and firm frame of mind, to indulge in no repining for the blessings that are denied me—in this spirit let me await the end of my earthly pilgrimage, and thus be enabled to welcome death as the removal of the barrier that shuts me out from happiness."

She sank on her knees to pray, but nature found vent in the act in which reserve was thrown aside; and as fast as the words flowed from her lips in petitions for strength and resignation, so fast fell the burning tears from her surcharged eyelids. Her exercises of faith at length soothed her perturbed spirit; and, calmed and fortified, she arose from her kneeling posture and hastened to seek repose for the first time in the mansion of her forefathers; but hours rolled on, bringing her near morning before sleep visited her pillow.

When at length slumber steeped her senses in forgetfulness, the present cares of life were all forgotten, and cherished memories alone ruled the changes of her busy imagination. Her mother seemed to hover round and smile upon her where she lay; then a sudden shifting of those visions of the heart, which sent her thoughts back to scenes of past security, translated her to Seafield, where her aunt M'Naughton appeared stretching forth her hands to greet her, while hailing her with words of kindness, as if she welcomed her after some long absence. Then she thought she leant on the arm of Guy, and wandered with him over the romantic glades of Dunkeld, when suddenly she found herself placed on a wild, precipitous spot, where she was in momentary danger of being plunged into a yawning chasm of deep dark waters that roared below. She felt that she must take a fearful leap to escape from instant destruction; she made the perilous bound, and, instead of falling, found herself floating on air with outstretched pinions. On she flew, and ever and anon was joined by some object of her affections; others were there, too, whom she had never seen before, and, all joining hands, they soared upwards together. Softly and gradually vanished the earth from below, and brighter and brighter appeared the sky above; music came, wafted on the breeze, voices spoke sweetly, and merry laughs rang on her ear. It was not altogether a trick played by her dreaming fancy, for she started from her slumber, wakened by the laugh of Sophy Trevor at her door, while calling to her to arise and let her in. Christine immediately got up, and hastened to admit her giddy visitor, who sprang into the chamber in a fit of wild spirits, declaring that never in her life had she been in such a "dear, delicious, romantic place."

"I have been wandering about all over the palace," she continued, "and had some difficulty in finding out where your father had 'stowed you away.' But really you have got a very pretty suite of rooms, and I perceive that you have the advantage of a garden also, or at least what has been such, so you are quite independent of us. I understood, from what Signor San Isidora was saying last

night, that you were to be shut up as if in the convent at Naples, and would not be permitted to accompany us in our rides and walks; I should regret this circumstance had I intended going out much myself, but I shall stay a good deal at home for some time to come, as I have promised to sit for my picture."

In this way Sophy Trevor ran on during the time her more silent companion was dressing herself, and as soon as Christine's toilet was completed, she proposed to her to go down into the garden and see what it was like. They traversed the gallery together, and came to the landing-place on which opened the door which led to San Isidora's rooms, and from which also descended the little spiral staircase conducting to Christine's destined promenade below. On entering the enclosure they found it luxuriant in disorder, the borders unhoed, the flowers choked up by weeds, and the vines hanging from the trellis-work, to cover which they had originally been trained. The air, however, was light and perfumed, and one glance of Christine's quick and practised eye convinced her that some attention paid by herself and Nina, with a little occasional help from a gardener, would soon restore it to a certain degree of beauty and order. As they wandered along, Sophy Trevor began talking of the great soirée they were to have on the following Thursday, and of the distinguished Sicilians who were expected to attend. She then mentioned that, as they were still in Lent, there was to be no dancing, and that Signor San Isidora had suggested the idea of having a private concert instead. He had proposed having the great saloon fitted up as a music-room, and it had been agreed that Nola and he were to open the entertainment by a duo from the "Lucia di Lammermoor." Christine listened and wondered. "Why was she not to sing also, when the concert was to be confined to the performance of private individuals?" She would have liked to have done so before her assembled connexions; she felt sure that she would have acquitted herself well. Soon, however, the habit of quiet resignation gained the ascendant, and by the time they returned to her apartments she had ceased to wish and think upon the subject. On entering the drawing-room, they found San Isidora busy directing some men where to place a grand piano which they had just brought in; Christine's heart throbbed and her cheek glowed on seeing him, but he appeared to have no recollection of the altercation of the preceding night. He bowed politely to both while making the usual compliments of the day, and then told his daughter that the morning meal awaited her in the salle-à-manger, and that he would join her shortly. After seeing Sophy Trevor out, she placed herself at breakfast, and soon after her father made his appearance, and, addressing her in a careless, indifferent tone, he informed her that a professor had undertaken to attend her every day, to keep her musical powers in practice.

"I shall generally be here myself," he continued, "and, with some others to aid me, will give you the habit of singing with various accompaniments, and in full chorus."

Soon after he rose and went away, leaving his daughter to her own reflections.

Christine's constant habits of activity, however, never failed to relieve her mind. She immediately began to arrange her rooms to her

taste; among other things, removing some plants in flower-pots, which she had seen lying neglected in a covered walk in the garden, to grace the windows of her saloon. In clearing and trimming them she occupied herself for some time, and then placed them in such a way as infinitely to embellish her elegant sitting-room by imparting an air of freshness and beauty to the general coup d'œil. In unpacking her boxes, and in setting in order her music and books, she spent most part of the forenoon, then dedicated an hour before dinner to forming her plans for the routine of her future occupations. She felt lonely, it is true, in her quiet domain. She missed the kind faces of the benevolent sisters at Naples, but when she thought of Sophy Trevor, she felt the conviction that solitude was far better than society which was not only uncongenial, but might even prove dangerous. Her father did not appear at dinner, and she ate her meal in musing over the singular positions in life she was destined to occupy. In the evening she descended to the garden, and employed herself in tying up some of the trailing vines, which had been originally trained to cover a walk close to the garden wall, and at the end of which opened the door to the town. At this early season this alley was chilly, but Christine anticipated much comfort from it when the weather became warm, and its embowered trellis-work and shady position would be a shelter from the rays of the sun. On returning rather late to the house, she paused for a moment at the window of the saloon to gaze on the fairy scene beyond the enclosure, which had so much riveted her the previous night; but the recollection of her resolutions, in consequence of her father's insulting words, rose to her memory, and, removing to the table, she employed herself in working until it was time to go to rest. At eleven o'clock she expected that her father would return, as he had said he should do; but the morning was advanced before his hurried step crossing the saloon in going to his apartments awoke her from her sleep. She raised herself in bed and listened; she heard him traverse the gallery, enter his room and close the door, and she sighed as she laid her head again on her pillow.

"Loser or winner," she murmured to herself, "still it is in his own ruin, or that of some other infatuated man, in which he seeks his mad enjoyment. Alas! my father, when the moment at last arrives when your dim eye can no longer follow the chances of the cards, and your ear will have become dull to the rattle of the dice-box, what then will be your solace? Will a daughter's love be able to soothe a spirit which has no recollection of well-discharged duties on which to repose, no sacrifices of self for the well-being of others to smoothe the path that conducts to the grave?"

The young girl thus communed with herself, then sought for consolation in prayer, and soon sank again into the forgetfulness of slumber, but with a sensation as if a weight of lead pressed upon her heart.

XXXI.

A FEW days passed on in the quiet routine of studies which Christine had chalked out for herself, her father never failing to appear with the musical people who attended her in the morning, and as regularly returning at eleven o'clock at night to see if she had retired

to rest. Obedient in everything, this she never failed to do; but to sleep was another question, when her thoughts were dwelling on the return of the gamester from his nightly vigils—starting and listening she lay through long hours of wakefulness, nor ever sank into sound repose until she heard him pass through the saloon on his way to his apartments. At length arrived the day of Mrs. Trevor's soirée, and the solitary girl felt agitated by a degree of excitement which in her life she had never experienced before; only twice had she descended to visit the family in the interval, once in a formal manner with her father, and another time by herself to convey her guitar to Sophy, who wished to have it as an accessory in the picture for which she was sitting. On entering the young lady's dressing-room, Christine was astonished to recognise in the painter the identical youth whose appearance had so much flurried Sophy Trevor on board the steamboat. She felt that there was something wrong in this, although she could not exactly say what, for the idea of positive impropriety was obviated by the French femme de chambre being occupied in trimming a dress at the other end of the chamber; but the look of admiration fixed on the volatile coquette by the enthusiastic artist was but too convincing as to the feelings with which he regarded her. The unsophisticated visitor felt both shocked and sorry; shocked at an imprudence so very glaring on the part of the thoughtless girl, and sorry for the unfortunate young man, so evidently quaffing an intoxicating draught from a source poisoned by vanity and heartlessness. It was a relief when she found herself again in her own retired apartments, among her plants and books; however lonely, it was a home—one where she had the free disposition of her simple occupations, with nobody to interrupt, annoy, or find fault, and Christine felt truly thankful for the blessing.

On the evening of the fête, San Isidora descended early, and in full dress, to assist the Trevors in receiving their numerous guests, promising to return for his daughter when the company should be assembled. The buzz of the assembling crowd, and the roll of carriages in the distance, had continued some time, yet still Christine waited in vain for her father. Her young heart, at first bounding at the idea of the bright scene in which she was about to mingle, soon began to grow anxious at his delay; and when at last she perceived the hands of the pendule on the mantelpiece point to eleven, her spirit sank under the chill of disappointment. She opened a book and tried to read, but her eyes only followed the words without conveying to her mind the sense they expressed. The loud clock of the neighbouring church began to strike the hour; the sound filled her ear and distracted her attention, and, before it ceased, San Isidora appeared, ready to escort her below and present her to her Sicilian relatives. As he paused at the doorway, he regarded his daughter with a sort of triumphant surprise, which might easily have been accounted for by the appearance she presented. She was attired, by her father's express desire, in thin white muslin; and the dress being made up to the throat and down to the wrists—according to the fashion of foreign demoiselles—gave her an appearance almost infantile, undecked as she was by ornaments of any description but a bouquet of violets, which

she had gathered for herself in the garden. Her silky fair hair alone had been arranged with great care by the best coiffeur in Palermo; and, although she wore it in front simply in bandeaux as usual, yet it was so tastefully wreathed up at the back of her head as to show off to perfection its excessive gloss, softness, and redundancy, and made the beautiful face it ornamented look in profile like some pure and precious cameo. When her father entered, her cheek flushed up with pleasure, and as she sat there with her figure thrown out by the brilliant green hangings at her back, she looked like some emanation of light, for a moment embodied, to give an idea of a beatified spirit. San Isidora, on his part, appeared also to singular advantage; his peculiarly careful toilet set off with effect his tall and slender person, while the excitement of the moment had tinged his worn cheek with colour which, relieving the darkness of his complexion, caused his fine eyes to appear even more brilliant than usual. Always moving with the ease and self-possession of one confident in himself, he had now an air of decided distinction as he advanced and offered his arm to his daughter to conduct her below. It would have afforded an admirable subject for a picture—that lovely fair-haired girl, all brightness and innocence, clinging with a degree of nervous trepidation to the arm of the remarkable but unsatisfactory looking man, whose dark and varying countenance gave a bewildering index to the volume of scheme and mystery in his mind. On reaching the hall, they found it gaily arranged, lighted up, and filled with servants; and a moment after they entered the concert-room, where sat Mrs. Trevor, surrounded by a brilliant crowd, with the saloons beyond more or less thronged with loiterers and card-players. There was an evident pause of astonishment when San Isidora appeared at the door, with his lovely companion hanging on his arm. "Sua figlia, sua figlia! che bellezza!" was murmured among the Italians, whilst the Trevors, proud for the moment at this attractive addition to their company, hastened to welcome the young and timid girl with a kind and patronising air. Christine felt considerably agitated, it is true, at this her first entrance into gay life, but her previous reflections in her ancestral house had inspired her, notwithstanding, with a certain degree of dignity and self-possession.

It was singular the difference presented in her person by the extreme expression of thought—almost of sadness—betrayed by her very youthful-looking countenance, in its quiet and reposing state, when contrasted with the bright comprehensiveness of the eye, and the bewitching sweetness of the smile, in moments of interest or animation. After having paid her compliments to the ladies of the house, her father conducted her towards a haughty looking woman, whose highly rouged cheek and excessively black hair formed a strange and unnatural contrast to the wrinkles on her face, betokening an advanced period of life. She proved to be la Principessa San Isidora —the wife of the head of the house—who, after greeting Christine with polite words and rather broad scrutiny, introduced her to the Principe, who had joined them. The prince was a contrast to his wife, whose exterior denoted the coarseness indicative of vulgarity of mind, whereas he had an expression of so much refinement as to

convey an idea of the absence of all masculine strength of character. They both conversed with Christine for some minutes, asking questions upon subjects which tried her tact, for San Isidora had warned her not to betray his total alienation from her mother, and likewise had exhorted her to speak as if she had been most kindly domesticated among her Scotch connexions, until her father thought the time was come when it was proper to bring her to Italy to introduce her to his relatives. Christine felt that it was a duty to obey so far as to avoid saying anything that might have been disagreeable or disadvantageous to her parent, but the very anxiety she felt to follow his injunctions without infringing upon the truth, gave an air of melancholy reserve to her manner little in keeping with her young and ingenuous countenance.

"Non capisco," said the princess to her husband, as the proprietor of the palace, coming up to be presented in his turn, now engaged the attention of the youthful beauty. "Our cousin Ascanio is a deep one, and this girl is no free agent. Listen, Gregorio. I am persuaded that he has a plan to marry the ragazza to our Tadeo, therefore, mio Marito, I am determined that our son shall not see her if I can prevent it. Let us treat Ascanio as he merits; keep him at a distance, to show him that we not only don't believe a word he says, but want to have nothing to do with him. I am convinced that he has some plot about that girl, and brings her in upon us all like a flash of lightning, on purpose to take us by surprise with her beauty and her grace, and thus entrap us into cordiality."

"Torse," quietly answered the prince, who always deferred to his wife's opinions in matters where thought was required. "Act as you choose, mia Moglie, è per buono; you know better about all those things than I do."

So saying, the inane nobleman walked off to pay his devoirs to a favourite fair at the other side of the room. The Conte San Isidora, now presented to Christine, was her father's first cousin, and a middle-aged man, who, with considerable intelligence in his eyes, had at the same time a sensual and sinister expression of face. His manners were polished, but disagreeably soft, and altogether there was much cunning in his mode of addressing any one. To his young relation his words were more calculated to sift than to win; he plied her with compliments on her personal beauty, and watched her countenance to observe the impression they made. To Mrs. Trevor he was adulating, to Nola adoring, and to Sophy insinuating. He was decidedly the most busy person present, and was evidently quite delighted to see the mansion of his ancient family lighted up to the splendour of former days, his own wretched habits of indulgence and indolence having left him no means of living in it himself. After this introduction was over, Christine was presented by her father to several ladies of the circle, whom he likewise claimed as connexions, but they either shrank back from the lovely creature now first made known to them, or greeted her with words of coldness or forced politeness.

The princess had given the cue. On being asked if she intended to patronise "la Cugina," her reply had been, "No, davvero, I do not

want Ascanio to corrupt my son by teaching him to gamble; and, in order to avoid it, shall have nothing to do with the daughter."

Astonishing to say, Christine was in no way surprised at the manner in which she was met by the relatives of whom she had heard so much. She was new to the world, it was true, but the lucidity of her intellect led her to the conviction that her father could not be welcome where he was understood. With this idea ruling her mind, she was enabled to meet the coolness of her country people and relatives with mildness and self-possession; grave and pale, she went through the round of introductions in the spirit of performing a painful duty, and when they ended withdrew with calmness and dignity, and, seating herself between an old marchesa and an ancient abbate, prepared to listen to the music now about to commence. Miss Trevor was handed by San Isidora to the instrument, where the person selected to accompany them in their duet was already seated. Christine became quite nervous when Nola began to sing; for although she had a soft, full, English voice, yet her articulation was so imperfect, her execution so wretched, that it gave her acute auditor positive pain from the expectation of hearing her break down at every succeeding passage. Her faults, however, were covered with admirable science by San Isidora, who exerted himself to cloak her deficiences. Nevertheless, his daughter read in the expression of his face the seccatura which he experienced in performing the penance.

After this mediocre English exhibition, the music went brilliantly on; instrumental succeeded vocal, and vocal instrumental, from performers who united science to taste and power, until the young musician forgot her cares and uncomfortableness in the mere pleasure of listening. In the pauses between the parts, Christine was surprised by several Italians coming up and asking her if she sung. Her father had prepared her for this question, by giving her strict injunctions on the subject; and, in accordance with his desire, she had always replied by answering "pochissima;" but so absurd did this equivocation appear to herself when so often repeated, that at last she could not control the smile that curled her lip in speaking thus of the talent that was fated to be both the plague and the pleasure of her life. The shrewd princess did not fail to note this, among other things, and remarked aside to her husband:

"That girl is a great musician, I am quite certain. Just observe how her countenance lights up at every fine passage she hears; she turns red and pale by turns as the notes happen to thrill her nerves, or touch her feelings. She is a syren, I am sure of it—a dangerous creature—whom we must keep out of Tadeo's way. There is an extraordinary attraction about her. I cannot force my attention from her: there is something in her very person unlike other people. That soft glittering hair and singularly fair skin, combined with her immense *fisonomìa*, and those large clear eyes, so full of fire and softness! I am glad that Tadeo is at Naples."

Thus murmured the *principessa* to her *marito* whilst surveying askance her unconscious connexion, who, amid the surrounding dark-eyed, black-haired, richly dressed females, looked like a crystallised lily, whose pure polished leaves reflected every shade and change with

which they came in contact. Sophy Trevor, whose English complexion alone was akin to hers, was engaged in another saloon, and, not liking music, consequently kept aloof from the concert-room the whole evening. Christine could not help guessing the manner in which she was amusing herself, when she perceived the young artist gliding about in an inner chamber looking after some one, as if his heart were in his eyes. Sophy wore that night a dress of pale blue silk, with white roses in her hair, and looked actually lovely; her cheek was brightened by the flush of gratified vanity, and her eyes smiled with an expression of latent triumph, while her manners were more natural, more composed, than usual. Nola sang again at the end of the concert, but this time it was not with San Isidora, but with a dark-eyed tenor; her manner was excited when she rose to perform, and certain glances of intelligence between her and her very handsome companion, betokened an understanding rather startling as existing between the young lady and a professional singer. Luckily, it was a buffo duet in which they exhibited, and so admirably was she accompanied, instrumentally, and so ably supported, vocally, that, although she sang in the most careless and imperfect manner, still it went off without scarcely exciting any observation—the company, besides, being about to disperse, and consequently not thinking much of the music. The rooms began gradually to thin, and, at last, Mrs. Trevor and her young ladies were left alone with San Isidora and his daughter—the girls being in wild spirits, occasioned by the vanity of supposed personal triumphs, and the mother full of self-complacency with the success that had attended her first fête. Christine alone was quiet and meditative; it had all passed off before her eyes like a scene of phantasmagoria, leaving nothing tangible behind, not even an invitation from any one of her numerous connexions to visit them at their own abodes. Her father was evidently ennuyé to death; his scheme had not had all the success he had hoped for, and he pined for his usual excitement at the gaming-table. He looked at his beautiful daughter, and felt that with her lay his certainty of wealth and distinction.

"Fools!" he thought. "I shall astonish them yet in a way that they little expect; they shall be obliged to acknowledge the superiority of the girl whom they have treated with so little consideration!"

He gave her his arm to reconduct her up-stairs, and when he stopped at his own door to bid her good night, before going to his nightly rendezvous, a gush of unwonted paternal tenderness came over his spirit, and he pressed his lips to her fair forehead as he used to do in former days. Alas! this start of feeling was mere selfishness; he had narrowly watched the unconscious girl all throughout the evening, and, with excessive pride, had observed the gentle dignity of her deportment; his morbidly fastidious taste could not detect a word, a look, a movement, with which to find fault. She had appeared all harmony throughout, and much more beautiful than he had ever before thought her, so exquisite was the combination in her person of grace, simplicity, intellect, and loveliness, blended and stamped by the unmistakable seal of truth and depth of feeling.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN PARIS.*

"Paris," says Louis Bamberger, one of the select contributors who have added their mite to the portentous tome before us—an emanation of the great Exposition, and as fat and gaudy as an épicier mounting guard—"is an immense crucible, in which the whole universe has been cooked for, for the past century." And then he adds, which is not so agreeably suggestive, "All the world knows what has come out of it. No one knows what has gone in." "The French are first-class Europeans," writes Gustave Frédérix, who takes an anthropological view of the subject, "and the Parisians are the elect of the first class. Not only have they the advantage of dwelling in an immense, brilliant, joyous city, but they also constitute the staff of the civilised and intelligent people of the world." "Paris," says Edmond Téxier, "is the city of contrasts—heaven and hell, hotels and cellars; the city of great existences and of petty industries. If there is a person in Europe pre-eminent by his fortune, it is at Paris that he hastens to spend what he has accumulated elsewhere. Austria, Russia, Italy, even America, send every year their princes and their financiers. Seen from afar, Paris exercises such a fascination upon the mind, that it seems as if it were only there that one can live. A great German lord said to me: 'A principality or an apartment on the boulevard; there is no choice between the two.'"

"The pulse of Paris," says Paul Féval, who has the honour of opening the physiological portion of the subject, "beats one hundred and twenty in a minute, chronometer in hand; anywhere else it would be a horse fever. Paris, nevertheless, is in perfect health." People live there in miraculous haste, and yet they live a long time. Not but that there are miasmas and pernicious things in Paris; there are such in all vast agglomerations of human beings, where many are to be found who gain their daily bread by evil ways; but such emanations are cleared away by the breath of a million of citizens and a million of visitors, who breathe in purity, for they take care of themselves in the first place, and think of their neighbours—when they have the time. "Paris is enormous; infamy itself is swallowed up when the great drum of life begins to beat around them: if these infamies have added a pulsation the more, on any given day, it is because they have been in the height of fashion. Paris, in such a case, casts a handful of bank-notes at them, as it did at Thérésa, who amused her, and at the Brothers Davenport, who wearied her, and then she continues her way laughing or gaping."

Paris is a good fellow, rather bourgeois, with pretensions to art. Yet he does not always insist upon having first-rate articles, if the inferior are only sufficiently advertised. Isambart placards Pointoise, at ten sous the quart, as superior to Lafitte at ten francs, but only to be obtained at Isambart's. Paris buys the Pointoise and laughs lustily. The wine is execrable; Paris admits the fact, and laughs all the more. There is only Isambart who laughs as heartily as Paris. Isambart loves Paris, and

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* Paris Guide. Par les Principaux Ecrivains et Artistes de la France. Deuxième Partie. La Vie. Paris: A. Lacroix.

Paris loves Isambart. They tap one another on the shoulder; both are alike intelligent after their own fashion, but it must be admitted that Isambart's intelligence is after another fashion than that of the economical consumers of his wretched "piquette." Two-thirds of the Parisians come from the provinces. Paul is Marsellais, Virginie is Normande. They dwell in a garret of one of the few old houses still remaining in the neighbourhood of the Panthéon. Virginie stitches braces, which give her dry bread to eat; Paul writes verses, which permit him to die of hunger. They are both young, and love one another—when they have the time. One day Paul meets Isambart coming from paying a visit to his Virginie. "You shall have fifteen sous a day to carry my Pontoise," says the director of all the Alhambras, to soften down matters, "and Virginie shall have the same to fold up my prospectuses." Happy Paul and happy Virginia of modern times! The first touch of the great magician's wand has come, the second follows quickly. Virginie has supped at Philippe's with an artist of the Théâtre des Amabilités. Another career is opened to her. In less than three months Paul meets her in a basket-carriage, and she presents him with a free admission to her Alcasar. She is the daughter of Isambart. Isambart has one thousand two hundred daughters! Paul seeks for consolation in the poetry of the advertisement. He begins with a romance, and bankrupts; he tries an honest calling, and bankrupts again. He invents a lozenge, and makes his fortune. He has a hotel, a cook, and an actress. Paris is at his feet. Great people shake hands with him. The drummer-boy calls out the guard when he goes by. Virginie, in the mean time, refuses a duke, and runs away with a young sweep, who ruins her. The moonbeams play through the uncovered beams of an old house doomed to come down. The rats about to emigrate regret the home of their ancestors, and speak ill of M. Haussmann; two lanterns are moving about among the débris, borne by a man in rags and a woman in tatters—a chiffonnier and a chiffonnière. The lanterns meet. "Paul!" exclaims the one, "Virginie!" the other. If one has a penny, he or she treats the other to the philosophic "petit verre." Such, according to Paul Féval, is the physiology of modern Paris! The conclusion is not, however, always so melancholy. Paul has been known to take Virginie in as a scullery-girl, and Virginie has been known to set up Paul as her porter. It is but fair to say that the sketch was written before the "bourgeois de Paris," whom Charles Yriarte numbers among his types of the great city, had been called to his last account. Alas! inimitable doctor, how we have laughed over the fable of your protégée Rachel's bad knee, which compelled so ruinous an absence from the boards, and at the "menus" of the good Sophie, who tended your old days with spiced hot claret-cup!

Edmond About moralises for once in his life over the ruins of old Paris. The sketch of the locksmith, who never took a glass of wine except in company with his wife; of the family brought up in that now tumble-down garret upon three or four francs a day; of three sons and two daughters all brought up at a free school, the girls well married, the boys well-to-do citizens, one supporting the widowed old mother, who, with the father, toiled so long and so cheerfully for their well-being, and who together founded a whole "souche de bourgeois," a dynasty of citizens, is a truly pleasant sketch, a gleam of sunshine amidst Hauss-

mann's demolitions, which constitutes a great relief to the moonbeam that disclosed Paul and Virginia with their frightful hooks and baskets.

Madame Emmeline Raymond depicts the Parisienne. What remains for us to say upon so delicate a theme after reading that the women of Paris have realised the dream so unsuccessfully pursued by all conquerors?—that they have subjected the whole world to their most fanciful caprices; that they hold more than life in their hands—that is to say, the beauty of all the women of the globe; that their decrees are waited for to dare to be beautiful, and that all are obliged to submit, even when they command to be ugly! Preferences and repugnances, initiative, personal appreciation, everything is abdicated, everything effaced, everything disappears, before the absolute sovereignty claimed by "la Parisienne." We have really nothing to do or to say, but to bow beneath the yoke—emancipation lays with the other sex.

The types of Paris, according to Ch. Yriarte, are beginning to disappear with straight streets. Long, wide, cold streets, like the Rue de Rivoli, exclude the picturesque and the curious. Dentists, quacks, musicians, gymnasts—all that class of persons who sought the open air for the exhibition of their talents or nostrums—are now tabooed. The past generation had its Place Louis XV., and La Belle Madeleine, Frascati and the Cent-treize, the Galleries de Bois and Chodruc-Duclos, the Descent de la Courtille, and l'Ile d'Amour. The only place where the Parisian dances (for Mabille is fictitious) is now the Closerie des Lilas, at the Luxemburg. The Bois de Boulogne of past days has been transformed into an English park, watered by the Prefecture. Longchamp is a lake frequented by ladies of anything but savage manners, and by melancholy swans. People dine at the Moulin Rouge in the shade of oleanders in boxes, supposed to represent nature. The Café de Paris, the Bains Chinois, the Hôtel d'Osmond, the Galette du Gymnase, the Jardin Turc, the Hôtel Rougemont, and the Boulevard du Crime, are all gone, or have given way to monster hotels, to barracks of marble, and to gardens and squares decorated with plants with hard names, which do not prevent bonnes and tourlouroux understanding one another perfectly.

The boulevards are invaded by tall and angular English ladies, yellow Havannese, brown Spaniards, pale Italians, sentimental but dumpy Germans, wealthy but debauched Russians, and Americans with long pointed beards and revolvers in their pockets. Take a seat at the Alcazar, dine at the Café Anglais, or sup at the Maison d'Or, and it is the same thing—nothing but strangers! The Parisian humbles himself in the presence of so much luxury. He sticks to the wall, and abdicates in favour of Cairo, Constantinople, Bombay, Havannah, Madrid, St. Petersburg, and Rio de Janeiro. Kasangian, the Armenian, who succeeded Chodruc-Duclos as the man of mystery of the day, is gone to his fathers. The Halles are replaced by a palace of iron and glass, or, as the French will have it, of crystal. There is still le Persan, with an English groom, an English coachman, and an English porter. For twenty years he has never missed an opera night, yet no one knows who he is. Méry declared him to be Abbas Mirza, but as he never takes off his black Astracan, it is not known if he is old enough. There is also the man without a hat, otherwise a well-dressed personage, with nothing to distinguish

him from the rest of the world. There is also Isabelle, la bouquetière, who, when not at Baden or Chantilly, is to be seen in the hall of the Jockey Club, or at the foyer of the Opéra. There have been many counterfeit Isabelles, some from the Black Forest and others from the Closerie des Lilas, but they have soon been detected. The real Isabelle waits in her little jacket of Pompadour velvet for the day when she shall have her "huit ressorts," a vehicle with eight springs being the Parisian ideal of sublunary wealth and luxury.

The types of the grand-monde are gone with the others. Seymour and D'Orsay no longer set the fashion. Hope, who was so fond of violets; Delessert, with his blue coat; Major Fraser, with his little black steed; Dr. Véron and his cook—all are gone; the sceptre of the world has passed from the Parisian. An Englishman rules on the turf, a Russian creates the ballet, Offenbach adapts quadrilles, Strauss conducts the orchestras. Rothschild lends money, Hottinguer discounts bills, whilst the Parisians, swamped in the flood of strangers, are so seldom seen, that Baron Haussmann seeks for them in vain.

All this may appear very extravagant, but it is not so. The regular population of Paris consists of 1,295,258 provincials, and of only 733,473 Parisians, 34,273 Germans, 33,088 Belgians, 10,687 Swiss, 9106 English, 7903 Italians, 6254 Dutch, 4400 Americans, 4294 Poles, 1356 Russians, and so on in smaller proportions, until a grand total of 2,150,916 is arrived at. According to this census, the Parisians only constitute a fraction more than one-third of the population of their own city.

The Germans, according to Louis Bamberger, who has the treatment of this special theme, are chiefly Hessians, and their main business is that of scavengers. They live in colonies, have their own pastors, churches, and schools, their hospital and Turnverein, no end of Deutsche hoefen, a charitable institution, and musical meetings. The Café du Grand Balcon is their most aristocratic rendezvous, and the quantity of Bavarian and other German beers exported for their consumption is annually acquiring colossal proportions.

But there are Germans, also, who constitute, and have long constituted, the élite of the population of Paris. Had it not been for Meyerbeer, it is well known that the opera would have died a national death. And as to Giacomo, he was claimed as French, just as were Charlemagne, the Maréchal de Saxe, and Napoleon the Great. The Parisian of to-day is just as much indebted to Offenbach. Liebreich is what is called "une des sommités médicales de Paris." Meyer and Weckher are among the most learned ophthalmologists. As to philologists, the Germans are also in advance of the French. Dietz is the first authority in matters of Provençale poetry, whilst Mohl, Oppert, Bréal, Munk, and Derenburg are among the chief Orientalists. Not only do they shine in literature and science, but, what is more, they are in the present day the leading financiers. But, above all things, the poorer Germans are moral. The Kellners are sought after everywhere for their fidelity, honesty, and sobriety, and the German institution of St. Joseph is the only one in Paris where respectable female servants are to be obtained.

The Belgians are, like many of the Germans, addicted to industrial pursuits. They rival the latter as tailors. They also take first rank

among artists and musicians. There is nothing superficial French political writers are so fond of repeating as that the Belgians are French. But Bomberg, who writes the article on "la Colonie Belge," says that, whilst most strangers are absorbed after a few years' residence, adopt Paris as their country, and only preserve the most marked features of their original character, the Belgians preserve all their individuality. Notwithstanding so many points of analogy and approximation with all that surrounds them, they neither allow themselves to be absorbed or assimilated, and they remain Belgians at the end of twenty years, just as much as the first day, with their national character and instincts undefiled.

After the Germans, the Swiss are, however, the most numerous strangers in Paris. They stand high in the financial world. It is sufficient to mention the bankers Hottinguer, Mallet, Marcuard, Heutsch, Verner, Mussard, and Zellweger, to attest the fact. They also occupy a high position among the industrials; witness, Sieber, Regent of the Bank of France, Dubochet, and others.

John Lemoinne has written a fair and judicious article upon the English in Paris. He remarks, truly enough, that the English could not live under laws such as in France prescribe the right to speak or write, to pray or meet together, or to go and come; but, again, a Frenchman would be stifled under the conventional forms which tyrannise over English society. The tyranny of conventionalism in England is, he declares with truth, far more onerous than any political or administrative tyrannies abroad. Hence, also, the moment the English get to Paris they throw off conventionalities with their black coats. They go to the Opéra in a plaid, dance with extravagant gestures, eat and drink (even to the ladies) enormously, no longer keep the Sabbath, and, what is more, treat Paris in every respect as if it were a conquered country. Since the invasion of the Americans, English eccentricities are, however, more tolerated in Paris than they used to be; but we are still denounced as "the most prejudiced and national of all foreigners." "English," says M. Lemoinne, "do not associate with one another like other strangers; they do not need the countenance of any one; every Englishman is himself England; his spirit of nationality is fatiguing and offensive."

Italy, on its part, also sends its "precious martyrs" of legitimacy, its musicians, its workmen in marble and plaster, its cooks, its merchants, financiers, learned men, and dilettanti, to swell the Parisian crowd. The Italian fuses more readily into the Parisian than the native of any other country. Isabelle would tell you that the historical aristocracy of Paris frequents the "Cercle de l'Union" and the "Cercle Agricole;" the nobility of the empire, the "Jockey Club" and the "Cercle Impérial;" financiers, the "Chemins de Fer;" the youth of the day, the "Baby" and the "Sporting;" veteran soldiers play whist "aux Ganaches;" gamblers go "aux Américains;" sportsmen, to "Saint Hubert;" notaries and stockbrokers, to the "Cercle des Arts." But the Bourbonian emigration has its "head centre" at the "Café du Congrès," Boulevard des Capucins, and at the "Café Napolitain," on the Boulevard des Italiens.

The American colonisation of Paris is a modern thing. It had a twofold origin, the one transitory, from the wealth and shoddyism of the

north; the other permanent, from the expatriation of the south. The Americans group themselves around the Champs Elysées, and they are credited by André Léo, who has their literary treatment in hand, with less stiffness than the British, and a more open and agreeable physiognomy. Nor do they like the English. "Anglophobia," says Léo, "is, as a national and popular sentiment, even stronger with the Americans than with the French." Many Americans live in Paris for the education of their children, others in order to prosecute their own studies. American birds of passage simply take flight from Astor House to the Grand Hôtel, the latter of which has become a mere Yankee caravanserai. For one "insular" ten Americans may be seen arriving there. If they go out, it is to Bowles and Drevett's, Tucker's, Monroe's, or Norton's, their bankers. An American banker is not exclusive, and always on the guard, as if fenced in by a prickly hedge, as in France and England; he keeps an office for inquiry, and the Yankee reads there his own papers. It is the same with the minister. He has to present every month a group of some hundreds of his countrymen and countrywomen, simply on their demand, at the Tuileries. The American ladies are a great catch for Parisian industrials—a class of persons who as regularly lay out their nets for strangers as the fisherman does for sparkling mackerel and open-mouthed cod. What, indeed, would become of the Parisian tradesmen and modistes were it not for this influx of strangers? General Dix has to receive these democratic lovers of pomp and imperialism every Wednesday and Saturday. The luxury of shoddyism and petroleum is something wonderful. One-half of the "huit ressorts" in the Bois belong to Yankees. As to jewellery, velvets, silks, and satins, they make up in purchases in Paris for the exactions of their home tariff. American girls do not, however, we are told, get on well in Paris. They walk with the assurance of a conquering race; they are proverbially well educated, but they miss the confidential intercourse with the men which is in vogue at home. There is no confidence in French respect for females, and the fault, Léo admits, does not lay with the Americans. The men get on better; whilst the daughters are dancing at Perrin's, they are dining at Peter's or Philippe's, eating buckwheat-cakes at Charley's, or imbibing malt at the Brasserie du Faubourg Montmartre. Good servants are so difficult to get in Paris now-a-days, that the Americans have, like the English, been obliged to give up housekeeping and go into boarding-houses. It is an opinion generally entertained in Paris that the American only esteems a thing according to its price, so it is almost needless to say that the Parisian profits by this peculiarity in transatlantic taste. The only French paper they condescend to read is, we are also told, the *Opinion Nationale*.

Another modern element in Parisian society, and one which has assumed a remarkable development in recent times, is the Spanish-American. Twenty years ago the Englishman was the lion of the boulevards. Hotel-keepers and tradesmen called him "Mylord," without asking for his credentials. Then came the feudal lords of Russia; but they no longer throw roubles out of the windows, give splendid fêtes, or subsidise half the figurantes of Paris. The Spanish-American (and the Parisian, with his usual laxity in geography and ethnology, includes the Brazilian in the group) has almost monopolised the favour of Parisians and

Parisiennes in the present day. He has introduced himself on the boulevards, and Thiboust and Meilhac have introduced him on the stage. Yet, with the exception of a few political refugees and Mexican intriguers, the Brazilians and American-Spaniards are of very retired, quiet, studious, and domesticated habits, rather avoiding than seeking or courting noise and reputation. They make the fortune of the Quartier Latin, and by their general habits so assimilate with the French as to have become extremely popular. They are, however, depicted with a liberality worthy of Paris by one of themselves—M. de Hebedia. The Polish colony of Paris, by Charles Edmond, is not a cheerful sketch; nor, indeed, is the Russian colony, by Herzen. The days are gone by when Radziwil bought a row of houses, merely to construct a passage from his home to the Palais Royal. The "Orientals" in Paris have been entrusted to Madame Dora d'Istria, who seems to think that the modern Greek is their only representative. Bataillard's Bohemians or Tziganes (gipsies) in Paris has the serious fault of being too general and too philosophical. There is no local colour about it.

Laboulaye of the Institut writes the article on the Parisian press, and Emile de Girardin that on the daily papers. Berardi, in an article on foreign papers, tells us that the emperor no longer reads the *Times*, although it is still the most largely circulated of English papers. Next to it come the *Illustrated London News* and *Punch*, and then the *Daily Telegraph*, whose correspondent is "a regular attendant at official receptions." After the *Daily Telegraph* comes the *News of the World*. Of other papers, the *Indépendance Belge*, the *Gazette of Cologne*, the *Gazette of Augsburg*, and the *Gazette of the Cross*, have the largest circulation. The *International*, published in London, is, we are also told, especially favoured by the French government. Perhaps another word would have better expressed what is meant.

The Gardens of Paris, created after the Exposition of 1855, rank among the chief modern improvements, whether in regard to sanitary conditions or to mere embellishment. To those who remember the famous tower of Saint Jacques, with its four angles clad with sculptures like moss, as Victor Hugo has it, buried in a heap of old incongruous houses, the change to a light elegant structure rising out of an open garden is very pleasing. Notwithstanding so central a situation, wigandias, and other trees and shrubs of intertropical climates, flourish there. The clearance effected to give place to the Jardin du Temple was even still more desirable. It is natural that different gardens should be frequented by different classes of people. The old nobility haunt the Jardin de Sainte Clotilde, the Jardin des Innocents belongs to the children of men of business, the Luxemburg to students, and the Garden of Plants to the savans; but not less care is bestowed upon the garden of the people—as that "du Temple" essentially is—than upon those of the wealthy classes. Nothing is wanting to please the eye and improve the taste, from rocks and waters, to rare and beautiful flowers, shrubs, and trees.

Not only have the Place Richelieu, the Place Royale, once the abode of the "Précieuses," been planted, but so also have portions of the Champs Elysées. The Parc Monceaux, however, surpasses all other gardens in the beauty and rarity of its plants. The names, one of the

contributors remarks, are hard. Still more does this become the case when nations rival one another in absurdity of nomenclature. The giant pine of California—a Titan among trees—was discovered by an Englishman, who named it Wellingtonia. But the Yankees said it was found on American soil, so they dubbed it Washingtonia; and then came the French, who declared that it belonged to a known genus, and was only a Sequoia, and so they persist in calling it. It is the same with the Begonia, so well known for its violet-coloured leaves, and which, in England called *B. grandis*, is ticketed in Paris as *B. imperator*.

The Parc des Buttes Chaumont possesses some interest, as a picturesque place woven out of abandoned quarries of plaster of paris, just as Rosherville is out of old chalk quarries, and as having effected a clearance of a population of gipsies, thieves, and dangerous persons. This garden was inaugurated the same day as the Exposition of the present year. It has a lake, three restaurants, a temple, rocks clad with cedars from the Himmaleh, and old quarries converted into fairy grottoes. Alphonse Karr, writing upon the flowers of Paris, shows that, from the time when Julian called the city his dear Lutetia, and Clovis designated it as the chief city of the Gauls, it was always a beautiful spot, surrounded by woods and filled with gardens; and there are plenty of evidences of its having continued to be so, till one after another, la courtille, l'ile aux treilles, and a hundred other vineyards, orchards, and pleasure-gardens, had to give way to an ever-increasing population. There is no question but that the position of Paris, in the very heart of a tertiary basin of its own, has ever marked it out as the seat of a beautiful city.

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The wood park and château of Vincennes possess much that is historically more imposing, and picturesquely more gratifying, than the too manifestly factitious beauties of the Bois. But no one goes there, save groups of bourgeois bound on a pic-nic, or bonnes with their charges in search of milk from the cow at what is called "la ferme," close by the Tir National.

The boulevards are socially divided into two parts: that of which the Temple constitutes the centre is very happily given over to the veteran panegyrist of grisettes—Paul de Kock; that to which the Boulevard des Italiens constitutes the soul, is entrusted to the more aristocratic pen of De la Bédollière. But, alas! Paul de Kock, of whom one of his confrères writes as a thing gone by, has nothing but reminiscences. Where once was a confused heap of theatres and shows—something like an English fair—are now the Caserne du Prince Eugène and the "Magasins Réunis," where a purchase for a hundred francs is repaid in a certain number of years. The Parisians cannot understand why they should pay at all, if they are to be reimbursed. The Boulevard du Temple was called the Boulevard du Crime, from the melodramatic character of the performances; and the still more ancient quarter, styled the Marais, began at the same point. The old Jardin Turc is now a restaurant, kept by Bonvallet, and much frequented. To obtain a cabinet, it must be secured days beforehand. Robin, the prestidigitator, and Dejazet, to whom, like Ninon and Saqui, age is unknown, have their little theatres near the Château d'Eau. Beyond is Dejean's Circus, where Léotard and Batty were first introduced to Paris. Pasdeloup gives classical concerts there every Sunday, which, Paul de Kock says, the neighbours go to hear, upon the same principle that people go to the Théâtre des Italiens—because it is the thing. "Vanitas vanitatum!" he exclaims; but Paul is getting old. The Boulevard Beaumarchais, which stretches down to the Place de la Bastille, is now one of the handsomest in Paris; but Paul does not tell us who lives there. It is true Ninon dwelt at the corner of the Rue des Tournelles, and Maugiron, Quélus, and Livarot fought Riberac, D'Entraques, and Schomberg, near the same spot. But those were the times of the Mousquetaires and the Précieuses; now the Théâtre Beaumarchais, small as it is, cannot find an audience.

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their "carafe de groseille" in the Palais Royal, before going home. The "passages" are, in the present day, what the Palais Royal was in olden times. Early in the morning they are quiet and silent enough. The only living beings are shop-boys and shop-girls toiling at their respective duties. But towards eleven the habitués of the Dîner de Paris, Dîner du Rocher, or of the Dîner du Passage Jouffroy, begin to pick their way through shawls, toys, flower-pots, arm-chairs, and aquariums, in pursuit of their déjeûners. They are easily recognised by their anxious looks at their watches, to see if it is really eleven. At mid-day provincials and strangers make their appearance. They are just as easily recognised, by their looking at the shops. The crowd is materially increased by numbers of industrials, journalists, artists, actors, and others, who have to take the "passages" on their way. There are also many persons who take positions "en permanence" in the passages, for purposes of their own. At five the journals du soir are distributed at the kiosks of the boulevards, and great is the noise and confusion—a perfect Babel of languages. It is not without reason that there are a "librairie internationale" and literary salons in the boulevards. Some people have to consult a dictionary to make their wishes known. At six o'clock the excitement becomes intense. The faubourg makes its appearance. The inhabitants of the "quartiers" Breda and Notre Dame de Lorette advance to the conquest of the boulevards. Their approach is signalised by the rattle of jet ornaments, the rustling of silks, and the odour of musk. The uniform worn by these Amazons, and the variety and absurdity of hats and feathers, is something appalling, even in Paris. They not the less take up their strategic positions with all the gravity of veteran soldiers, from the passage Jouffroy to the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. The daily carnival of Paris now begins. The "jeunesse dorée" of modern times received its name of "gandins" from this very Boulevard des Italiens, to which the memory of 1815 has attached the traditional and popular name of Boulevard de Gand. The name alone suffices to conjure up to all true Parisians the memory of those "soupers fins," and prolonged orgies, with which the daily carnival of the auricle of the heart of Europe, and indeed of the world, is, as a matter of course, brought to a conclusion.

WANDERINGS THROUGH ITALY IN SEARCH OF ITS ANCIENT REMAINS.

BY CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D.

XXIII.

A FEW miles below the spot where I crossed, the Crati is joined by another stream, the Coscile, the ancient Sybaris, having the same name as a celebrated city which stood in this vicinity. This river had the property, according to some authors, of making horses shy that drank of its waters; my muleteer knew of no such power. The exact position of the ancient city of Sybaris has not yet been satisfactorily fixed, though we are told by an ancient historian (Diod. Sic. xii. 9) that the river Sybaris, which originally flowed into the sea by a separate mouth, had its course changed by the victorious inhabitants of Croto that it might flow through and destroy the city. It is natural, therefore, to look for its remains near the confluence of the two rivers. At the same time, you must know that it is said to have been completely destroyed B.C. 510, and we can scarcely expect that much of it will have survived such a lapse of time. However, I resolved to examine the exact appearances at the confluence of the two rivers, and accordingly, as soon as I had crossed, I proceeded down the banks to that part of the plain which is called Gadella. I heard afterwards that excavations had been attempted here, but water always rises as soon as they have penetrated a few feet below the surface. I persevered till I reached the confluence, notwithstanding there was a great deal of marshy ground, and in the winter season it must be quite impassable. There was not the slightest appearance of any buildings having been at this spot, nor can I imagine that Sybaris was placed here, unless nature has completely changed the ground on which I was standing. This city of which I am speaking was not a small village, like many of the others which I have visited, but contained a population, if we can believe ancient writers, of three hundred thousand; and even if we should consider this an exaggeration, still it must be allowed to have been of great size. The inhabitants were famed for their luxury and opulence to such a degree, indeed, that a Sybarite and voluptuary became synonymous terms. One of the dresses of its inhabitants, which came into the possession of Dionysius of Syracuse, was sold to the Carthaginians for 120 talents, upwards of 20,000*l.* You can thus have some idea of the size and importance of Sybaris, and it is strange that its remains should have so entirely vanished. I tried to get across the river Coscile, but the plain through which the river flowed was soft, and the stream ran so rapidly, that I had to creep slowly along its banks for several miles before I reached a spot where I could safely pass. I proceeded on to Cassano without encountering any further difficulties, and was received with great kindness by a friend of the judge of Rossano, Signor Cafasi, to whose care the old lady recommended me. The appearance of Cassano is highly picturesque, as it rises gradually like the steps of an amphitheatre up the sides of a steep mountain, extending round the rock on which stands the ruins of the ancient baronial castle

belonging to one of the noblest families of Naples, the Duke of Cassano. The town contains somewhere about five thousand inhabitants, and exhibits considerable commercial activity from the manufacture of liquorice and even cotton and silk, which are grown, spun, and wove in Cassano. At the entrance of the town there is a spot called Bocca d'Auso, from which smoke is occasionally seen to issue, and near it are some sulphureous hot springs, with baths constructed for public use by the Cassano family. It was still early in the day, and I resolved to examine a little more of the site of Sybaris on the other side of Coscile. I ordered two active little ponies, which my host offered to procure for me, and, accompanied by Signor Cafasi, started for the site of the ancient Cossa, which was said to be situated at a spot called Cività, three miles distant from Cassano. It is mentioned by Cæsar (B.C. iii. 22), who calls it "Cosa in agro Thurino," and states that Milo laid siege to it, and was killed under its walls. These very walls may be imperfectly traced, and the foundations of some buildings are scattered here and there on the summit of a rising ground. What remains is very little, and shows that it had at no time been of great size. I looked round for inscriptions, but nothing of the kind could be seen. There is a tower called Torre di Milone. After I had satisfied myself as to the ruins of Cossa, we rode towards the confluence of the Coscile and Crati, keeping down the left bank. There are no remains of buildings to be seen, but there are numerous irregular hillocks, which I do not doubt would be found to be the foundations of buildings. It was quite evident to the eye that the channel of the Coscile had been changed, whether by some convulsion of nature or by the hand of man it is impossible to say. History says that it was by the hands of the inhabitants of Croto, who wished to obliterate the very existence of their enemy Sybaris. The old channel is called Abbotitura, and contains a good deal of water; and at no great distance from it is what is called Laghetto, a small lake which communicates with the sea, and which my guide told me abounded with eels, mullets, and a variety of other fish. Some have considered Laghetto as the site of the port of Sybaris, but no remains of buildings are to be seen. The agnus castus was growing in these marshes very luxuriantly. Both species were abundant, the larger with white and purple flowers, and the smaller with purple flowers alone. It was called "castus," as you are aware, from its alleged anti-venereal properties, though modern naturalists, I believe, are not quite agreed on this point. At all events, the ancients were of this opinion.

I looked at the spot where Sybaris is supposed to have stood, and found it difficult to believe that it could have been selected for such a purpose. Within a couple of miles of the mouths of two rivers, it must at all times have been subject to the effluvia of much stagnant water, and, indeed, we know that it was unhealthy from a proverb among them "that he who did not wish to die before his time ought not at Sybaris to see the sun either rise or set."

I inquired of my intelligent host respecting the position of Thurium, but its supposed site would have carried me back to the country of the brigands, and I need not tell you that it would have required a strong temptation to induce me to place myself once more within their grasp. He said that there is a spot called Turione between the villages Spezzano

and Terra Nuova, where coins, vases, and images are frequently found in great numbers, and where he himself has seen the fragments of a marble column. This he considered to be the site of the ancient Thurium.

It was now necessary to return to Cassano, through which I strolled, visiting the Capuchin monastery, situated on a hill from which there is an excellent view of the plain through which the Crati flows, and in the distance the Ionian Sea is seen, while behind rose the lofty mountain Polino, on which snow lies till the middle of July. The eyes stretched over a wide plain, covered here and there with patches of grain, but the greater part is uncultivated. Varro (R.R. i. 44) speaks of it as of surprising fertility, producing wheat a hundred-fold, and if it were reclaimed I do not doubt that nature would be as ready as in former times to reward man for his industry. I turned towards Rossano, which I had left this morning in no very joyful mood, and my eye could not help resting on its dark woods, feeling something in the same way as the person alluded to by Lucretius (ii. i.) is said to regard from shore a ship on the point of being wrecked:

> Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
> E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem;
> Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
> Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.

"It is pleasant, when the seas are roughened by violent winds, to view the dangers of another when we are safe on land, not because there is any pleasure in seeing another in distress, but because it is pleasant to witness those anxieties from which we ourselves are free." I felt a delight, which only those who had gone through the anxieties that I had endured during the last few weeks, can fully understand.

You may ask me why these plains, on which I was looking, should be uncultivated. It is easily explained to you, who are a political economist; they have no outlet for their surplus produce; the inhabitants can derive no benefit from their industry. This is the complaint which I have heard in every part of the country, equally from the friends as from the enemies of the present government. The very parties who are carrying on the government have exclaimed, "Could not his sacred majesty, whom may God bless, find some means by which we could get rid of our produce? This is the only change for which we pray."

The Capuchins are employed at the present moment in raising Angelo di Acri, who had been some hundred years ago one of their fraternity, to the rank of a saint in the Roman calendar. A hundred years must always elapse before any such attempt can be made, and it then altogether depends on the sum of money that can be raised to bribe the Papal See, or, to speak less offensively, to pay all necessary expenses, whether he shall receive the honour solicited. The question is considered in Rome, and a regular trial takes place, in which the character of the embryo saint is freely canvassed by a lawyer appointed for the purpose, who is called *Avvocato del Diavolo*—"the Devil's Advocate." The trial is, of course, a mere farce, if the money is forthcoming, and the objections of the advocate are considered to be the mere ebullitions of his Satanic Majesty's envious spirit. The money—about eight hundred pounds, I believe—is paid into the papal treasury, and whoever dares to call in

question the high honour assigned to the individual is excommunicated by the canons of the Church. Those whose sanctity does not entitle them to this rank must rest contented with the lower dignity of Venerabile and Beato. This is one of the absurdities of Popery introduced during the dark ages of the Church, and it is strange that this pretension should not now be allowed to fall into desuetude. The number of saints in the Roman calendar is often matter of surprise; but it need not be so, when we find that this small district of Calabria has furnished ninety individuals who have been considered worthy of being canonised. Seventy have been entitled to the honour of "Beati." Ten of the Roman pontiffs owe their birth and education to Calabria.

The quantity of holy relics possessed by this remote part of the world is astonishing. In the monastery of Belforte there is a finger of Stephen, the first Christian martyr, a piece of the holy cross and of the sepulchre in which our Saviour was buried; but, what is still more wonderful, there is a fragment of the rod of Aaron. At the village of Soriano there is a statue of St. Dominic, which was brought, in the month of October, 1530, from Spain, and presented to a chapel here by the Virgin Mary herself. This legend somewhat resembles that of the holy shrine of Loretto.

You may recollect that I mentioned a miracle that was taking place at Ajeta, and that I tried to convince the judge of Scalea that it was a gross imposition. I have just heard the end of that silly trick. It would appear that the bishop of this diocese received orders from Rome to proceed to Ajeta, and put an end to what the papal authorities had no doubt would be found to be a device of Satan. I wonder if they were aware of the monks of St. Biagio practising the same imposition? You will be surprised to hear how simple was the plan adopted by Lo Monaco, and nothing can show more clearly how gullible people are in this part of the world. All that was done—and he has confessed it—was to throw the liquor over the statue, and to place basins full of the water near it, before he admitted the people. They saw the liquor still trickling down the statue, and did not doubt that the contents of the basins had been collected in this way.

I hope to reach Taranto in three days, and I am glad to hear that there is little danger of my encountering brigands. The coast is such a desert that I am told I shall have great difficulty in getting along. I understand that there is no road, and that the villages are generally situated far inland. However, I shall not allow myself to be turned aside by any common difficulty.

On consulting with my friends at Cassano, I thought that my next stage must be to the village of Roseto, and accordingly, at daybreak, I started, with the pleasant feeling that I had now nothing to fear from brigands. The freshness of the morning was delightful; a thick fog hung over the marshy ground, where the mighty Sybaris once stretched with its luxurious inhabitants, whose indolent repose a crushed rose-leaf was sufficient to disturb. There was a fragrance in the air from the orange and citron blossoms, and the distant Ionian Sea reflected a trembling light in the mirror of its gently moved waters. With what inimitable grace does Dante (Purgatorio, i. 115) describe such a scene:

L'alba vinceva l'ora mattutina,
Che fuggia 'nnanzi, sì che di lontano
Conobbi il tremolar della marina.

The dawn had chased the matin hour of prime,
Which fled before it, so that from afar
I spied the trembling of the ocean stream.

Need I remind you that this trembling light of the waters is a favourite idea of Italian poets, and I am not surprised that it should be so, as I have never seen the appearance so vividly portrayed elsewhere. It seems to require the pure and bright air of such a climate as this to bring it out in perfection. Trissino, in the Sofonisba, says:

E resta in tremola l'onda marina.

And, again, Fortiguerra, in his Ricciardetto (c. ix. st. 17):

——visto il tremolar della marina.

You must not, however, imagine that these Italian poets were the first to observe this peculiarly beautiful effect, as you will find it alluded to by Virgil (Æn., viii. 25), "aquæ tremulum lumen"—"the trembling light of water."

The breeze blew gently, while the morning song of the birds resounded everywhere through the leafy boughs. It was a terrestrial paradise through which I was passing, and might have suggested to Dante (Purgatorio, xxviii. 1—23) his description of such a scene:

Un' aura dolce senza mutamento
Avere in se, mi feria per la fronte,
Non di più colpo che soave vento:
Per cui le fronde tremolando pronte
Tutte quante piegavano alla parte
U' la prim' ombra gitta il santo monte;
Non però dal loro esser dritto sparte
Tanto, che gli augelletti per le cime
Lasciasser d'operare ogni lor arte;
Ma con piena letizia l'ore prime
Cantando ricevieno intra le foglie
Che tenevan bordone alle sue rime,
Tal qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie
Per la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi
Quand' Eolo Scirocco fuor discioglie.

A pleasant air,
That intermitted never, never veer'd,
Smote on my temples, gently, as a wind
Of softest influence: at which the sprays
Obedient all, lean'd trembling to that part
Where first the holy mountain casts his shade;
Yet were not so disorder'd, but that still
Upon their top the feather'd quiristers
Applied their wonted art, and with full joy
Welcomed those hours of prime, and warbled shrill
Amid the leaves, that to their jocund lays
Kept tenor; even as from branch to branch,
Along the piny forests on the shore
Of Chiassi, rolls the gathering melody,
When Eolus hath from his cavern loosed
The dripping south.

The country through which I was now passing was quite changed in character from that to which I had been lately accustomed. The hills were low, with many picturesque glens running inland.

To wander along this coast during winter must be an arduous task, as I crossed many broad ravines full of loose stones, evidently brought down by the torrents. The water spreads over a large space, as some of the channels were not less than a mile in breadth, though they gradually narrowed as they ascended the heights. Immediately after leaving Cassano, I crossed a small stream, Ragganello, the ancient Cylistarnus, and soon reached Francavilla, a wretched-looking village, though myrtles, pomegranates, figs, and oranges, showed that Nature was ready to bestow her choicest blessings.

The villages still continued to be on the heights at several miles from the sea, to protect them from the Turkish corsairs, who used, as I said before, to land and carry off the inhabitants as slaves. This state of things still continued to exist within the memory of the present generation, as I found a coast-guard at the village of Trebisacce, where I stopped a few hours during the heat of the day, who had been taken prisoner about thirty years ago and carried to Algiers. I was amused to find that he rather regretted his release from slavery, as he acknowledged that he used to receive plenty of excellent mutton, to which in his days of freedom he is now an entire stranger. This old fellow was a great oddity, and as I had nothing better to do, I confess I furnished him with somewhat more wine than was exactly consistent with propriety. He was a most bigoted adherent to the forms of the Romish Church, and spoke with delight of some poor young priest on whom he had brought the reproof of his bishop, because he had elevated the host once less than the rubric required. He became at last so obstreperous in his mirth that I was put to flight, and took refuge on the back of my mule. Ere long I reached the small village of Roseto, picturesquely situated amidst broken ravines, where I was received with great hospitality by a gentleman, Signor Mazzaria, to whom my host at Cassano had given me a letter. Though he is residing in this remote spot, I found him a well-educated and intelligent man, intimately acquainted more particularly with the woods and forests of the country. We cannot understand the importance of such a question, as our fuel depends not on wood to be turned into charcoal, but on mineral coal; here, however, it is a matter of serious moment, and the government has found it necessary to exercise control even over woods belonging to private individuals. The subdivision of land which arose on the suppression of the feudal system proved no doubt extremely beneficial to industry and agriculture ; and the result, my host tells me, led to the felling of woods and the conversion of much land to tillage. If this went on to the extent that seemed likely, a scarcity of fuel was sure to arise; and to prevent this, about ten years ago a general law was passed by which the superintendence over all the forests in the kingdom was committed to a special board, without whose permission no proprietor of forests shall fell timber or break up the ground either for tillage or for new plantations. One of the results that arose from denuding the surface of trees was that its exposure to the violence of storms and torrents of rain brought down gravel and large stones on the lands that lay below. By this law, to which

I have alluded, no land could be converted to tillage, unless where the site is so level that there need be no apprehension of the lands below suffering. The management of this public board was probably not particularly judicious; at all events, there were so many complaints against its vexatious interference with private property, that a new law was issued in 1826, by which the superintendence of the authorities over private woods was confined to the preservation and improvement of them. Still, woodland is not allowed to be tilled without permission, and this is not to be granted for ground which has a rapid incline. It seems, according to my host, that the immoderate conversion of woodland to tillage has been stopped, but by no means the immoderate felling of timber. He believes that, ere long, there will be a serious want of wood for fuel. I found my host well instructed in such matters, and I regretted when the evening came to a close.

It is curious to observe the peculiarities of nations in small matters. With us "good night" may be said when we take leave of each other after dark at any hour; but the Italian says "felicissima notte"—"the happiest night to you," only once, and that is when the candles or flickering lamp is brought into the room. On going to bed, they will often exclaim "felici sogni"—"happy dreams to you," or "dormite bene"—"a good sleep to you."

I was warned by my friends at Roseto that little intercourse was kept up with the eastern part of Italy except by sea, and that I would find the coast for the last fifty miles in approaching Taranto so barren and ill-furnished with water that it would be no easy task to accomplish the enterprise. I have learned, however, to look with considerable scepticism on the reports of even the most intelligent Italians as to difficulties; they are so little accustomed to exertion, and the climate makes them so unwilling to move, that they cannot understand what a resolute spirit can accomplish, who refuses to introduce into his vocabulary the word "impossible." Onward I was resolved to go, till I knocked my head against an impenetrable wall, and you will be amused to see how gradually one difficulty after another disappeared.

The coast continued of the same uninteresting character as yesterday. I passed the dry channels of several mountain streams, which evidently contained a large body of water during the winter season; at this moment not a particle could be seen. At last I reached the picturesque banks of the river Sinno, the ancient Siris, which was finely wooded, and covered with a profusion of flowers in full blossom. Nothing could exceed the beauty of this secluded spot; it was a perfect paradise, and I could not help thinking that some of Ariosto's descriptions must have been derived from what I saw before me. I refer to that beautiful description of an arbour (Orland. Fur., vi. 20), with which all readers of Ariosto are so well acquainted:

Non vide nè 'l più bel nè 'l più giocondo,
Da tutta l'aria ove le penne stese,
Nè, se tutto cercato avesse il mondo,
Vedria di questo il più gentil paëse;
Ove, dopo un girarsi di gran tondo,
Con Ruggiér seco il grande augél discese.
Culte pianure, e delicati colli,
Chiare acque, ombrose ripe, e prati molli.

Vaghi boschetti di soävi allori,
Di palme, e di amenissime mortelle,
Cedri, ed aranci, che avéan frutti e fiori
Contesti in varie forme, e tutte belle,
Facéan riparo ai férvidi calori
De' giorni estivi con lor spesse ombrelle;
E tra quei rami con sicuri voli
Cantando se ne giano i rosignuoli.

A more delightful place, wherever hurl'd
Through the whole air, Rogero had not found;
And, had he ranged the universal world,
Would not have seen a lovelier in his round
Than that, where, wheeling wide, the courser furl'd
His spreading wings, and lighted on the ground,
'Mid cultivated plain, delicious hill,
Moist meadow, shady bank, and crystal rill.

Small thickets, with the scented laurel gay,
Cedar and orange, full of fruit and flower,
Myrtle and palm, with interwoven spray,
Pleached in mixed modes, all lovely, form a bower,
And, breaking with their shade the scorching ray,
Make a cool shelter from the noontide hour,
And nightingales among those branches wing
Their flight, and safely amorous descants sing.

I gazed with delight on such a scene, and thought that the vivid imagination of the poets was exceeded by the reality of nature. The wonderful beauty of the flowers has made it to be supposed that the gardens of the inhabitants of Heraclea, situated some three miles distant, must have been at this spot, and that these flowers had been introduced by them. Numerous flowering creepers hung in graceful festoons from the branches of the poplar; the underwood consisting of the lentiscus, thorn, wild vine, oleander, arbutus, and sweet bay. The dwarf oak abounds everywhere along this coast, and the liquorice plant grows wild and in great luxuriance. It was the rich plains in this neighbourhood that occasioned many wars between the inhabitants of Tarentum and Sybaris, and which induced the latter city to found Metapontum, in order that the Tarentines might be excluded from the Siritis. I have no doubt that the nature of the soil is as rich and productive as it was in those days, but there is no population to turn it to account. Since I left Roseto, I have only seen in the distance one or two small villages, perched picturesquely on conical-shaped hills at some distance from the sea, and have not encountered a single human being. The Sinno is a considerable stream even at this season of the year, and we know that, in ancient times, it is said to have been navigable for several miles into the interior. I passed it about a mile from its mouth on the back of my mule, and I am sure that at present no vessel could ascend it except a very flat-bottomed boat. I attempted to penetrate to the sea along its left bank, but I got so involved in marshy ground and thick brushwood, like what I had seen at Pæstum, that I gave it up in despair. I cannot believe that any city can have been situated in this direction, unless the nature of the ground has been much changed. When I left the banks of the Sinno, which were certainly very beautiful, the appearance of the country no longer bears any resemblance to the glowing description given to it by the poet

Archilochus, who asserts that there was no spot more lovely than the country round Siris. His words, as quoted by Athenæus (xii. p. 523, c.), are the following, and they show what the state of this district was B.C. 660:

Οὐ γάρ τι καλὸς χῶρος, οὐδ' ἐφίμερος,
Οὐδ' ἐρατὸς, διος ἀμφὶ Σίριος ῥοάς.

"For there is not a spot on earth so sweet, or lovely, or desirable, as that which is around the streams of Siris."

The sand, which has choked up the mouth of the river, renders the neighbourhood marshy, and, combining with the Agri, makes the whole coast for many miles a complete desert. This is a strange contrast to its former state, when its inhabitants rivalled the Sybarites in riches, as well as in the luxury and profligacy of their habits.

Proceeding four miles farther, I reached a few houses, which I found to be called Policoro, one of which was a resting-place for muleteers; and though it was miserable, I was not sorry to rest a few hours. I had hired a muleteer at Cassano to continue with me as far as Policoro, which I imagined to be a village, and where I thought I might procure another mule to carry me forward to Tarento. In this, however, I was disappointed, as the few people in the vicinity were employed in getting in their scanty harvest, and nothing could induce them to leave their labours in the field. I then had recourse to the muleteer who had accompanied me from Cassano, and offered him his own terms if he would continue with me to Tarento; but he declared that he had no passport, and that, if he accompanied me, he would certainly fall into the hands of the police, and be arrested. One of his friends had not long ago been caught without a passport, and a month's imprisonment had been a warning not to be forgotten by all his fraternity. Here, then, I seemed fairly pulled up; I had to pass two deep rivers without bridge or boat, and then had to creep about thirty miles along a sandy beach without a particle of water, and all this was to be accomplished under a burning sun. Even if I managed to reach Tarento, the chances were that I should be laid up by fever. I inquired for the most important person in the neighbourhood, and was referred to the agent of the Prince of Gerace, to whom the property in this neighbourhood chiefly belongs. He received me with great kindness, telling me, however, that it would be impossible to find a mule here almost at any period of the year. He regretted that he could be of no essential service to me; and as I found that there were a few houses about six miles farther on, at a spot called Scanzana, I resolved to proceed forward, if I could manage to get across the river Agri and sleep there, trusting that something might turn up to relieve me from my difficulty. This gentleman offered to send his cart, drawn by buffaloes, to ferry me across, and I need not say that I thankfully accepted his offer. Though he is agent for the management of this large estate, he is obliged to reside six miles distant, at Montalbano, from the unhealthy state of the atmosphere in the vicinity of the sea. From the middle of June malaria renders this spot uninhabitable to all except a few wretched peasants, whose pale, emaciated appearance confirmed the statements that I heard. I do not doubt that it is caused by the overflow of the rivers, which were in former times confined within their banks, and the malaria might be obviated by the same means that rendered this very

spot a healthy residence for thousands of inhabitants. Before I proceeded, I wished to examine the site of the ancient city Heracleia, situated about half a mile nearer the sea. This city was founded by the inhabitants of Tarentum after the destruction of Siris, and is chiefly remarkable as being the seat of the general council of the Greek states. The country, as I approached the ruins, was covered with thick brushwood; they are about a mile from the shore, as far as I could judge, and can be traced here and there for a quarter of a mile. There are foundations of buildings of considerable size, but, though I examined in all directions, I could see no columns to indicate the position of the temple. Here, however, have been found many coins, bronzes, and other remains of antiquity; and, within a short distance of the spot, the bronze tables, commonly known as the Tabulæ Heracleenses, one of the most interesting monuments of antiquity, were found last century. They contain a long Latin inscription relating to the municipal regulations of Heracleia. This curious document is engraved on two tables of bronze, at the back of which is found a long Greek inscription of a much earlier date, but of inferior interest. The flourishing state of the arts in this town is proved by the beauty and variety of its coins. What a change from the busy scenes of former days! It is now haunted by the wild buffalo, who are reared in large numbers here, and droves of untamed horses were seen galloping through the open glades.

REMINISCENCES OF EMINENT MEN.*

"In the characters that are outlined in these volumes," writes the veteran author, "the reader must expect only shadow profiles of the names of those recorded. No full effect is intended. No filling up a picture as executed by an artist, having the various tints and hues of colour with which nature distinguishes the living subject. These notices, therefore, are but as those likenesses which are often taken off on paper against a wall by candlelight. Memory can do no more in the exhibition of its artistic skill. Yet is the shade thus afforded of the partial features of the departed a relic which may be cherished in the absence of the more efficient picture."

It would ill become us to criticise the faintness of these outlines, since, with the exception of a few old Cornish celebrities, most of the persons figuring in Mr. Cyrus Redding's volumes became known to him in his capacity of editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. What is wanting in personality is also fully made up by disquisitions of character, and its influence on the times, with the reaction of the times themselves, upon the literature and policy of the epoch; and this to a veteran who ranks among his acquaintance General Tench, of the Marines, who embarked with the military that took out the first settlers and convicts to Sydney in 1788-9, extends over no small amount of time, and embraces no little variety of experience.

* Personal Reminiscences of Eminent Men. By Cyrus Redding. In Three Volumes. Saunders, Otley, and Co.

Writing of his old quarters in Upper Berkeley-street, Mr. Redding says, when he now passes them, they seem a memento of men and incidents that have become shadows; "still I fancy I see some haunting the place—remarkable men who have passed away; many no more; some at the antipodes; some on the American continent, and in Australia—names that are remembered, and will continue to be for a long time to come. Such recurrences are melancholy enough, and too often turn the past to pain. I think of little Dundas Cochrane, who walked all the way from Lisbon to Kamschatka, and called eating raw frozen fish a luxury; Morocco Jackson, and Dr. Clark, and Henry Matthews, the brother of Byron's friend of the same name, who died in Ceylon; and Thomas Campbell, and Sheil the politician, and Miller the gallant general, and Haydon the painter, and Curran and Talfourd, and Graham and Hunt."

This à propos of Sir Thomas Wyse, connected with whom, we are told, that there is still extant a work on Jerusalem, with topographical details laid down on a large scale from measurements made by Sir Thomas with scrupulous exactitude. Murray declined to publish the survey on account of the great expense it would entail; but in the present days, when so much money is asked for to obtain new measurements, it would be well to have the means of comparing them with those made in older times.

Like all men with a strong bias and inveterate party feeling, Mr. Redding generally reserves his depreciatory criticisms for those who held opposite views. Nor does he fly at little game, for the Duke of Wellington and Sir Walter Scott are nibbled at with the remorseless perseverance of——Well, we will not say what; but in one instance one of his own clique is made to suffer through the person of his wife:

"All the world knows how unfortunate Lord Holland was in his marriage. Hospitable receptions at Holland House were darkened by her ladyship's shadow. It was not difficult to obtain her civilities by a species of attention which every well-bred man knows how to pay. But she gave herself great airs at times, notwithstanding. The drawing-room there, now so long desolate, where the kindness, the urbanity, and the real goodness of heart of Lord Holland alone made some of his guests endure what they never would else have endured—that room, who can forget? Yet there were some individuals who at last declined the hospitable invitations of his lordship. Foscolo, with his impatient temper and ordinary person, especially when excited, which a few words, even from a lady, would sometimes do—Foscolo felt Lady Holland's conduct towards him so marked, that he kept away. Nothing would at last make him even call there, while he openly acknowledged Lord Holland's great goodness to him.

"'I would not go to heaven with Lady Holland; I would go to hell with Lord Holland!'

"Her ladyship would render young men particularly uncomfortable by some line of conduct hardly of moment in itself, but such as was easily interpreted in the mind of sensitive youth to be so. Once I remember 'being told' that one of Lord Holland's guests—a young man and a stranger—having some sort of perfume in his pocket-handkerchief, her ladyship desired the bell to be rung" (by the youthful visitor?), "and, on the servant's appearance, gave an order for one of her own handkerchiefs

to be brought and presented to him, begging he would exchange it, as she could not endure the odour.

"Campbell at last left off going to Holland House, she being offended with him because he had the audacity to question the pronunciation she gave to some word—I forget what it was at this distance of time."

Ugo Foscolo, here noticed, wrote one or two articles in English for the *New Monthly*; but, seeing his difficulty, Mr. Redding persuaded him to write them in easy Italian, and Colburn, the proprietor of the work, got them translated. Sometimes Foscolo would fancy the translation was not what he intended it should be, and he would get into a rage with the translator and with Colburn himself. In the *New Monthly* he wrote an article called "Learned Ladies," his first essay. This was followed by the "Revolution in Naples." Foscolo then lodged in Bond-street, and wrote papers there on the poetry of M. Angelo, of Guido Cavalcante, Pietro della Vigne, Frederick II., and numerous others. He resided subsequently on South Bank.

"I took the place of him," Mr. Redding relates, "when he left it to enter another next door, which he got built for himself. This cottage he had called Digamma Cottage, and affixed that name to it. He took away the name when he quitted it for his new residence, and placed it upon the new door. The word puzzled the tradesmen's boys who came for orders. Some said that Digamma meant "die game;" but all knew that an odd foreign gentleman, whose name began with an F., lived there. It was after he left Digamma Cottage, about a year and a little more before his decease, that he published his "Discorso sulla Testa di Dante."

We believe that the last days of Ugo Foscolo were soothed by the attentions of Dr. G. F. Collier—himself an author of repute—and at whose house in Chiswick he died. "If genius," says Mr. Redding, "were free from faults, it would soar too high above the region of mortality. Foscolo had his share, but they were for the most part constitutional."

The subject of the faults or errors of genius brings to mind a statement made elsewhere by Mr. Redding, in proof that modesty must be ranked among the most venal, and which, coming as it does from a person of his extensive experience, is not comforting to young ambitions.

"There is something singular," says Mr. Redding, "in an individual seeking literary fame out of the great world. However meritorious his writings may be, when he is not mistaken in the estimate of his own talents, he cannot hope for success unless he appear in the locality where the conveniences of traffic are found. The venality of trade must be called into action in various ways to attract that attention to those works, let their merit be what it may, that are drawn forth to public notice, and eulogised after the art of the publisher, who acts as master of the ceremonies for the occasion. No error is more painful than that of writers who are credulous enough to imagine, let their merits be high as they may, that the public will find them out, and by such merits, if their own vanity do not prompt them wrong in regard to their value. If they are sterling, they will no more be valued than as if they were of baser metal. The value reposes not upon the skill of the musician, but upon the loudness of the notes trumpeted by the more powerful lungs."

Virtute ambire oportet, non favitoribus
Sat habet favitorum semper, qui recte facit,

is the only answer we can give to such a tirade. Whoever is successful attributes it to his own merits; those who are unsuccessful challenge the merits of others.

The observations, however, should be read in connexion with the case which suggests them—that of the Rev. E. Polwhele—a scholar and a literary man of considerable merit, and yet little known out of his own county.

The author's liberal and enlightened sentiments come out strongly when treating of General Miller, who fought a noble cause in the liberation of the South American Republic. "No ambition," says Mr. Redding, "is so lawless and unforgiving as that of a priesthood—none so wary in action—none so fraudulent and deceptive in pretension. These truths were never more clearly shown than in the history of South America, adding, of course, Mexico in the North. From the time of Pizarro to the late revolution, the history of religion in the New World is one of revolting crime, in which the Established Church was the principal instrument and instigator." The same remarks might apply to the obstinacy of the Pontiff of Rome, who would rather deluge the Continent with blood, and tear asunder the unity and sovereignty of Italy, than relinquish to them the capital of the country and his temporal power.

An anecdote not very creditable to the liberal party is related à propos of Madame Dufour. It would appear that Robespierre, like Dumouriez, was prepared at the time of his downfal to turn traitor to his country. A nameless individual was, we are told, in the cabinet of the Emperor of Austria at the moment when the death of Robespierre was announced, and he relates that, on hearing it, the emperor placed both his hands to his head with an exclamation of deep regret, remaining in that position for several minutes. "The individual to whom I allude was greatly surprised. This the emperor perceiving, said to him, 'M. le Marquis, you seem surprised at my chagrin! Well, then, I will tell you that if Robespierre had survived, in six weeks I should have been in possession of Alsace and Lorraine.' "

Mr. Redding's article on the Duke of Wellington scarcely comes within the category of personal reminiscences. His acquaintance seems rather to have been with a Monsieur de Sodre, who had been sometime Portuguese secretary to the Duke, and whose character does not appear to have been altogether exemplary. When in the Peninsula, he was fond of telling most marvellous stories to those at table who were grouped near him. Sometimes, after dinner, over his wine, his rodomontades caused a cachinnation on those near him, when the Duke would call out:

"What is that, De Sodre?—some of your d—d stories again, I suppose!"

At the time when Mr. Redding became acquainted with De Sodre in Paris, the dispute ran high between Portugal and Spain about Monte Video. The *Times* supported the Spaniards. De Sodre got Mr. Redding to write two letters to the *Morning Chronicle*, for which twenty guineas apiece was charged for insertion; but the writer never got a sou for his pains. So, it appears, that liberals can be as illiberal

as the most conservative—of their pockets. This precious scamp boasted that, as secretary to the Duke, he possessed many records which the Duke could have no desire for the world to see. Mr. Redding very properly advised him to let the Duke know indirectly that he had kept a journal, and thought of publishing it. But, in the mean time, he ran away with the daughter of a French officer then in Corsica, in consequence of which the lady was brought back from Madrid, and De Sodre's property in Lisbon was confiscated.

Mr. Redding says he contributed two papers to Colburn's old series of his magazine in 1820, and Sir T. N. Talfourd had made about the same amount of contributions, when Colburn announced his intention of enlarging the publication considerably, and of appointing Campbell as editor. But (an old story) it was soon found that Campbell "had neither experience nor patience for the drudgery of editor." At first, Du Bois was invited to compile and write what was called the third volume, which was devoted to politics, the fine arts, the stage, and local and foreign intelligence. But Du Bois, quarrelling with Campbell, Mr. Redding took his place, with Talfourd for the theatrical criticisms, and John Hunt the fine arts. Soon afterwards all the original papers came to Redding, and he continued in this position up to 1830.

"The *New Monthly*," Mr. Redding says, "had an astonishing sale; yet Lamb, Coleridge, Talfourd, Elton, and the whole Temple scholars of Lamb (the Cockney school, as *Blackwood* called them), could never make any impression on the public with a like work in union, however they gratified numerous readers by their works separately. It was *toujours perdrix* that was the cause—too much of the same thing from many lips. The meetings of an evening at Lamb's chambers, to sup on beefsteaks, drink porter, and talk in a friendly way about the class of literature that was to carry all before it, did not produce the expected effect. Good and clever fellows they were, but the public is an animal of a progeny between the mule and the lynx, and the tendencies of both animals must be consulted!"

Mr. Redding writes kindly of Leigh Hunt. "For my own part," he says, "I cannot forget the many agreeable hours I passed with Leigh Hunt. He had faults, and was much censured about many matters; but his position was one that required a continual exercise of the mind, and consequent neglect of other affairs. He was an excellent classical scholar, and most interesting in conversation in regard to literature, and with a taste in some things peculiar, certain to cast new lights on points at issue." And he adds: "Time is the touchstone of truth. Leigh Hunt did not die until he had seen and felt the full satisfaction of his past sufferings in this fact—one of the most gratifying in our humanity—that he had suffered only for being in advance of his time; while his persecutors were every day dropping into the rear until they were scarcely distinguishable."

We had marked some further extracts from these varied and entertaining volumes; but must fain content ourselves with the hope that we have done enough to show that to those who like thoughtful, philosophic, and intellectual reading, these three volumes of so-called "reminiscences," but in reality of literary and political disquisitions, will be as a mine of wealth.

KASSALA:

THE CENTRAL EGYPTIAN OUTPOST IN ABYSSINIA.

KASSALA, the capital of the province of Taka, in Abyssinia, on the extreme limit of the Egyptian frontier in its most central point, and situated upon a river well supplied with fresh water during a large portion of the year—the Mareb, or Khor al Gash—borders on the province of Basa, or Basé, which corresponds in part to the ancient Auxume, and through which country a route is practicable into the heart of Abyssinia. The town itself is fortified, being the principal arsenal and garrison of Eastern Upper Egypt, and from six to eight thousand troops are usually quartered in the district. Many of these are, however, natives of Sūdan, and not always well affected—in fact, at times in open mutiny against the government in whose service they are employed. The surrounding country is also inhabited by numerous tribes of warlike Arabs, subject to the Egyptian government, but whose allegiance is little to be depended upon.

Kassala is situated on a nearly level plain, watered by tributaries to the Khor al Gash, marshy during the rainy season, and arid at the dry season, but still clad in parts with forest trees and shrubs, and other permanent vegetation, and probably always more or less fertile. This plain is backed to the south by a group of naked granitic rocks, which rise abruptly out of the surrounding level, and tower to a considerable height, assuming the most fantastic shapes. These rocks are known as the Jebel Kassala. The same plain extends to some distance to the east, where is the town of Sabderat, on the Khor el Mah, or the "river bed with water"—a significant name in this region of drought—and situated at the foot of the Mokran chain, as stony and arid-looking as Jebel Kassala, and with as stern, but not quite so varied, an outline.

There are quadrangular barracks without the town in the gardens to the east, and on the caravan route to Suakim, which route is further protected by a garrison at Agahl, near Fillik—a town or hunting station also situated on the Khor al Gash, which is itself a tributary at certain seasons to the Black Nile, at others loses itself in marshes, which were the old hunting-grounds for elephants in the time of the Ptolemys, and at others is a mere dry bed, from which, however, water is said to be easily procurable by boring. There are also barracks for Bashi-Bozuk (men without a head or chief), or irregular native cavalry, and for police, within the town, near the Suakim gate. Outside the town is a market for camels and other beasts of burden, as also a large space reserved for the encampment of Hadandawa, Hallunga, and Jiyalin, or, by ellipsis, Jalyn Arabs. The more powerful tribes of the Shukariyah and Bisharyn Arabs do not appear to frequent the market, but a few Tūkrūri negroes from the region of Katarif find their way thither.

Massawah and Kassala are the existing outposts of the Turks in their encroachments upon a people whom Earl Russell, in his despatch of May 29, 1862, described as members of a Christian Church in spiritual communion with the Established Church of England, and yet whom the

Porte persisted, when Mr. Finn and Mr. Moore, English consuls at Jerusalem, vindicated their rights to their ancient convent in the Holy City, in designating as Copts and Rayahs—that is to say, Christian subjects. Mr. Finn, indeed, long ago pointed out that, in order to afford to the Abyssinians any efficient protection against their powerful enemies and oppressors, it would be necessary to procure their recognition by the Porte as foreigners, and as under British protection; foretelling, what has since occurred, that, unless this could be done, they would be deprived of their property in Jerusalem in favour of the Copts, with whom, according to Consul-General Eldridge, the Turkish authorities persisted in treating them as identical, and obstinately denied the right of the English consul to intervene in their affairs.

We have already had occasion to explain the origin of an act of injustice which so grievously irritated the Emperor of Abyssinia against the English, in the abrupt dismissal of the Coptic abuna, or patriarch, from the court of Abyssinia. We have also shown that, although the Abyssinian Church is in spiritual communion with the Coptic, it is not Coptic, nor are the Abyssinians Copts. It remains to show, then, that the possession of the line of country extending from Suakim and Massawah by Kassala to Katarif—so minutely and carefully described by Carl Graf Krockow von Wickerode on the occasion of his visit to the missionaries at Mattamah, as also by Sir S. W. Baker—does not in any way constitute the people of Abyssinia "rayahs" or subjects of the Porte. A moment's glance at the map is sufficient to establish this important fact. It has no historical or political basis upon which it can be made to rely, and, even on the line here described, the tenure of the Turks is only local and limited; at Katarif and Tomat only nominal, and without the fortified precincts of Kassala, Massawah, and a few other strong places, virtually null and void, not so much from the hostility of the Abyssinians, with whom they only occasionally come in contact, but from that of their own co-religionaries, the Arabs, by whom they are surrounded.

In the time of Sir Samuel Baker's journey up the Black Nile, one of the chiefs of the Shukariyah Arabs, variously designated as Mek Nimmur and Melek Nimr, or Nimmur—that is, "king, leopard, or panther"—being a vassal of Theodorus, he maintained a constant guerilla warfare against the Turks, until Tussū Gūbazī, one of the principal Abyssinian chiefs in rebellion against the emperor, slew him, with a view to conciliate the Turks. The chief thus maltreated by his Abyssinian friends was son and successor of the Melek Nimr, who burnt Ismael Pasha, the son of Muhammad Ali, during the first invasion of the country of the Upper Nile, nearly fifty years ago, and Tussū Gūbazī accused him of constantly intriguing and fomenting quarrels between Theodorus and the Turks, and of being, in a great degree, the cause of the imprisonment of the English by Theodorus!

"Divide et impera," it has been justly remarked upon this act of border treachery, has always been the maxim of the Egyptian Turks in their incessant advance towards the south. The miserable result of this internecine warfare has, doubtless, been, ere this, the annexation of the tract of country marked on the map as Melek Nimr's territory; whilst Tussū Gūbazī's blind affection for his Mussulman neighbours will only have served to open to them a road into the very heart of Abyssinia, thereby adding to the political combinations already more than suffi-

ciently numerous. For, be it remarked, that if, as has been said, the Egyptians intend to place an army of observation on the frontiers of Abyssinia, pending the settling of English difficulties with its emperor, the main points at their disposal are precisely those here referred to—Massawah, Kassala, and Katarif—and how far beyond these points it would be difficult to say, for, as Sayyid Pasha was fond of boasting, the limits of Egypt are so very elastic!

It is the same on the Blue Nile as it is on the Black Nile, and to which latter Kassala is the Turkish key. The celebrated kingdom of Senaar, now no longer in existence, was not subjected by the Egyptians without a fierce struggle, which, in some outlying districts, is still maintained, and Mr. Dufton assures us that even those who have submitted still bear a deep hate against their oppressors. It was the knowledge of their aversion which partly induced the King of Abyssinia to send his threatening message to the Pasha of Egypt, stating that, as Emperor of Ethiopia, he had a right to the dominions of his ancestors—meaning thereby Senaar, and even Dongola. Achmet Abū Sin, Sultan of the Shukariyah Arabs, was one of the last to hold out, in ancient Meroë, against the Egyptian invasion; but "the grand old patriarch," as he has been designated, is now ruler, under the Turks, of all the Arab tribes on the Black Nile.

It was for going to Kassala and holding intercourse with the Turks of that out-port that Consul Cameron in part incurred the displeasure of Theodorus. One of the chief charges brought, indeed, by the King of Abyssinia against the English consul was, that instead of going to Massawah, after his first visit to his majesty, he went among the Turks, who were his enemies (viz. to Kassala). "I suppose," remarked Cameron upon this, "as being in the Egyptian territory, as he considers that his quarrel with the Turks is limited to Egypt, and has nothing to do with Turkey." And he (Cameron) "abused him while there." Upon which the consul observes, "How, is not known." Mr. Flad also, in a letter to the Earl of Clarendon, in which he attributes all the misfortunes that have befallen the Europeans in Abyssinia to one Bardel, a Frenchman, details the following conversation:

"King—What for did you go to my enemies to Kassala?

"Consul Cameron—Some Arab tribes have stolen cows from Hamarin (the Hamran Sword-hunters of Baker), and I went down to Kassala to speak to the Egyptian government that they must be restored.

"King—It was not your business to interfere. Who told you to do so? Neither I myself, nor your queen, gave you orders to go down to Kassala."

It will be in the memory of our readers how eagerly the Secretary and Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, representing the late government, hastened to repudiate all connexion with Consul Cameron's eccentric movements; but to seriously attribute the hostility of the emperor to such a cause, however much it may have excited his jealousy and anger, would be to ignore all the various phases of his arbitrary proceedings for the past few years—his various excuses for putting the different Europeans in chains being manifestly of so frivolous a character as to cover a deeper object, the possible basis of which may be found in Mr. Flad's communication, to the effect that Bardel reported in Abyssinia

that the English government would send no answer to the king, because they liked the Egyptians better than him; that he "put the existing suspicion against Mr. Rassam and the English government into the heart of the king, and had advised him to take hostages from England, else they would revenge themselves, after they have liberated their subjects."

Colonel Merewether notices the rumour current in Abyssinia that it is contemplated by the Egyptian government to take advantage of the complications presented by that country being engaged in war with England, to advance troops to the frontier of Abyssinia for the purpose of settling old boundary disputes, and for further operations, as opportunity may offer. Colonel Sir H. Green, a distinguished officer of the Bombay army, also asserts that, being at Algiers, he saw a train of light guns, suitable for mountain warfare, ready for embarkation. These, he was told, had been prepared for the purpose of being sent to Alexandria for the use of the Egyptian government in its projected operations against Abyssinia; it was also said that French officers would accompany the artillery, to assist, and to do duty with, the Egyptian forces. Such movements, when official inquiries were instituted by her Majesty's government in France and in Egypt, were naturally denied and repudiated. The time had not yet come for putting such in force, even if ever contemplated. But it is impossible not to see in the clamours of Monsieur le Comte du Bisson, to the effect that, as a result of the invasion of Abyssinia, the Red Sea will become an English lake, and the piercing of the isthmus will have been carried out for the benefit of the same country, added to the recent rumours of the leasing of the railway from Alexandria to Suez by a French company, and the conversion of the ruler of Tigray and his people to Romanism, under the promise of French protection, how strong the feeling of hostility to England is in respect to the regions now in question. England, once in possession of Abyssinia, could, indeed, control the fate of Egypt, far more than even were her supremacy at sea placed upon a more indubitable foundation than it really is. It is not surprising, then, that France, which has always looked upon the long valley of the Nile as her natural legacy upon the breaking up of the Muhammadan Empire, should view even the temporary occupation of Abyssinia by the English with feelings of distrust and ill-concealed hostility.

Upon such a delicate question we can only say with the veteran traveller and missionary Krapf, whom we are glad to see has got an appointment on the expedition, "It is to be hoped that the British government will not overlook the present rightful opportunity of interfering with that distracted and unfortunate country, which has all things but an enlightened and good ruler. I feel most sorry that England must act in a hostile manner against Abyssinia, which has received nothing but benefits from the English. England has sent costly presents to the rulers of Tigray, through Mr. Salt; of Shoa, through Major Harris; and of Amhara, through Ras Ali. Besides, England has several times prevented Muhammad Ali, Pasha of Egypt, from conquering Abyssinia. And now this very England is compelled to assume a hostile attitude against a country which ungratefully is pushing away the hand of friendship. But it must come so in order that Eastern Africa should be drawn into the world's movement, and that England should be, against her will,

compelled to be on her guard, and to secure her standing-point in the Red Sea and her avenues to India, when the great Oriental crisis will come on with the tremendous waves of a raging sea—perhaps at no distant period."

Kassala has not been unlucky to Consul Cameron alone. It has not been a bed of roses to its Egyptian holders. When Rassam was at Kassala, on his way to the emperor, there had been not long previously a mutiny on the part of the Sūdan troops; and Rassam was detained at the same place, "on account of the great objection the Sūdan cameleers seemed to have against serving Europeans or Turks." (Blue Book, page 5.)

The town, which at the time of Sir S. W. Baker's visit contained a population of eight thousand souls, exclusive of military, was almost deserted. Of four regiments that had mutinied, about eight hundred men only had escaped destruction. These had been seized and imprisoned, with their wives and children, and they were so inadequately provided for, that they were dying in great numbers, and instead of their remains receiving proper interment, they were suffered to be thrown in ditches outside the town for the hyænas to devour. Whilst Rassam was riding one afternoon in the suburbs of the town, he saw three bodies of wretched mutineers in this sickening state. That portion of the inhabitants who escaped the fury of the mutineers left the place, and sought refuge amongst the more peaceable neighbouring tribes. There were no eatables to be had in the place save bad meat and millet, and even the highest Turkish officials had not tasted anything but bread made of that grain for the last five months. Besides the anarchy and bloodshed, Rassam also describes cholera and deadly fevers as being the scourge of the place from the month of July to October; and even while he was there in November, 1865, nearly one-tenth of the garrison was laid up with one kind of disease or another.

Sir Samuel Baker also admits the exceeding unhealthiness of Kassala during the wet season, which commences in June and continues until the middle of September. A peculiar fly (the Sīrūt—the original Beelzebub) also appears with the first rains, which destroys all domestic animals, "and would utterly vanquish an army by annihilating the beasts of transport." Hence the Arabs migrate with their flocks and herds at that season, and congregate in the desert about Guzurajup or Güz-Rajup, ninety-six miles north of Kassala, which at that season abounds in pasturage, is extremely healthy and free from the fly, which is more fatal even than the tsetse of the Zambesi.

Yet did Sir Samuel Baker advocate this as the line of approach for the liberation of the captives, upon the ground that Suakim is the most available port, and, being under an Egyptian governor, any number of camels could be collected from the Arab tribes, with the necessary water-skins for the desert journey, and that it is the point from which radiate the regular caravan routes to Kassala, and the direct route for all military operations from Egypt. But he at the same time advocated the advance of a division from Khartūm by the Blue Nile, the Matammah, or chief town of Kallabat, and the principal market of the west of Abyssinia. Abyssinia was, he argued, to be attacked from the entire line of the Egyptian frontier, with two distinct bases for operations—Khartūm and

Kassala. Theodorus would be taken in the rear by a division at Faz-oghlu, with which place there is steam communication from Khartūm, "and his retreat cut off," while an advance of four thousand Indian troops, from Kassala into Tigray, would form a nucleus for the rebels already in arms against the king to rally around.

Mr. Dufton was also inclined to advocate the same line of approach, on account of the facilities of road and transport, and of the assistance that would be derived from the co-operation of the Egyptians and of the Arab tribes hostile to Abyssinia. But, laying aside the many objections which present themselves to an intimate alliance with Egypt, the excuse it would afford for the Turks overrunning a Christian country, and the complications it would bring about with other European powers, equally strong objections present themselves in the distance of the proposed line to the real base of operations, which must be Aden and the Red Sea. It is precisely on the opposite side of Abyssinia. Those who have read Baker's work, and the excellent résumé of Von Wickerode's journey from Suakim by Kassala to Kallabat, will feel that the road, although said to present some facilities, is one which would also present many difficulties and sources of privation; and, what is worse, as the invading force would have admittedly to advance from Kassala by Tigray into Amhara, it would not only in reality gain nothing by a long march of twenty days, but it would be farther off from the scene of operations at the expiration of that march than when landing at Zula or Adule, or at almost any point of the coast south of Annesley Bay.

The Egyptians, holding as they do Faz-oghlu, in Senaar, would be just as much a check upon Theodorus's retreat with his prisoners into his native fastnesses of Kuara, or Kwara, as an Anglo-Indian force would be in the same hot and unhealthy valley of the Blue Nile. It is to be feared that no amount of demonstrations on the latter river, or its tributaries, would prevent a successful retreat south of Lake Tzana. The only hopes that can be indulged in of such not being carried out lie in the hostility of the people of Shoa, of Gojam, and of the Gallas, to the Emperor Theodorus; and as to the province of Kuara, it could be invaded, if necessary, with greater facility from the populous, fertile, and healthy regions around Lake Tzana, than from the Egyptian side, or from the low valleys of the tributaries to the Blue Nile.

Kassala is surrounded by a wall of clay, fourteen to sixteen feet high, strengthened by several embrasures and bastions, a gate to the east, and one to the west, being the entrances to the fortress and capital of the land of Taka. The shores of the Khor al Gash are distant one hundred and fifty feet from the wall on the west of the town, the space intervening between the bed of the river and the wall being occupied by numbers of straw huts and gardens, in which live a tribe of Tūkrūri negroes and their chief. The Hadandawa, Halunga, and Jiyalin Arabs are among the wandering tribes settled on the north, while to the right of the eastern gate is a hospital and fortified barracks, with the ruins of many former buildings; and upon the south side are again huts, tents, gardens, and cultivated fields. The majestic Jebel Kassala, rising in stupendous masses three thousand feet above the level of the earth, is about three miles off, a forest of palms eternally green encircling the great rugged summits, like a verdant wreath on the hoary head of an

old man. Behind extend sand-plains to the foot of the Mokran hills, while still more remote are the points of Sabdirat, Al-gadan, and a few barren rocks. Among them is the Abu Gaml, or "Father of Camels."

The inner town of Kassala is situated on a large plain, having in the centre an open square, surrounded by mud walls, the rest divided into narrow, irregular streets of dirty houses, harems, shops, and the government offices. The latter consists of the divan, or reception-room of the governor, the post-office, the treasury, the prison, the guard-room, the magazines, and the stables. The divan is approached by some ill-made steps, conducting to the audience-chamber through a long ante-room, generally filled with soldiers, servants, and slaves. The audience-chamber is twenty yards long and fifteen yards broad, being built of clay, with a floor of the same made perfectly flat, and during the heat of the day it is often sprinkled with water. Round the walls runs a bank of earth, covered with palm-mats. The governor sits upon a raised couch, the scribe crouched on the ground at his feet writing, and every one smoking without restraint, or without any breach of etiquette.

The post-office has two or three wretched steps leading to a platform destitute of balusters, nine feet long and four feet broad. At the end of this is a clumsy door, nailed together, standing open during the day, and at night closed with a padlock. The office consists of a saloon built of mud, twenty feet long and ten feet broad. Within stand two large chests, with cramp-irons and padlocks; one for the letters that have arrived, the other for those to be despatched. Two young men, who smoke gay-coloured paper cigarettes, have the management, and they will, on the payment of a certain sum, write any description of letter, address, or other composition. There are also young scribes, boys who draw up petitions for the begging Hadandawas, on the receipt of one or two piastres. The letter is then handed to the father or uncle of the young writer, and if any mistake is discovered it is returned, and the little rascal will, after much bargaining, procure a second fee of one and a half piastres for the alteration.

Under such circumstances it is easy to see how much the ignorant natives are in the power of the grasping, deceitful officials; and as those seeking retribution seldom receive it, the inhabitants of the desert shun the town, the crafty officials, and hungry soldiers.

The market is held daily, morning and evening, and supplies, besides articles of food, spices, pepper, and tobacco, in the open booths, also European goods, tools, earthenware, china, Turkish shoes, coffee, sugar, soap, tarbusches, knives, small looking-glasses, scissors, and watches, at extravagant prices. Matches from a manufactory at Vienna are to be had at a cheap rate, but they are often spoiled. Among the native products there are a few vegetables, fruits, eggs, poultry, milk, dhurra, gum, skins, honey, ivory, and wax. The Jiyalin Arabs are deeply involved in a secret sale of slaves, and transportation of them to Suakim and Jiddah. Progress is difficult in the market-place, as a path has to be forced through a stream of dark-coloured people, the greater number with the upper part of the body uncovered, and armed with sticks and gleaming lances. Here some people offer straw mats, which are spread out on the ground for inspection; there, piled up in little heaps, is some tobacco for sale, and perhaps four or five dark people of the wilderness engaged in

earnest conversation, cowering near them. Other dealers have dried dates in leathern bags, while under the shade of a few palm-leaves will be seen one or two old black women selling sour milk in dark porous jars, fluid butter, and common oil in bottles. Running messengers, itinerant dealers, officers, quietly watching the trading, busy merchants, and common soldiers, saunter about. Now and then a camel or a mule will push through the crowd, and not unfrequently a fight takes place, when the two parties abuse each other vehemently; but they do not use their sticks or lances. Young and old beggars are plentiful, but pick-pocketing is not in vogue among this thieving people, although robbing from the stalls is a common occurrence.

During the time of market, and in the evening, the three coffee-houses of Kassala are in great activity. They are the places of assembly for every grade of society, as, from the Moslem law, every one who can pay may enter—a custom very disagreeable to the European. Some of the guests sit cross-legged on the ground, others recline on the couches, filling the shady but dirty verandah with many curious groups. One will be composed of several turbaned officers playing at dominoes, while police, with swords and long pistols in their belts, a smartly dressed Armenian pedlar, and a dissolute, greasy native, exacting, in his character of saint, respectful salutation from the rest, will form another. Beggars drive a flourishing business here, and as soon as they have accumulated five paras, they will sit down, without hesitation, next to a man clothed in a bright silk or snow-white robe, from whom they have probably solicited alms, and complacently drink their coffee. One or two women of doubtful reputation, with loose, voluminous dresses, and many gold and silver rings and buckles, smoke their water-pipes (shish) with uncovered faces.

An ordinary room is ten yards long, and about the same broad, while the height may be estimated at about seven yards. A door that will hardly close, two large openings for windows, coarse, yellow mud walls, the ceiling of the unhewn trunks of palm-trees, and along the walls a bank of earth two feet high, complete the sketch. The inmates of such a room are lizards seven inches in length, large black ants, some hairy tarantulas, and perhaps a scorpion. The fireplace is in the court before the house, and there all the cooking is performed.

It is most difficult to carry back the present race of people to their proper origin from the language alone, the mixture of speech and borrowed words rendering the sifting of foreign property a hard task. All certain historical reminiscences are lost among these wandering predatory people, and from the language, manners, and customs only can we ascertain in what degree of relationship are the different tribes. The manners, traditions, and laws all point to the predominance of Arabian blood in Eastern Sūdan, and the idea is supported by the peculiarities in the structure of the body. Of course much of the Nuba or negro element is disseminated by slaves and prisoners captured in war, but they always hold an inferior position. The inhabitants of Kassala and of Al-gadan are of a pale-brown complexion. The men are more powerful than the Hadandawas, but have the same immense bend in the back, well-formed hands and feet, thick lips, high cheek-bones, and eyes placed aslant in the head. Many wear a massive silver ring in their prominent

ears, and their clothing is nothing beyond a piece of woollen stuff, and sandals to protect their feet. The Tūkrūri, or natives of Bornu and Kūrdufan, are of moderate height and slender form, but with great muscular power. The large protruding mouth, broad lips, wide flat nose, woolly hair, and strong hands and feet, complete the type of a genuine African people. The head, closely shaved by the men, is inclined to a point at the top, and weighty at the back, which, with the low forehead, shows the important difference between the light-coloured and the black people. The women have the same powerful frame, and wear their hair, strongly impregnated with grease, in small curls round the head, sometimes divided twice down the middle. They also insert a red button or a silver ring in the right nostril. Their large feet, thick arms, and stout figures are far from graceful, and inquisitiveness, frivolity, and dissipation may be read in the faces of many. The three last characteristics are particularly striking, as they are not allowed to be apparent to strangers in the Arab, Turkish, and Coptic women. On the other hand, the upright, elastic carriage of the barefooted women is a pleasing contrast to the slow, languid walk of the Arab women, or to the difficult movement of the Turkish women, in their thick veils and black brequas, or masks.

With the exception of the Kunama, or Baza (also called Shangalla), who live as far south as the Setit, near the frontier of Abyssinia, all the tribes recognise the Islam, and according to Carl von Wickenrode, all observations tend to prove this a religion especially adapted to them, the spiritual Christianity finding entrance most difficult. The Sūdanese will not reflect. Morality, duty, and love are hardly understood; and other obligations, such as respect for the property of others, or neighbourly love, are troublesome compulsions. The free son of the desert finds it very comfortable to murmur a prayer, mechanically, at sunset and sunrise, his face turned to the east; for the rest, he does as he likes, so long as no visible power forces him to do otherwise. In all the Arabian races it is the outward form, and not the inner meaning, of the Islam that has penetrated to the people, and the enforced annual pilgrimage to Mekka, with all its fanaticism, increases the votaries of Muhammad more and more, without any help of missionaries. The teachings of Muhammad are pleasant, easily mastered, and in every way suitable for the warm country and its inhabitants. The climate develops the body more rapidly, makes the blood pulsate quicker through the veins, and renders the people passionate and sensual; therefore they will adhere to the outer forms of a religion which, notwithstanding its requirements, places no bridle on their acts. Eastern hospitality makes inns superfluous; but it is not considered by all as a duty, but merely exercised because it is a custom, and sometimes in a very niggardly manner. This praiseworthy custom is much abused, and the multitude of vagabonds who make the country unsafe, live by this means.

SCENERY AND SOCIETY IN MAURITIUS.*

People who have "done" their Rhine and their Alps, their Italy and Spain, and are in want of the excitement of novelty, such as is to be obtained by tropical scenery in its highest perfection, yet without being deprived of the luxuries of civilisation, should embark at Suez and land at the Grand Hôtel de l'Europe, at Port Louis, on the classic shores of "Paul and Virginia." It is not that the said Grand Hôtel is a precise counterpart of its namesake on the boulevards; the rooms are, or were, not overclean, the attendance is slovenly, the cuisine is barbarian, but every one is on hospitality bent in Mauritius; and then there is, as a compensation, the bustle of life contrasted with the most exquisitely beautiful scenery. In the town itself there are heat, dust, dirt, smells intolerable, clamour indescribable, screeching mules by the hundreds, all biting one another, all kicking everything they can kick, with sweating, bellowing Malabars incessantly belabouring them. "Oh, what a hubbub! what discordant sounds from men and brutes—perhaps the latter term would do as well for both here—what unceasing turmoil and confusion! Every hue of skin, and shade of every hue. Black men, brown men, whity-brown men,—all of them streaming with perspiration; some loading, some unloading; each gang performing its work, as it were, mechanically, to the accompaniment of a shrill, low, monotonous chant, which the one half of these all but stark-naked labourers caught up in admirable time as the other half let it drop—four or five notes four or five times repeated over and over again." The amount of life and bustle at St. Louis is surprising to a stranger. There are few towns in proportion to its size (it had a population of about seventy-eight thousand previous to the late epidemic) with a greater number of carriages of one sort or another in daily circulation. Most people live in the country, and only come to town for business, so, between that and the heat, conveyance on wheels is not more a luxury than a necessity. The next most startling sight is the dress—always excepting the undress—of the Malabars. Nine groups you see out of ten are composed of these picturesque people. They have a marvellous eye for colour, and somehow there is harmony in any two or three they choose to put together. Probably the swarthy polished skin so freely exposed to view has something to do with this. But a good effect is produced by mixtures we Europeans should never venture on. Two or three of these men and women, with their plump little children, squatting and chattering under a tamarind or mango tree, form groups of a highly picturesque character.

The town of Port Louis rises prettily in the form of an amphitheatre, at the base of a low range of mountains green to their very tips. A more fantastic collection of peaks, and ridges, and slopes it would be dif-

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* Far Away; or, Sketches of Scenery and Society in Mauritius. By Charles John Boyle. Chapman and Hall.

ficult to imagine. The houses are shut out from the street by walls of iron railings, and over these some bright-coloured creeper is sure to be clustering unrebuked, and running up and along the roofs high or low. These roofs have, at the first glance, the appearance of being tiled, but are covered with a kind of shingle of a dark reddish-coloured wood. A broad verandah almost invariably runs round one or two sides of the house, if not on all four; and here, during the great heat of the day, large blinds of various sorts of grass-matting, or canvas, or a diminutive bamboo, are let down, and effectually keep out the glare of the flaming sun. In the evening they are raised in front, and generally display a family group languidly sunk down in deep cane arm-chairs, some of which have disproportionate long arms upon which to rest the feet—Yankee fashion.

The houses are, for the most part, wooden, but now stone is rendered indispensable in the town by wise regulations. The kitchen is, however, invariably detached, as are also the rooms for strangers and household servants. This last arrangement is necessitated by the dirty, untidy habits of the negroes and coloured population. According to the number of these separate "pavilions" a house is reckoned a large or a small one. Palms of many kinds, and other trees, grow in the "cour" or court, or about among the pavilions, or hang over into the street.

Equally striking and varied a feature with the houses and streets is the motley population of Port Louis—motley both in dress and complexion. There are Parsees, Arabs, Cingalese, Chinamen, Lascars, Malays, Mosambiques, and Malgaches. Add to these the negro, the mulatto, French Creoles and English Creoles, not to mention the various Europeans. All hues and shades, and the utmost confusion of tongues and diversity of languages, are to be met with in the bazaar. Here weedy and athletic men, imperial-looking, are to be seen by the side of miserable, insignificant women. The Creole ladies are both bedizened and dowdy, and are followed by black maids, barefooted or slipshod, or by Indian boys dressed in snowy white, with crimson sashes round their waists, and turbans or fezes on their heads, whilst the damsels are all in black, save a white or coloured kerchief worn on the head, after the fashion of the French peasantry.

The bazaar is a large square, shut in at each end by iron railings, and with broad gates opening into parallel streets. On each side are spacious pavements for the display of the various marketable productions. Little parties of handsomely dressed Indian women are squatted by their respective heaps of vegetables, fruits, and flowers, whilst numberless plump, small, stark-naked urchins of both sexes are running and frisking about, or sprawling and playing at their mothers' sides. They look like so many pieces of polished marble, or still more like the little chocolate figures in the bonbon-shops of Paris. Unfortunately, the ears and noses of these fair Indians are loaded with ornaments, the forehead and hair are daubed with paint, and the teeth are coloured with the juice of the betel-nut. The arms are tattooed and loaded with broad circles of gold or silver, knobs of one or the other metal dangle from thongs of leather, and the throat is encircled by a plain collar, not unlike an English dog's. These women, indeed, often look as if they were half in armour. The

girls are pretty when young, but they are sold in marriage early in life, and become prematurely old and haggard drudges.

Arab shopkeepers used to drive a brisk trade in the bazaar, but they have been ousted by the more active Chinamen, who are now the chief shopkeepers in the island, some clearing as much as 1300*l.* a year. They dress in cotton jackets and immensely broad loose trousers, affect European shoes and very big umbrellas, marry Creoles, and become Roman Catholics, adding to the mongrel population and religion of the island. Neither marriage nor conversion can, however, eradicate the national habit of opium-smoking, and they are great gamblers. Mr. Boyle mentions an instance of a Chinaman staking his whole shop on a single throw, himself included, to serve in it without wages! Many of the European shops in Port Louis are very good; and Mr. Boyle tells us, that while in the French shops the people are not only civil but extremely obliging, those in the English shops are quite the reverse; nay, a Mrs. —— "serves you as one might imagine a she-bear would keeping a stall at the North Pole." A passion for dashes detracts sadly from the merits of this otherwise delightful tome. Instead of saying a medical practitioner or gentleman told us so and so, it is Dr. ——; or the proprietor or landlord was very hospitable, it is Mr. —— and Mrs. ——. The system, which begins at the first page with Captain ——, and ends at the last, "again and again ——," is even applied to the names of places. "We met the carriage unexpectedly at ——, and drove home." Reticence cannot go further. The small shops in which fortunes are so rapidly made were, a few years ago, exclusively kept by Creoles. The Indians came and turned these native traders out, and they, in turn, are now giving way to the Chinamen. The enriched Indians go back to their country, but the Creoles become landed proprietors, and give their children a European education. It is rather difficult for a stranger to master the names over a shop at first. Sooloogaar-goo-sinni-vaassagon would be as great a stumbler to many as the Queen of Madagascar's title of honour, O Rabodonandianampoinimerina, which almost requires to come out in parts, like the picture of the sea-serpent in *Punch*, one half of which came out one week with the head, the other with the tail the next. With a more simple and correct system of rendering the Oriental languages into Roman letters, the name Sūlūgār-gū-sini-vāsāgon would be by no means so repulsive, and there would not be such "a hankering after vowels" as is common to most Anglo-Indians, despite Sir William Jones's teachings.

No colony, Mr. Boyle assures us, can boast of better ingredients for pleasant intercourse than Mauritius. But for this, again, it is greatly indebted to the French element. Society is decidedly on an easy footing. It is not particularly intellectual. How should it be? The men scarcely allow themselves time to study aught save £ s. d.—precisely what intellectual men are not allowed time to study—while the women marry at fifteen, are plunged during their best years in the absorbing and intricate mysteries of babyology, and flounder in the quicksands of housekeeping to the latest hour of life. But most of them are good humoured, cordial, hospitably inclined, and accessible. What would you have more? Dress is, however, the great passion of life, and toilettes are rated not as to

taste, but as to cost. There is, hence, often extravagance, and consequent speedy eclipses of temporary constellations of fashion. Rank being tolerably equalised, people must outshine their neighbours somehow. Perhaps one of the most diverting features of colonial society is the mushroom greatness of little people. Here is the suddenness and rapidity of tropical vegetation with a vengeance. No plant can be hardier or flower more freely than colonial self-importance:

"'Ne vous fachez pas,' whispered Madame ——, a vivacious little Frenchwoman, by whom I was standing the first time I saw Mr. and Mrs. —— at ——; they rarely condescend to move in a less exalted sphere; but 'why is it only among you English one sees de pareilles caricatures?'"

Popularity, perhaps even reputation, is, we are told, to be purchased in Mauritius at so much a yard. "I happened one day to say to ——, 'Was not Madame —— once looked upon as a frisky matron?'

"'Well, yes, I believe there was an awkward story or two; but, to be sure, how handsomely she dresses!'"

If the dress be costly, the temperature also, we are told, signifies little. "Madame —— came to see A. one day—a winter's day, certainly, according to the calendar, but recollect we are in the tropics. The lady wore a robe de damas as stiff as herself, and a crimson velvet manteau.

"Good Heavens! I was in a flame at the very sight of it. Fanny Kemble's red satin gown was nothing to it, and her confession, that she looked like a bonfire whenever she wore it, not half as reasonable as Madame ——'s might have been."

As a consequence of this passion for dress, Mauritian young ladies are only talkative on that one subject, and never but then shake off all apathy. On every other subject they are marvellously chary of their words and languid in their conversation. The men come in for the same sharp criticisms which at times would seem to have come from a feminine source. One was all grey, and so was his horse, and the whole group, like the ghostly cavalier in "Don Giovanni," looked as if it were cut out of one and the same piece of stuff. Another was all white save the hair and boots, both so glossy and so brilliantly polished, that it appeared as if the same brush, dipped unsparingly in Warren's japan, had been employed not less on one extremity of the horseman than the other!

One of the great drawbacks of Port Louis is, that while no town should be cleaner than this capital of Mauritius, standing, as it does, partly at the base and partly on the slope of green hills, with a copious supply of water, few can well be dirtier, this partly owing to want of proper sanitary regulations, but still more to the indolence of the working classes, more especially of the scavengers. But laying aside the sad losses entailed by frequent visits of cholera, the town has been visited by a fever of so tremendously a fatal character since Mr. Boyle's visit, that we cannot but believe that some decisive steps will be taken to remove this reproach from the place.

As to servants, they are not only dirty, "they are lazy and drunken, and lying and thieving." The Indians are the best, but they will not work. Attachment to masters or mistresses is unknown. The black natives of the island are also slovenly in the last degree, and are disgust-

ingly dirty. It is probably from this that the Creole ladies have little notion of comfort, much less of any little coquettish arrangements of their drawing-rooms. Nothing denotes occupation, mental or corporeal, unless it be an open pianoforte and a well-thumbed music-book. What Bulwer (Lord Lytton) so elegantly calls the whereabouts of women, are nowhere to be seen. The possessor of one of the finest houses of Mauritius, in writing a letter, used an old newspaper for a blotting-book, and a ci-devant pomatum-pot for an inkstand. On the other hand, the dining-room is the seat of glory, the shrine of a god most universally worshipped in Mauritius. There is incessant breakfasting out, tiffining out, and dining out. But even here the indolence of tropical life manifests itself. The most artistic portions of the dinners invariably issue from one of the rival restaurants, the "Flore Mauricienne" and "Paul Morillon's." Hence, after a time, a sameness of good things. You have the pâté de foi gras, the galantine, the dinde truffée, and the pintade piquée, with the same sauce and identical gravy, on every Mauritian dinner-table. A Charlotte Russe is a *sine quâ non*. The prices paid for these dishes are enough to make the hair of a man who does not live in a country where money is earned with the same tropical rapidity as in the Mauritius, stand on end. Four pounds for the turkey, and the same for a ham, give some idea of the dearness of living. If the dinner is not warm, the welcome is. "Take my word for it," Mr. Boyle says, "you do not know what national hospitality is till you come and see it here. Go where you will throughout the island, an inhabitant is never so happy as when he holds out his hand, seizes yours, and bids you pass the threshold of his house." We really could not have found it in our heart to criticise such a people. What if they do not study Locke and Bacon, if they keep open house with excellent hams? And what if they are ignorant of the whereabouts of Turkey or the Guinea coast, if they have "dinde truffée" and "pintade piquée"?

It is a pleasure to leave this great colonial emporium, with its spicy dinners and dressy denizens, its lazy Orientals and dirty streets, for the open country. Here, at least, we breathe a pure air, and if there is anything too gaudy, it will be the gorgeousness of a tropical nature. The boldest bit of coast scenery on the island is the Baie de Morne, an isolated headland, shut in on all sides, seawards excepted, by mountains; and, as usual, well wooded from base to summit, with a forest of aloes for a foreground, and here and there a solitary palm thrusting its tall slim stem out of the bush, and standing up in the twilight sky like a silhouette. Then there is no end of hospitality and unostentatious kindness from the Creole families "pur sang," and at night—plenty of mosquitoes. There seems to be no happiness so complete that it has not a drawback—even in Mauritius.

This is the most hilly corner of the island, with the "Rivière Noire" in its centre, and Mr. Boyle had to make his way through the "gorges" on foot. As the scenery was exquisitely beautiful, this was, however, no punishment; and even the river afforded amusement, for the numerous fish could be seen slumbering just below the surface. The party breakfasted at some huts of mud and bamboo, thatched with the great spiky leaves of the aloe, upon roast monkey and young parrots; one of the

greatest delicacies of the island, the great fox-bat, was alone wanting to render the repast complete. Monkeys and deer—the former the great pest to the planter—are not indigenous to the island, but were introduced by the Portuguese.* Mangoes, citrons, oranges, shadocks, vanilla, coffee, and sweet potatoes were cultivated around. One acre yielded 36,000 lbs. of the latter. An ascent was made of the Piton de la Rivière, which rises some three thousand feet above the sea, and is the highest mountain, by a few feet, in Mauritius. The view was spoilt by rain, but it was still beautiful, and vegetation around, as everywhere in the island, was magnificent. The general aspect of one tropical forest is so much the same as another, varied by a vegetation discovered only on a nearer and more scientific inspection, that we shall not stay to describe one in Mauritius. Nothing can exceed their beauty. A rank luxuriance; a wild unrebuked race of vegetable giants; the tangled festoons of lianes or creepers, starred with the most brilliant flowers, hanging down like stringed jewels; then the great orchids. How one smiles at the pigmy specimens of artificial hothouse culture! Open-handed hospitality was tendered on the descent at the "Chamarel" sugar-houses. This place, like many others, one regrets to read, had a sad look of bygone golden days. There is something melancholy, but truly beautiful, in these frequent records of a reverse of fortune—the counterparts of what is to be seen in the West Indies since slavery has been done away with. The vegetation, suffered to run where it will in the no longer cared-for garden, is rank in a week. It is as if Nature herself were instantly hanging garlands on a tomb.

Mr. Boyle descended from the hills to Souillac and St. Aubin, on the southern coast, repairing the inward man at the farms on the way, whether the host was at home or not. Such is the custom in Mauritius! It was the same at St. Aubin, one of the big houses "par excellence" of the island. Nigh this place is the "famous" "Bois Sec," a wide flat surface of many acres, thickly dotted with the tall, gaunt, ghastly, utterly and entirely denuded stems and branches of hundreds and hundreds of dead forest-trees, concerning which our traveller excites our curiosity without gratifying it. All he says is: "Various are the conjectures as to this peculiar assemblage of dead trees—these phantoms that look as if they had stalked out of an antediluvian forest to congregate by themselves." The dogs killed a terec at this place, a kind of hedgehog, or miniature wild boar with tusks and bristles, and as dainty as small roast pork. Beyond, they came to "Grand Basin," one of the many still existing craters of extinct volcanoes, and one of the marvels of the island. The "Trou aux Cerfs" is another, but is dry; the Grand Basin being full of water, and wooded to the edge. It is probably to sulphureous exhalations from the crevices of an extinct volcano that the death and desolation of Bois Sec is due. A mud-hut, bedizened with sundry bits of dabbled dripping calico of every sort of colour, bespoke an Indian place of pilgrimage at this spot. How widely spread are the practices of superstition! An Indian and an Irishman in the same category.

It rained heavily on the high central ground, or plateau of the island,

* England's Colonial Empire. The Mauritius and its Dependencies. By Charles Pridham. Page 226.

which our wanderers were now traversing; but this mattered little, as the branches of the trees lapped over each other, and thousands of broad umbrella-like leaves gave constant shelter. The death-like silence of these dense forests was at times almost unpleasantly impressive. Now and then the chattering of angry monkeys, the screech of a parrot, or the bounding by of a stray deer, tell of animal life, but the notes of birds are sadly missed; even in the groves the soft tenor-like cooing of the dove, and the shrill soprano of the parroquet, are to be heard occasionally, but far oftener not so much as a chirp. En revanche, there are no snakes or reptiles in Mauritius. On their way they passed "La Mare aux Vacoas," a small lake full of gold fish, with screw-pines, or pandanus (vacoas), with their gigantic flat fans, growing in the swamp. The "Grand Basin" and "Mare aux Vacoas" are both in Hughes's excellent map, and our traveller appears to have proceeded thence by the falls of the Tamarind River down to the western coast again. It is to be regretted that, with his lively sense of the beauties of nature, and the contrarieties of art, he did not extend his excursion to Mahebourg and Grand Port. The woods of the Tamarind mountains seemed even stiller and more devoid of life than ever, and as to the "Falls," as might be anticipated, the setting of the gem was more beautiful than the gem itself. The "coq des bois," a mute but lovely little bird, of a bluish grey and rich brown plumage, was, however, to be seen occasionally bending its twinkling eye on the intruders of its solitude. On getting down into the plain, the constant wet of the uplands was exchanged for heat and drought, and the gardens were parched up and thirsting for refreshing showers!

The return to Port Louis is commemorated by a chapter on the Malabars, or Indians, not much to their credit. As a culminating point of their character, they are almost indifferent to death. In the time of the French they disliked the guillotine, but they are said to prefer hanging to hard labour. "By the English way of despatching him out of this world, the criminal arrives in the other a whole man; by the French, maimed and mutilated, being headless, about which unbecoming appearance in Paradise they have a most decided religious scruple."

The carnival in Mauritius is called Yamseh, and it is a proof how spurious is the faith the Indians profess that it answers to the Mohurrum of India. Christians and heretics join in it, however, all alike. The fatal field of Kerbela is duly fought out by bedaubed and painted heroes, armed with wooden swords. The lion, which, according to the Shi'ah legend, kept faithful watch over the dead body of Husain, is represented by a Bengalese tiger. The catafalque of Husain's corpse is represented by light scaffoldings of paper and glass, brilliantly illuminated from within. There were also wrestling-matches, women beating their breasts, and men thumping tomtoms, till the noise became indescribable. Altogether, the whole scene is described as barbaric in the extreme, and exceedingly curious.

Sugar is the naturally engrossing subject of thought, and the topic "par excellence" of conversation. It is difficult to imagine the sensation instantly created by the arrival of a mail with news from the sugar-markets of either hemisphere. The Place d'Armes, the chosen spot of mercantile rendezvous and focus of general gossip, is all hubbub and bustle in five minutes. The dimensions of the faces you meet, in another

quarter of an hour, are a pretty good index of the rise or fall in sugars. On paying a visit to a "sucrerie," it is easy to know where you are going some time before you arrive; you smell the sugar a mile off the "Usine." The very air is impregnated with sugar. Much depends for success on the date of the machinery used, but none would now return to slave-labour. Idle as the dark races are, still paid labour remunerates better than forced labour. The restrictive duties on sugar being greater in England than in France, Australia, and India, the best qualities go to these countries, especially to Australia. With the present European restrictions it does not answer to the planter to send his best article to the English market. This is a curious way of treating our own colonies. Money is money, however, whether it comes from Australia or England, and some of the manufacturers net about 26,000*l.* a year. Such manufacturers have about two thousand acres in cultivation, and employ five hundred men. The ground cannot, however, bear more than four crops without resting. But as only one-fourth of the excreta of the seventy-eight thousand inhabitants of Port Louis are removed, the introduction of the dry-earth system might prolong the production for many years.

One of the greatest pests in Mauritius is the number and variety of insects. It is not only the white ants that eat up everything they come across that is not metal or stone, but no sooner is the lamp put down for the evening than every kind of winged monster buzzes about it. Not content with flying, some take to the soup, and one often runs the risk of swallowing a rhinoceros beetle. Either the good people of Mauritius are very imaginative, or their island is peculiarly favoured; for not only is the resemblance of the Pieter Both mountain to a statue of Queen Victoria, in her robes and diadem, said to be "very remarkable," but the natural effigy of Louis Philippe on the sombre heights of the Corps de Garde is described as being "wonderfully life-like!" We have not, by-the-by, seen it remarked that the easterly outline of Lake Tzana (ancient Ascania), in Abyssinia, is a good resemblance of the Emperor Theodorus looking upwards towards Adule for the arrival of an invading force. The Brahmins maintain that the more hideous the god, the more easily is sin scared from the true believer's heart. A clever Indian turned a good penny by setting up a painted and gilded clay idol at the foot of Pieter Both of such exceeding ugliness, "that one glance at it must have been enough to render the deepest-dyed immaculate."

There is a railway in Mauritius, and the people are delighted with their new iron toy. It goes to Labourdonnais, which is the show-country place of the island; the house is large, with a vast suburb of detached pavilions. "You might fancy yourself," Mr. Boyle says, "in Paris on entering the house. Gilding and silk, bronzes and mirrors." The grounds are beautifully kept, and there is an aviary and a "parc aux cerfs," not à la Louis XV. There is another railway in progress, and it had got as far as the Grande Rivière, when further proceedings were stopped by a Siren, who came forth from the waters, and insisted upon an immolation of five infants, three hundred children, eighty maidens, twenty ladies, and eleven oxen, before the works could be allowed to go any further. It is believed in Mauritius that government was obliged to accede to the terms, which were carried out by a Chinaman, an Arab, and a Malabar, who drove to the spot, at frequent intervals, in a carriole

with blood-red wheels, the driver also wearing a crimson turban, and the trio made the sacrifice necessary to propitiate the river goddess.

If the natives have their superstitions, so also have the Europeans, who assert, for example, that the musk-rat will taint the wine by merely running over the outside of the bottles. Cats and dogs will not, it is said, eat this strong-scented rodent. Then, again, as to the grey rat! It abounds so, that the Dutch settlers are said to have abandoned the island rather than hold dominion in conjunction with, or rather under, the rats. The monkeys in Mauritius, coming as they do from a Muhammadan country, are very particular in their ablutions, and we are gravely informed that they come down from the rocks to the river regularly every morning to go through the ceremonies ordained by the prophet. The great bat, or flying fox, is said to be easily tamed. An English officer had one which ate out of his hand, hung to the back of his chair, and gave a sort of little chirp of good-fellowship. Rodrigues had its giant "solitaire," Bourbon its colossal "oiseau bleu," and Mauritius its "dodo" and "géant." The latter was as big as an ostrich, but all are now extinct; probably from the same reason that threatens the extinction of the domestic fowl, for we are told that what with voracious rats, wholesale thieving Malabars, and the "maladie," a poultry-yard is a losing concern. Everything is devoured in Mauritius, from venison down to a wasp's nest. They not only steal geese, but will carry off and devour goose, eggs, nest and all! What chance had dodos with such an omniverous race of people? It is the same if you keep pigeons; it is nine times out of ten more for some of your neighbours than for yourself. Turtles used once to abound on the shores, but they have all been eaten up, eggs and shells into the bargain. There is a fish called the *laff*, but which is by no means to be laughed at. It buries itself in the mud or sand, and is the more dangerous for its power of assuming the exact colour of its lurking-place. It is armed with a spine, of which the wound is only just short of deadly. An English soldier, pricked by one in the hollow of his foot, was instantly seized with faintness. The pain was so acute, that it required four men to hold him down in his bed when the paroxysms came on; and, although he eventually recovered, he was two months in the hospital. The most remarkable circumstance connected with the pain from the wound is, that it increases and decreases with the rise and fall of the tide! The "cordonnier" also inflicts a painful wound, but if you squeeze the belly, and apply the matter drawn out, instant relief is the result. Victor Hugo's horror, the great cuttle-fish, is represented here by the "ourite." It is like a huge spider, spotted like a toad, with an uneven coarse skin, and armed with innumerable rope-like suckers, which writhe, and twist, and grasp most tenaciously everything they come in contact with. Once within the "ourite's" clutches, it is a case of biter bit. But, like everything else in the sea, and out of it, the "ourite" is eaten; hundreds are hung up upon wooden frames to dry. What the Creole will not eat, the Indian will; and what the Indian will not eat, the Chinaman will. The white ants are, however, the most wonderful of all creatures in Mauritius. The loss of large amounts in gold and silver has been frequently attributed to their voracity!

A MISSIONARY IN THE ATHABASCA.*

THERE is a region in the centre of the circum-polar districts of British North America which has long excited our curiosity. It is particularly characterised by three vast sheets of water, Lake Athabasca, Great Slave Lake, and Great Bear Lake, besides innumerable lesser lakes and streams. These are so involved, that it is necessary to look some time at the map before the line of outfall—that of the River Mackenzie—can be discovered. It is a country of hunters and fishers, buried for eight months of the year in snow, almost unsusceptible of cultivation, and with only here and there a post of fur collectors of the Hudson's Bay Company, like nests in the wilderness.

Yet it is in the heart of such a region—on Lake Athabasca itself—that an intrepid missionary of civilisation and Christianity—Monseigneur Henry Faraud, Bishop of Anemour—established himself, some eighteen or twenty years ago, with scarcely a friend or human being to aid or abet him, and even without a home; and the result of his experiences is replete with information regarding these little known countries and their strange and savage populations. In an ethnological point of view his work is indeed a perfect mine of information; not so in regard to the natural resources of the country: descriptive geography and natural history are rarely the forte of men devoted to moral teachings. The Livingstones and their compeers are exceedingly rare.

Henry Faraud started on his mission with youth, a good constitution, and a powerful and vigorous frame in his favour; and to these physical advantages he superadded that spirit of enterprise and indomitable courage and perseverance, without which even the support derived from the consciousness of the good cause in which he was engaged might have signally failed him. His first steps led him by St. Paul and the Upper Mississippi to Red River Settlement. Hence, after a year or more initiation, he was sent by Monseigneur Provencher to Cross Lake, or "l'Ile à la Crosse." The road lay by Red River and Lake Winnipeg to Norway House, where, M. Faraud says, he was received with open arms by "Sir Sympson"—meaning the governor, Sir George Simpson. It is much to the credit of the Hudson's Bay Company that they do everything in their power to facilitate the operations of Romanist as well as of Protestant missionaries. Among such utter savages as they have to deal with, the first seeds of Christianity and morality are wanting; the development of doctrinal matters can come afterwards. Hence he proceeded by Cedar and Cumberland Lakes to Cross Lake, where a missionary establishment was already in existence. We have so recently described this portion of British North America from the works of Professor Hind and the artist Paul Kane, that we need not refer to them here. After spending some time at this place, which was devoted to the study of the languages of the Crees and the Montagnais—a study which led to all M. Faraud's

* Dix-huit Ans chez les Sauvages. Voyages et Missions de Mgr Henry Faraud, Évêque d'Anemour, Vicaire Apostolique de Mackenzie, dans l'extrême nord de l'Amérique Britannique. Par Fernand-Michel. Paris: Regis, Ruffet, et Cie.

future successes—he started for Atthabaskaw, as he writes it, and having most minutely studied the languages of the country, we must give him precedence in his etymologies. The water-shed between the rivers flowing south and east, and those which flow to the Arctic Ocean—the line of any future trans-continental railway—and which comprise all the tributaries to Lake Atthabaskaw, was crossed on horseback. The descent was, at the epoch of the year (midsummer), into a country of noble aspect. "If I had forgotten," says the missionary, "that I was in a new world, I should have been convinced of the fact at this moment. On quitting the neighbouring heights one seems to be precipitated into the depths of an abyss. Here, piled-up rocks of naked granite; below, gigantic vegetation, green meadows, rivers, and lakes. A new country unfolds itself to a charmed vision, and admiration is more powerful than terror on this difficult descent." Nature on the grandiose—almost unlimited—scale that it must present itself in these vast, untrodden regions, must, although the climate is so severe, be deeply impressive.

The current of running waters had now alone to be followed to carry the party to Atthabaskaw. There were rocks and rapids, there were forests and meadows, there were some savages, and far more numerous flocks of geese and other aquatic birds; and when they came to the great lake itself they found its whole extent to be dotted with granitic islands, all crowned with tufts of pines. And at length, at the end of September, 1849, after the lapse of three years since he quitted Marseilles, M. Henry Faraud found himself at the seat of his future labours—the Hudson's Bay Company's Settlement of Atthabaskaw. He was, as he says, in the heart of an uncultivated country, almost uninhabitable even to savages, and in the centre of a population of fifteen thousand souls, scattered, family by family, over a territory four hundred leagues in diameter. But he was, he also says, full of strength and courage; and he was only twenty-six years of age. "Dominated by the thought of duty, and confiding in the grace of Him from whom all force comes, I felt myself disposed to offer up any sacrifice in order to accomplish my mission."

The Indians dispersed along the shores of Hudson's Bay and Great Slave Lake, and northwards to the Polar Seas, came only twice a year, for about three weeks in spring and three weeks in autumn, to barter their furs to the agents of the Company. When they first came in contact with the missionary, they said to him, "You will do nothing here; you speak like a child; you do not know how to speak." Others said, "You may go away, the Indians don't like you." And others again said, "Give us some tobacco; that will be much better." Some were even still more rude and laconic; but M. Faraud was not discouraged; he got at first three to listen to him, then others came, and by the time they had to leave the station no less than fifty were prepared to embrace Christianity. Those who were too old or too young to go hunting, remained behind, so the interval of the absence of the others was spent in learning the Montagnais, and in instructing the young.

The next spring, when the hunters returned, his real labours commenced. He had reduced the Montagnais to an alphabetical expression, and he began to teach the more docile to read. It was up-hill work, but still some of the youths took to learning, and even to teaching others. He also began to baptise, and to what he calls "regulate marriages."

We are not quite agreed as to the wisdom of the latter course of conduct. The Indians are polygamists to a certain extent, and M. Faraud is very satirical at what he deems to be the "facile morality" of Protestant missionaries in tolerating such a state of things. There is no doubt that the practice is indefensible on all grounds, but the way to put a stop to it is to teach the people better when young, and never to sanction either bigamy or polygamy. But when M. Faraud took upon himself, as he describes himself doing on several occasions, to make a man repudiate one wife and her children for the sake of another, he was, in the then social condition of these savages, doing an irremediable injury to the latter. If he felt himself bound by religious motives to relieve a parent of the encumbrance of a wife and family, he ought, by the moral code, to have been prepared to support them.

The character of the people M. Faraud had to deal with may be best judged of by the following anecdote, which at the same time illustrates two of the worst features in their character—their practice of abandoning the old and young when in straits, and the practice of anthropophagy under the same circumstances:

I was traversing a dense forest, when I heard a low moaning; turning my steps in the direction whence the sound came, I found a child, scarcely seven years of age, stretched on the snow at the foot of a tree covered with icicles, its fingers and toes already frostbitten.

Moved by such a sad spectacle, I took the poor creature in my arms, warming it, and asking who had left her in such a state. She replied:

"My father and my mother died last year; my relatives have since taken care of me, but yesterday they brought me here, and said: 'Thou art a little girl, thou dost not hunt nor fish, thou art good for nothing, we are going to leave you here; in a few days you will be dead, and will suffer no longer.'"

"No, you shall not die!" I exclaimed. "Oh! Mary, have pity on this innocent child."

I hastened to light a fire, and, after some hours' care the poor little thing began to feel itself revive, its fingers and toes began to thaw, (?) and I was enabled to remove it to Atthabaskaw. My house was very small, but still I could accommodate the orphan. When she had recovered her health, I instructed her and baptised her, and she received the name of Mary. This child became afterwards the source of one of my greatest griefs. Listen to her history:

She was of a sweet and good disposition; everything charmed one in this simple child of the desert—her expressive smile, her infantile joy, her angelic piety. She soon became the visible angel of the house; she had not yet attained her eighth year, but her intelligence was in advance of her age.

Little Mary was very happy, but a certain dread came to trouble her, and at times she would say to me:

"Father, you will never send me back again to the woods; you will always keep me near you?"

These words afflicted me, for I knew that I could not keep her long. I could not leave the child alone in my house when I went on a journey, and still less could I take her with me. These thoughts were the cause

of much perplexity to me. One day a Cree savage arrived with his wife, asking to be instructed. I kept them for several days, and when they were about to leave, I said to them:

"Come back at the next season, I shall be returned from my journey, and, if you are in the same frame of mind, I will baptise you."

"Aymihawiyiniwok" (thus they called the father), "we promise you to return."

I then said to them: "Since you promise me to return, I believe you, and if you would promise me to take good care of my little Mary, I would entrust her to you; you have no child, she can be yours—she is a Christian, you will become Christians also. The all-Good and all-Powerful will reward you, and I promise to give you much when you shall come back."

The husband and wife consulted, and then they said that they agreed.

"Do you promise me to bring little Mary every spring?" I said to them.

"We promise it."

"To take great care of her?"

"We promise it."

"Well, then, I will trust my child to you; but know that it is not only I who places this sacred charge in your hands, it is also God the Father, who will look upon you from the height of the heavens, and who will punish you if you subject little Mary to the least bad treatment, and if you do not keep your promise to bring her to Atthabaskaw every spring."

I then called for the orphan. She came in, her face beaming with joy, and out of breath.

"Here I am, father; what do you want?"

"What were you doing?" I asked, smiling, but my heart full of tears; "you are out of breath?"

"I was playing."

"Well, sit down. I want to speak to you."

She sat down pensive; one would have said that she already understood. I hesitated.

"Listen, child; you know that I am about to start upon a long journey," I said at last.

At these words a veil of sorrow came down over the brow so radiant a few moments before.

"You know that I cannot leave you alone in this house, where you will die of hunger; here is a good family who will take you with them, and take my place with you."

At these words the orphan wept.

"I wish to remain with you," she gasped forth amid her tears. "I do not wish to leave you. Oh! my father—oh! my good father, do not send me away into the midst of the deserts!"

Poor Mary had cast herself at my feet. I reasoned with her—I endeavoured to make her understand the necessity I was in of separating myself from her; but her tears did not cease to flow, alas! she had the presentiment of the fate that awaited her. If I had myself dared to give vent to my grief, how many tears should I have shed upon the forehead of that pure child!

The next day I embraced poor Mary for the last time; I gave her a cross, a chaplet of beads, an image of the Holy Virgin her patroness, and then I saw her go away. From the top of the rocks I followed her a long time with my eyes, and several times I saw her turn round and wave her little hands, as if bidding me an eternal farewell.

My journey lasted three months; at my return, I felt the house to be very empty, the angel who enlivened it was no longer there. But I was happy in thinking that she was well taken care of, and that I should see her in spring.

Alas! spring arrived, and the family to whom I had entrusted her did not make their appearance. "They will bring her to me in autumn," I said to myself. Autumn came, other hunters arrived, but still no one brought my child. Anxiety, a deep anxiety, then got possession of my mind. It was in vain that I interrogated the hunters; no one could tell me anything about her.

At length I made up my mind to go in search of the Cree family to whom I had confided my child. I knew pretty nearly where I should find them. Summer had arrived; it was the epoch for fishing, and I should find their tent on the borders of a lake or of a river. For seven long days I explored the country. I was beginning to despair, when one evening, not far from a river, where some tents were put up, I suddenly perceived, in an opening in the forest, a woman who was picking up sticks. I approached her; judge of my surprise, it was the Cree woman to whom I had entrusted my child!

The savage was confused at the sight of me.

"Where is my daughter?" I said to her. "And why did you not keep your promise?"

"Father," she answered, "she is dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed; "you say that she is dead! Where, when, how?"

"She died last spring," replied the savage, trembling.

"Where is your tent?"

"Yonder, on the banks of the river."

"Where is your husband?"

"Fishing."

"And you say that my daughter is dead?"

"Yes, father."

"Then you lie," I exclaimed, dominated by a resistless presentiment. "Tell me the truth. What became of my child?"

"Father," the savage then replied, "the winter was bad; we had no more meat, no more fish; the poor little one was very thin; she was starving. My husband and I were hungry, so we ate her."

Had M. Faraud been married, as most probably a Protestant missionary would have been, this poor little child might have been protected and saved. But it may be said that then the reverend father could not have travelled and disseminated the Gospel. Quite as much might, however, have perchance been done by founding a permanent local mission as by wandering about, and this is the conclusion to which M. Faraud has himself evidently arrived at. "Protestantism," Mr. Faraud tells us, "has made attempts to establish itself on some points of this remote

continent: nowhere has it succeeded. Protestantism is too cold to civilise these icy regions; it only speaks to the reason when it is the heart that has to be spoken to." We hope, however, few Protestant missionaries would have entrusted a little Christian child to the tender mercy of cannibals, or would have widowed women and made whole families orphans in the name of religion.

Here is another instance of a nearly similar character:

A Cree, followed by his wife, introduced to me his son, six years old, and his daughter, four.

"Father," he said to me, "baptise them; they are still young; they may still do good. I shall probably follow their example."

I acceded to his request. I gave to the boy the name of Martin, and to the girl the name of Cecilia. A year afterwards I met this savage in the heart of the forest. The sight of me seemed to embarrass him; he even sought to avoid me, but I called him, and he answered the appeal.

"How are the two children that I baptised last summer?" I said to him.

He appeared to be embarrassed by the question, and did not answer me.

"Are they dead?" I continued.

"No!" he replied, hesitatingly.

I saw that he was concealing something.

"Then, where are they?"

"Father, last winter we were in great want. Our children had become very thin; they suffered much; we took pity on them." And here the savage held his tongue.

"Continue," I said, beginning to understand, but still doubting.

"Then," added the savage, "I said to my wife, 'We have no more meat; our children are too thin to live long.'"

"Wretch," I exclaimed, "you ate them up!" And my forehead bowed as if struck down with thunder, and tears furrowed my cheek at the memory of those two innocent creatures that I had taken on my knee, and to whom I had given two christian names.

"Cecilia, Martin," I sighed forth, "your two souls are in heaven." When I lifted up my head the savage had disappeared.

This is sad indeed; but we have been anticipating a little. M. Faraud soon began to entertain the idea of founding an establishment at Atthabaskaw, around which the natives would come and group themselves in the intervals of their hunts. He had been hitherto harboured in the house of the Hudson's Bay Company's agents, and he felt that he was an embarrassment to them. On the 6th of May, 1850, he started for the forest, accompanied by two young Indians, to cut wood wherewith to build a house and a chapel. He selected for the site of both a platform of granite at the point of junction of the Slave River and the lake. Already his imagination pictured forth to him a "flourishing city," with churches, houses, and "chateaux," in a region where the snow lies for eight months in the year. His blistered hands recalled him at times to a sense of the reality, but they hardened with the work. At the end of seven months he had not only erected a log hut, but also a large room which was to serve temporarily as a chapel, but he had also furnished

them handsomely, he tells us, with his own handiwork. The natives, as well they might, were struck dumb with surprise. A mission came whilst he was engaged in this work to invite him to visit the tribes dwelling on the Great Slave Lake, and he promised to do so the ensuing spring. The chapel was publicly consecrated the same autumn, and a few days afterwards a considerable village sprang up around the place. Our worthy and enthusiastic missionary felt, he says, as if he were a lord of feudal times, dwelling in a baronial palace with all his serfs around him. But, above all, he was proud of being the minister of that God under whose protection he and those around him were all alike placed. The natives also were delighted. They felt convinced that the good father would now remain among them, and they should no longer, in their simple language, be orphans. Many became Christians who had not done so before, because, as they said, they thought the father was only there for a short time. A triumph obtained in a controversy with one of the wise men of the country, surnamed Ethitcho, or Big Head, also raised him much in the esteem of the natives. It appears from this discussion that the natives believe in an all-powerful Creator, as also, as we have heard before, in a deluge, and in a future state.

During the winter of 1851 he began cutting down trees in order to build a church. But the season had been bad, and fishing unsuccessful. The fish caught in these lakes and rivers are chiefly what he calls white fish (carp?), which are excellent. Trout, of which he says there are two kinds, little and big. The latter are, again, of three descriptions, the white fleshed, the yellow, and the red. These must be salmon, or salmon trout, and they attain sometimes eighty pounds in weight. Pike are also caught weighing a hundred pounds; sturgeon, two hundred pounds. The most common fish of all is called the doré, on account of its golden colour, and there are, besides, great numbers of smaller fish. The natives eat neither cereals nor vegetables, and very few roots or fruit. Their whole resources lie in the abundant fisheries and the produce of the chase. The chief of the latter are bisons, bears, cariboos or reindeer, originals or elk, and deer. They also hunt and trap foxes, martens, and a number of small Digitigrades, in order to barter their skins. Geese, bustards, and other wild-fowl also constitute an additional resource, and altogether the natives appear by no means to have been in such straits as Mr. Hind describes the natives of Labrador to have been in when he visited them, although given, as we have seen, at times to the abominable practices of anthropophagy.

Fish are caught in winter as well as in summer by making a hole in the ice, which is over six feet in thickness, but still, notwithstanding these resources, our worthy missionary was nearly reduced, in the winter of 1851, to devouring some goats, which, it appears, he had with him. Their lives were luckily saved by a happy draught of fishes, and by his native servants killing some geese. As soon as spring came, and the waters were open, he started on his promised visit to the natives on Great Slave Lake. Unfortunately, on the first day's journey, the dogs belonging to a half-caste called Beaulieu devoured the provisions, and their sufferings from hunger began at a very early period of the journey. Slave River was bordered with vast pine-forests and studded with islands, rocky or marshy, and wooded. Innumerable pelicans were left undis-

turbed to fish; it is the only bird the natives will not eat. When on Salt River, so called from its briny springs, whence an immense quantity of excellent salt is obtained, they were overtaken by a storm, and were nearly drowned in a tent they had raised on an island. They remained thus four days and four nights, and the only food they could obtain were geese and bustards, which they caught with a pole thrust through a hole in the tent, and which they devoured raw. There must have been many birds about, that they were so easily caught. We are told, indeed, that when their sufferings and anxiety were relieved by being once more afloat, that they killed thirty (geese and bustards) in a couple of hours.

When the first two natives of Great Slave Lake met the reverend father, they fell on their knees, we are told, as if struck down by lightning. And, indeed, after crossing the lake, which, like Atthabaskaw, is studded with islands, in a storm, which threatened destruction to the frail canoe, and which was only allayed by bringing out a statuette of the Virgin Mary, he was received by the tribes who had collected from afar along the shores of Mackenzie River, at the Company's station, Fort Resolution, with every testimony of regard. "Never did a triumphant sovereign, arriving among his people, receive greater testimonies of love and respect." Some of these poor untutored savages wept tears of joy. M. Faraud began by teaching them, by means of fundamental truths of religion written on bits of paper, the Lord's Prayer, and he confessed them. They took so enthusiastically to the last-mentioned relief for their sins, that for the five weeks that he remained among them they gave him no time to sleep. Unfortunately, he also took to giving in marriage, and to divorcing. The results were sometimes droll, at others tragical. "I then called a first couple," he relates. "The husband's name was Tokeiyazi (Small Hay), the woman's name was Ethikkan (Burnt Head). 'Tokeiyazi,' I said to the husband, 'will you have Ethikkan for wife?' 'Yes.' 'And you, Ethikkan, will you have Tokeiyazi for husband?' 'No,'" replied the lady, to the great astonishment of the missionary and her husband, and, turning to the latter, she said, "You took me by force; you came into our tent; you tore me away from my old father, and you dragged me into the forest. There I became your slave, because I thought you had the right to be my master; but the priest has told us that God gives to woman the same liberty as man; I wish to enjoy that liberty, and not to marry you."

This was the beginning of neither more nor less than a social revolution. The crowd murmured, till at length it was decided that Ethikkan was a woman of courage, and all went off well. But when the missionary bade an old man select one of two wives, for he must not be allowed two, although each had four children, the rejected one exclaimed: "Is it thus that you reward my fidelity? It is I who, up to this time, have taken care of you; my rival did not even mend your shoes, and now you take her for your legitimate spouse." "I was obliged," says M. Faraud, "to steel my heart against these recriminations, although my heart was touched by them, and maintain the judgment I had given." Had a law against polygamy existed in the country before the missionary came there, he might have been justified in his judgment—not otherwise. Who was to provide for the rejected wife and her four children? It might have been almost equivalent to condemning them to starvation,

or to being eaten up! Missionaries with such ideas of their duties should be sent among the Mormons. Gratified, however, with the results attained (and one of his pupils taught, we are told, fifteen hundred savages to read), M. Faraud returned to Atthabaskaw, this time stifled with heat, and eat up by mosquitoes.

On his return, he recommenced his labours at constructing a church. When the hunters came back in September, the greater number of them, he says, could read. They had kept their promise, and studied diligently when in the wilderness. In October, they left for the winter hunting-season, some two thousand souls, all able to say the Lord's Prayer, and all with tablets, on which were inscribed prayers and precepts of religion and morality. Left alone, M. Faraud continued at his labours of construction, and he began to add a bell-tower to his church. The boats of the Hudson's Bay Company brought the bell, as also another missionary, Grolier by name, to the infinite joy of one so long secluded from the society of his countrymen. The bell was mounted, and when the hunters returned, a native was told to pull at the rope. He did as he was bid, but when he found that his pulls were answered by a loud tolling, he ran away terrified. In his enthusiasm, the reverend father rushed to the bell-rope himself and rang a lusty peal. The savages remained thunderstruck on the plain; some went down on their knees, some raised up their arms to heaven—all gesticulated, prayed, or shouted. "Had they seen the Great Lake turned into a forest, or the forest turned into a lake, their stupefaction," we are told, "could not have been greater."

By the time M. Faraud had been ten years at Atthabaskaw, a regular supply of nourishment had been ensured for the mission the whole year round by the cultivation of potatoes, barley, and even some wheat. There were also oxen, cows, and horses. Excursions were made in the country around till all the tribes included in the district had been visited. One of the most remarkable of these excursions was up Peace River, which comes down from the Rocky Mountains to Lake Atthabaskaw. The natives on this river are called Castors, on account of their trading in beaver-skins, and the Company have three stations on the river—Vermilion, Dunvegan, and Fort John. They are marked on all maps. Curiously enough, the climate is said to improve as the river is ascended, the soil is also declared to be fertile and adapted for cultivation, and lime, gypsum, coal, sulphur, and iron abound. The alluvial matters also contain gold. The lower portions of the river are meadow-lands, no longer, however, frequented by the bisons; the upper are clothed with forests, and the beavers are chiefly met with on the tributaries to the main stream. It was in September, 1859, that an ascent was made of this fine river, and great inconvenience was experienced at the onset from violent storms of wind and rain. The voyageurs even proposed to retrace their steps, but abundant provisions, in the shape of bears and elks, encouraged them to proceed. On the 16th of October the rains were succeeded by snow, and the snow by frost, so that the river-bed had to be exchanged for the banks, and it was not without toil, fatigue, and exposure that Dunvegan, or, as M. Faraud writes it, "Dunvergun," was reached. The Castors assembled around the station to hear the man of God, but they were given up to evil practices, more especially those of

magic or "medicine," gambling, and polygamy; these, if baptised, they would have to abandon, so that few converts were made. Our missionary, indeed, declares the Castors to be so opposed in character to the Montagnais (Otchipweyanac), the Slaves (Desyake Ottiné), and the Crees (Iyiniwok), that except by a miracle of grace they will never be civilised. Of all the tribes, those who dwell on Great Slave Lake and its tributaries are described as being the most affable. An English or French child may command them, and they will obey.

As nothing could be done among the Castors, a return to Atthabaskaw was resolved upon, but winter had set in, and M. Faraud was imprudent enough to start with two young Canadians—Bertrand and Bourchet—and one sledge with five dogs, and with an insufficiency of provisions. The consequence was that all parties soon began to suffer from cold, fatigue, and privation. The dogs became so feeble as to be almost useless, and their feet were frostbitten. At length it was deemed necessary, to save the lives of the whole party, that Bertrand should, at all risks, go on ahead to Fort Vermilion, and procure aid. Bourchet was fainting every few minutes, so M. Faraud relieved the sledge of its furs and rugs, and put him into it. The provisions were all exhausted. Luckily, a little tea remained, but it was always a difficult matter to get the wood, soaked with snow, to burn; the dogs had to content themselves with licking the snow. At length smoke was seen to rise from out of an island on the river. Help was at hand; it was Bertrand and his friends. The lives of the two suffering travellers were saved, and they arrived the next day at Fort Vermilion, where provisions were more abundant than at Dunvegan, and where they were hospitably entertained till their strength was recruited; and with new dogs and sledges they were ultimately enabled to reach Atthabaskaw, after a further journey of twelve days.

The narrative terminates at this point, but it is followed by notes upon the different tribes who dwell in these vast lacustrine regions, which are replete with curious information, albeit not of a scientific character. The courageous pioneer of civilisation in these remote regions where the Hudson's Bay Company have done so little towards improving the status of the native—using him simply as a wild hunter—returned to France in 1864, when he was appointed Bishop of Anemour *in partibus;* and he has since left for his distant and secluded diocese, the chief object which he has in view being to found an establishment, and to build houses as places of refuge for young persons and for the aged who can no longer hunt or fish, and who therefore would, according to the olden practice of the country, be made away with. We cannot imagine a more praiseworthy undertaking of its kind, and that the worthy missionary may long live to comfort and befriend the poor neglected natives, who appear to possess many good qualities, only stained by the vices and crimes of savage life, is our earnest hope and wish.

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